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MAORI WOMAN

INCIDENTS
OF A
COLLECTOR'S RAMBLES
IN
AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND
NEW GUINEA

BY
SHERMAN F. DENTON
ARTIST TO THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

With Illustrations by the Author

BOSTON 1889
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
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TO
THE MEMORY OF MY DEAR FATHER,

William Denton,

WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE FOR
THE BENEFIT OF HIS FELLOW-MEN, THIS LITTLE
WORK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

M348655

P R E F A C E.

As many friends have urged my brother and myself to publish an account of our travels, I have undertaken the task, with the hope that what I here relate may prove of interest to those who love to rub against Nature. A collector's life is not always a merry one, but is filled with a great variety of experiences.

The illustrations I have tried to make true to what they represent. They are taken from sketches made on the spot, from the actual specimens or good photographs, and are drawn with the pen.

To my good friends who have helped me in this work I wish to express my gratitude, and only hope they may enjoy seeing completed what their labors have done so much to make possible.

S. F. DENTON.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

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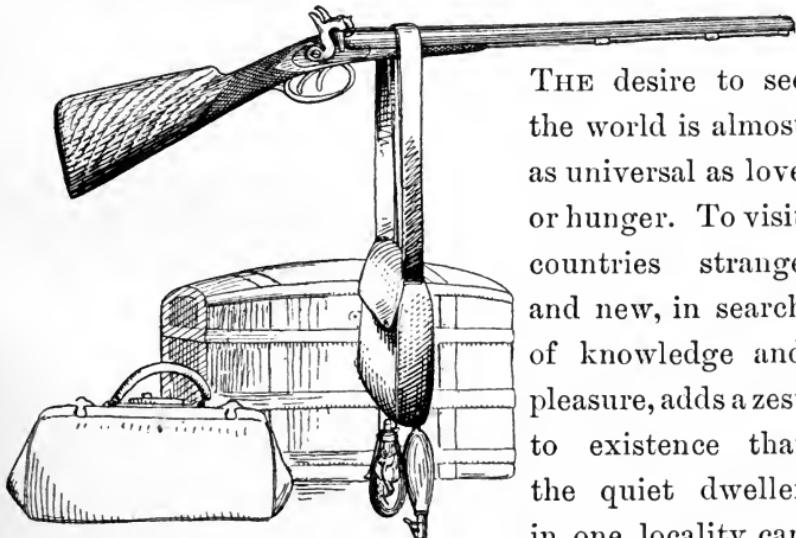
INCIDENTS OF A COLLECTOR'S RAMBLES

IX

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, AND NEW GUINEA

CHAPTER I.

From Boston to San Francisco — Professional Sharpers — The Emigrant Train — Nicknames — The Plains — A Bad Scare — Masquerading as a Soldier — Running Down a Freight Train — Humboldt River and Lake — The Sierra Nevada Mountains — California — Wild Fowl — San Francisco — The Chinese — The Steamer "Zealandia."



TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

THE desire to see the world is almost as universal as love or hunger. To visit countries strange and new, in search of knowledge and pleasure, adds a zest to existence that the quiet dweller in one locality can know little about.

Into one year of travel is often crowded more of experience and adventure than is contained in ten years of ordinary life; and, as may readily be imagined, when

I received a letter from my father, Dec. 5, 1881, asking me to go to Australia to help him, I was greatly elated.

Father, and my brother next in age to myself, had gone to Australia some six months before; and the letter I received asked me to meet them in Dunedin, a city in the southern part of New Zealand.

The steamer was advertised to leave San Francisco on the 19th of the month; and no time was to be lost, as the delay of one day might lose me the vessel.

In the trunk with my clothing I packed my stanch old double-barrelled shotgun; and, with a few extras in a satchel for immediate use on the journey, I was off by the early morning train of the following day.

What pleasant dreams of the future filled my mind as the fast express tore over the dreary winter landscape! What might I not see and learn before I returned! Would I ever come back? Perhaps not, for a trip half way round the world was so much in advance of anything I had tried before that I felt dazed at the thought of it. My journey lay on the Grand Trunk Railroad, which took me into Canada, across the great Victoria Bridge to Montreal. The day was so cold and disagreeable that I did not care to look about the city, and I was very glad when the train started for the West.

I think the journey from Detroit to Chicago was over the roughest track it has ever been my fortune to travel. The way we were shaken up and thrown about

was enough to give us the idea that we were running on anything but a railroad ; and once, when we were rolling over a few miles of smooth road, a passenger remarked, that, for his part, he was glad the cars had got back on the rails once more.

Two dairymen were on board, and during the evening were discussing the merits of certain kinds of cheese. They grew warm over the argument, and at length agreed to leave it to the passengers. Each produced from his satchel a large piece of cheese, and, to the great amusement of every one, began to divide it up. The ends of the car were deserted, and all stood round the two disputants in the centre, applauding their jokes and eating their cheese. I am sure I learned more about cheese during that discussion than I might have gained in many days of patient study.

When we arrived at Chicago, we were taken by omnibus across the city to the Rock Island Station, where we were "dumped out" in front of the great, cold, dark depot, and left to the mercy of a lot of city thieves and sharpers (i.e., third-class hotel runners). Several of the passengers were "taken in and done for," but many remained ; and soon the night watchman came and let us into the warm waiting-room, where we could rest in peace, and laugh at the howling of the elements. The train left early in the morning ; and as soon as we were well out of the city we were ushered into a beautiful, level prairie, well settled and

cultivated. As the sun rose, the brown and frosty fields had a very inviting look; and I felt very like shouldering my gun, and stepping off the train for a day's sport. Flocks of quails and prairie chickens were often to be seen scudding through the dead grass, or flying over the fields with the speed of the wind.

One often meets, while travelling, the professional sharper. He is dressed in many ways, but is almost sure to display a large quantity of cheap jewelry. He has a flashy, hungry look; is partial to velvet vests, checkered pants, with large square figures and gorgeous neckties. His cheek is unbounded, and the tact he displays in worming himself into the confidence of unsuspecting people is worthy of note. Such an individual boarded our train at one of the small stations, and soon began to make himself very entertaining to the passengers. He sang songs, told stories, and played cards. I thought I knew his character, and was not very much surprised when a stranger sat down in the seat opposite me, and commenced in a very cowboy style to talk of cattle, horses, etc. He was a large, round-shouldered, red-faced fellow, and with his high boots, slouch hat, and general make-up, looked what he professed to be,—a herder and dealer in "horse flesh." He said he came up from Texas with a large herd of horses a few days before, and sold them in Kansas City. He received fifteen hundred dollars for his share of the proceeds, but it was of little use to him,

as he lost it all the very first night. "Yer see," he went on, "I was a-stoppin' at a hotel thar in Kansas City, and thar war a feller thar that war mighty handy with the keerds, and he wanted to show me a game he called monkey, or some such name as that. Oh, he war a clever chap!"

Talk about throwin' keerds, he war the boy that could rustle 'um. Yer ha'nt a pack o' keerds with yer, have yer? I just thought p'raps you'd like to see how it war done. I must 'a' left mine in my swag. No; here they are," producing a greasy pack of cards from his pocket, and begin-



"NOW, THIS WAR HOW HE DONE IT."

"Now, this war how he done it," he said, taking out three aces from the pack, and, putting them half an inch apart between his middle finger and thumb, he moved his arm from left to right, and deposited the three cards on the car-seat in such a way that it would be difficult to tell which went down first. "Now I'll bet yer ten dollars, yer can't pick up the diamond." Just

at this moment the flashily dressed, bejewelled fellow came along and asked, "What's that you said, sir?" The other explained. "Well, deal them over again, and let us see if you are so smart," said Mr. Slim, handing back the three cards he had been examining, after having turned down the corner of one, at the same time giving me a nudge. Mr. Stout (as we will call the other) again clumsily dealt out the cards, saying, "Thar, I'll bet yer ten dollars yer can't pick out yer keerd." — "Put up your X," said Mr. Slim, thrusting a crisp ten-dollar bill into my hand.

Stout pulled out a large, greasy wallet, and handed me ten also. Whereupon Slim laid his finger on the last card, saying, "That's the diamond," and turned it up, to the apparent surprise of Stout. Slim took the stakes; and Stout said, "Wall, stranger, I made a mistake that ere time, but are you betting ag'in?" Again Slim turned down a card, while Stout accidentally (?) looked away: the same nudge, accompanied by a knowing look, followed. Slim said, "Blockhead, you will lose all your money: you don't know how to play cards, and I won't bet with you again." At this Stout became very angry, and said, "Before I'll be done by a dude whose got more gall than a hull drove of mules, I'll bet the last dollar I got. Yer darsn't bet, and thar's a brace of twenties as says yer can't kiver um." Slim turned to me, speaking in a whisper, "I've only got twenty dollars with me: can you lend me twenty?

We'll win sure, and I'll give you half of it." Jumping up before the two, and the passengers who had gathered about, I said, "Gentlemen, I am sure we are all greatly indebted to you for this bit of entertainment. I never saw it played so well before in my life. Don't you think"—

Here my voice was drowned in a roar of laughter from the passengers. Putting on a heavy scowl, Mr. Slim said to me, "Look here, you have insulted me, sir, and we will have a settling at the next station."

"Come, now," I said, "I think I have let you off pretty easily; get out of this car, or I will give you into the hands of men who take care of such as you for a business."

By this time every one was pretty well excited, and if the train had not stopped some one might have been hurt. Derisive shouts and laughter followed the sharpers, and they left the car, hurling back all the vile invectives their vocabulary contained.

We reached Omaha early the next morning, where we were to take the emigrant train, which did not leave until four o'clock in the afternoon. Omaha is a good-sized city on the western bank of the Missouri River. I spent the day in looking about; but when one is travelling, and expects to lose a boat if delayed, a day's waiting at any place will have few attractions for him. The emigrant train is the slowest known way of getting over the country, excepting the ox-team. It

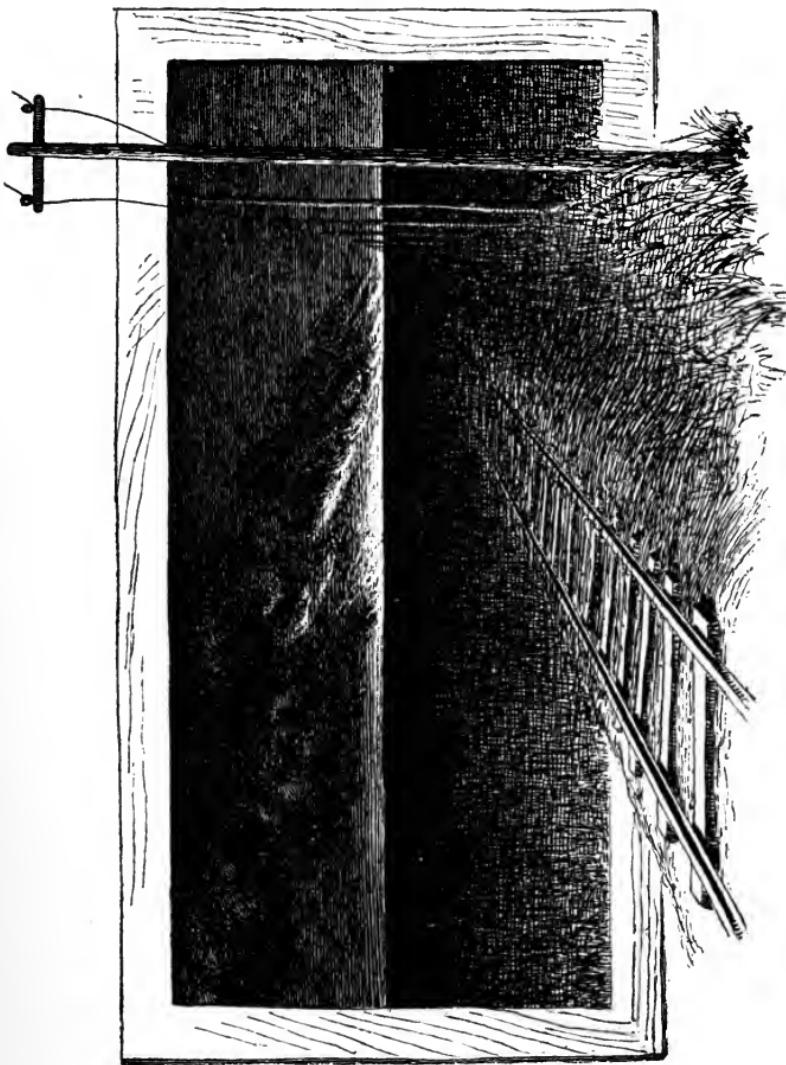
consists of a long train of heavily laden freight cars, with two or three worn-out, disabled passenger cars at the tail end, with a caboose attached for the comfort of the conductors. When first I saw it drawn up in line it reminded me of what Artemus Ward asked of a Southern ticket-agent: "At what time does this string of second-hand coffins leave the station?" After having travelled so far in elegant, clean, and well-kept cars, it was a big come-down to think that the rest of the journey was to be passed in such plain-looking, rank-smelling boxes as the ones before us. There was the usual crowd of parasites at the station who wished to sell all sorts of articles at three times their value, and who often frighten imprudent people into buying much which they do not need. You will sometimes see people buying bread enough for two weeks, expecting, if they do not, they may starve to death crossing the "Howling Wilderness," when the truth is that every day on the route you can buy almost anything you want as cheaply as at Omaha. The families were put together by the agent, and the bachelors (myself among the number) had the car next the freight train. The train backed down on the flats near the river; and while waiting there, an express wagon drove up, in which were three men. Two of them were on the seat, the other one half reclining in the body of the wagon, his clothes muddy, his beaver knocked in, a bump on his cheek, and a gash across the bridge of his

nose. He looked a hard character, and was the drunkenest man I ever saw. The two men got off the wagon, and dragged No. 3 up the bank and into the car. There was a general cry of "Take him out;" but they put him in a seat, one of the men staying with him, the other going off with the wagon. All the miserable, intoxicated wretch could say was "Purpose," and he went by that name the rest of the journey. It is very amusing the way persons get nicknamed from their peculiarities. Every one has to submit to it. A fleshy fellow was called "Sockeye;" one young man, who was very attentive to a young schoolmistress in the next car, went by the pet name of "Cupid;" a large German who carried a revolver to match his size, and was always talking of shooting buffalo, they named after his favorite game; there was the "Family Man," who had a wife in California; "Boots," a fellow who made a great deal of noise, and could be heard above the clatter of the moving train as he walked about; "Grasshopper," who could out-jump any one on the train; "Rats," a Chinaman; "Lily," a dark-complexioned Spaniard, on his way to New Zealand; "John Bunyan," a fellow who sang hymns, played cards, read Scripture, and swore alternately; and "Sphinx," an old Irishman, who never spoke but once to my knowledge all the way to San Francisco. To me they gave the name of "Special Artist." There were two or three platform cars in front of us loaded

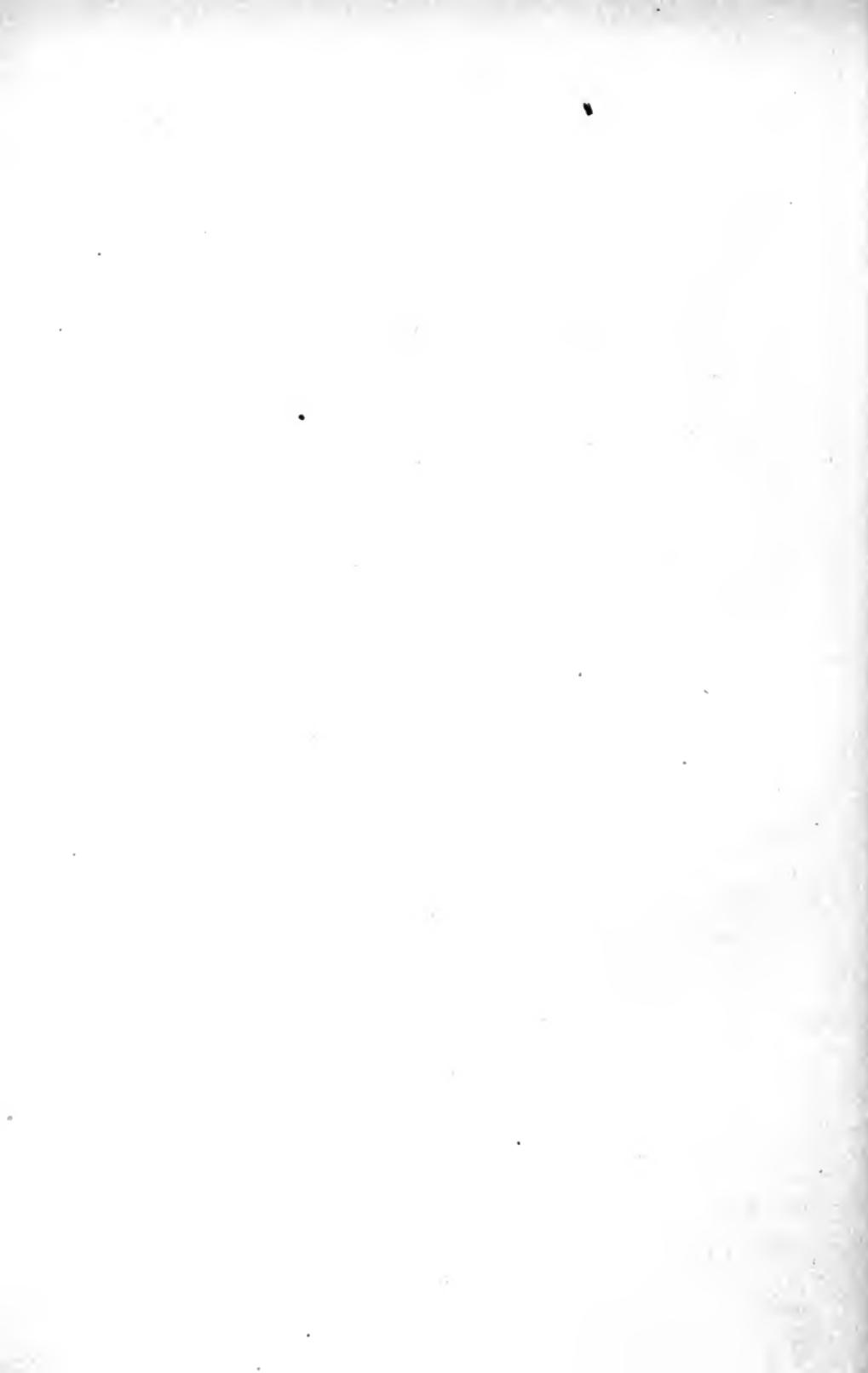
with immense iron pipes; and three Indians, with several huge lumps of meat for their winter rations, were taking a ride to their camps.

Soon after leaving Omaha, a rosy light could be seen in the western horizon, and at about midnight we were within a short distance of a prairie fire. The effect was grand. The car was as light as day, and the heat was intense.

The Union Pacific road runs along the left bank of the Platte River for many miles, and then crosses at North Platte. The country is very flat, but the soil is not so good as farther east. Immense herds of cattle may be seen grazing on the dry grass, and antelope and deer are very common. The country is almost treeless, and the fences are built of sods, giving it a very unthrifty appearance. The houses are few and very poor: a man must live about as isolated from his fellow-beings as if he resided at the north pole. There is a sense of loneliness and desolation about the plains in winter, very unlike their flowery summer season. As we went on, the bare brown plains gave place to snowy wastes, where one might fancy himself on a frozen, snow-covered sea, many miles from land. The second night after we left Omaha, at about two o'clock A.M., as the train was standing at a small station, we were treated to a scene of excitement which will ever remain vivid in my memory. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night. I got up from my seat where I had been trying to sleep,



A PRAIRIE FIRE.

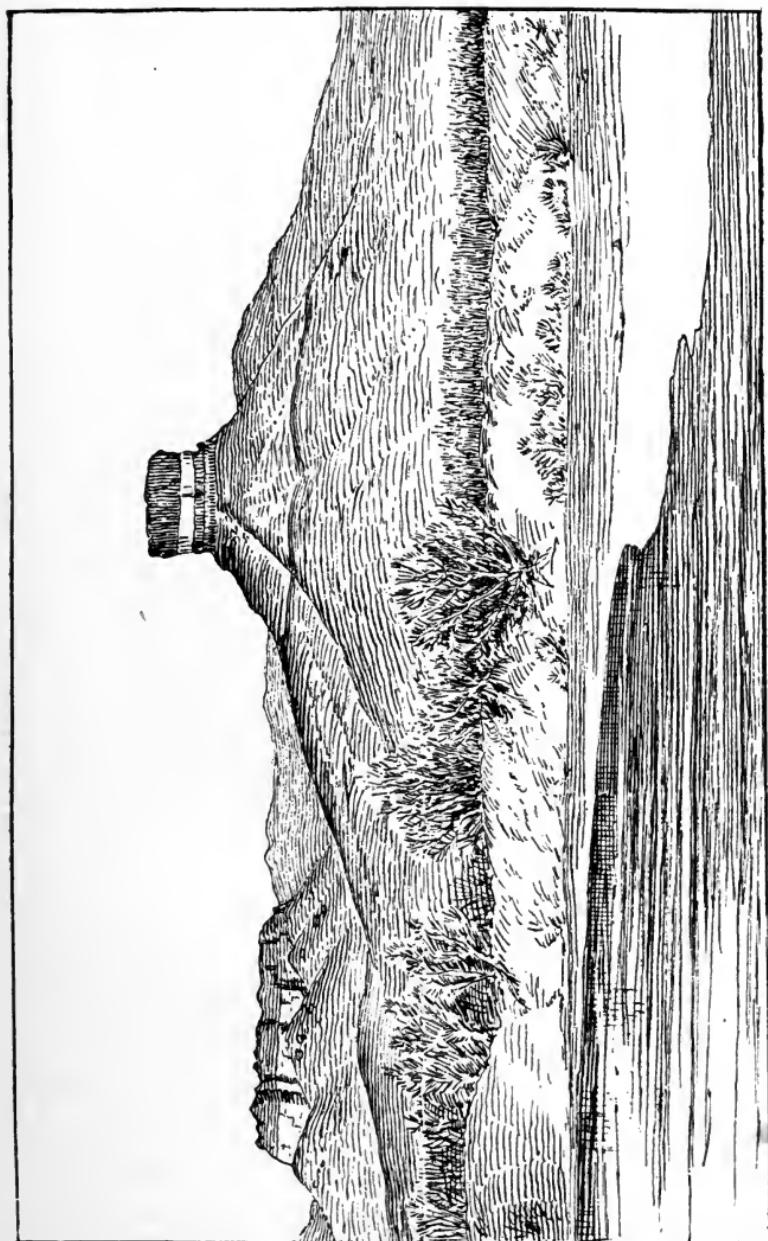


doubled up like a jack-knife, and stretched myself on the floor near the stove at one end of the car, with my satchel for a pillow. I was just between waking and sleeping, when I was startled by a low groan, followed by others, louder and still louder, until there was a succession of frightful yells. Amid these, piercing shrieks, shouting, swearing, and sounds resembling heavy blows, could be heard. I sprang to my feet, to see the whole car one confused mass of arms, legs, and heads, and a mad, howling stampede of half-dressed men striking blindly at each other and rushing through the door. Some screamed "Indians" and "Murder;" while others articulated nothing, but shrieked at the tops of their voices; and all were fighting their way out of the door with all possible speed. It did not take me long to get the general scare; and out of the door I pressed, jumped off the standing train into the snow, and ran. I had no idea where to run, and after looking around, and finding that we were not pursued, I stopped. I could see some of the passengers on top of the freight cars; some running for dear life in the snow, barefooted, and only half dressed; and some crawling into the iron pipes on the platform car. In the cars behind ours the lights were all extinguished, and it was as still as the grave. I shall never forget seeing the brawny form of "Buffalo" on one of the cars, trembling from head to foot, with an empty pistol in his hand, and swearing as he dropped the cartridges

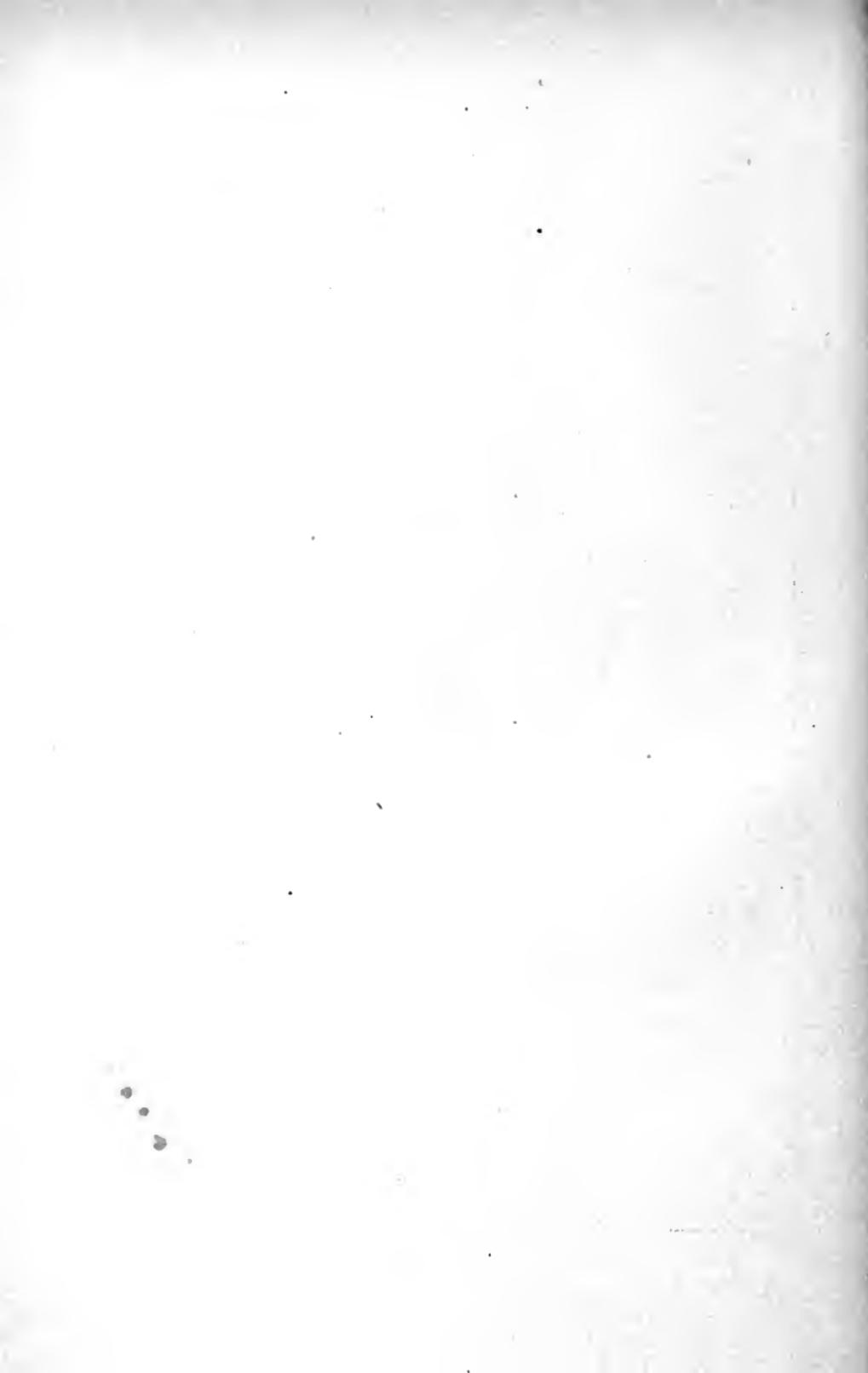
with which he was trying to load it. Presently we began to collect our scattered senses, and inquire of one another as to the cause of the trouble. The mystery was solved when, on going back, "Purpose" came staggering out of the car, saying, "Whaz the matter, gentlemen? I—I had a bad dream (hic). Can't a feller have a bad dream? B'God I'm a Freemason, so who cares! L-lets have a drink;" and that was all the explanation we could get from the miserable wretch, who seemed to think it was a good joke to have frightened a hundred able-bodied men nearly to death, and see them breaking their shins trying to find who could get out of the car first; all being sound asleep to start with.

Well, such an angry crowd of men it would be difficult to imagine. Some cried with vexation and fright; others laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks; the rest warmed their half-frozen and bleeding feet, damning the soul and body of "Purpose" the while. Bruised shins and torn clothes were the rule, and needles, thread, and buttons were in great demand. The whole scene was intensely ludicrous, and would produce a sensation on the stage if faithfully portrayed.

Some of the party declared they were not frightened, and only ran because the rest did, or that they were forced out by the others; but their faces told a different tale, for terror was depicted in every feature as they fought their way toward the door: and I presume I



CHIMNEY ROCK.

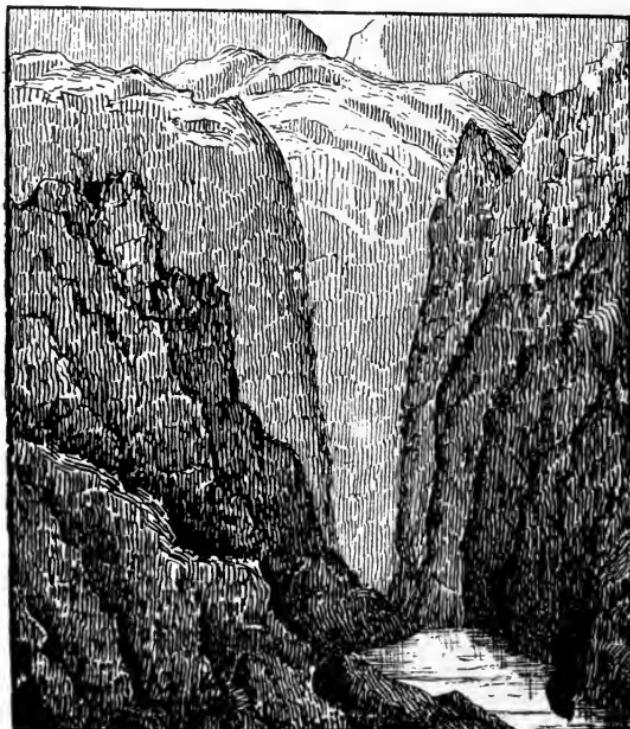


looked as bad as the others. There was no more sleep for us that night; and for days after, when going through a tunnel or a snow-shed, some one would start that same yell, and a general laugh would ensue.

Long before we reached Cheyenne, we could see the snow-clad peaks of the Rocky Mountains bristling in the clear morning sunlight. Cheyenne is a city, or collection of unpainted sheds and shanties, with a scattering of hotels, banks, stores, and the like, to give it a dignified look. It is situated in the treeless plain, and has a cold, barren, and uninviting look, compared to our Eastern cities. Whiskey and tobacco seem to be the principal exports, and imports too, for that matter; and saloons and places where people may waste their time and money are by no means rare. Three of the boys put their money together to buy a large demijohn of liquor for their use on the journey, putting it under one of the seats. One day, while they were all busy playing cards and reading, the jug was stolen by one of the brakemen on the train: they asked every one who came in if he had seen it, and at last they fixed upon a stout, thick-set brakeman as the guilty one. He made little talk, but soon gave them to understand that if any one wanted to say he took it, he had better stand up and have it out. That set their minds at rest in that direction; but they soon collected more money, and sent one of their number for another jug at the next place. Whether he missed the train,

or purposely staid away, I know not; but he did not return, and the thirsty tipplers were "left" once more.

Beyond Cheyenne the country loses the flat monotony of the plains, and we were soon in the heart of the



GREEN RIVER CAÑON.

Rocky Mountains. We came at length to Green River Station, which, though barren and cold, is an exceedingly interesting place. Green River is the main branch of the Colorado, that river of wonder. One can catch a few glimpses of its gayly colored towers,

its frightful precipices, and awful grandeur, from the train.

The Green River Station is a fair sample of the Western depot, and comprises a drinking-saloon, restaurant, and curiosity shop, all in one. In this region are found magnificent petrified fishes and fossil wood, and agate is abundant.

The express train overtook us here; and as we were many hours behind time, our cars were transferred to that, to our great joy. What a pleasure it was to move on at a respectable rate once more! and how different was the starting of the express train from that of the freight, which nearly jerked our heads off! After going over a high ridge, we began the descent of Paddy's Run, so named after an Irish engineer who had an exciting race on his engine for thirty miles ahead of a freight train, which had broken loose and came tearing along after, threatening death should it overtake him. The train, however, was switched off the embankment to utter destruction, and Paddy escaped. As we descended, with brakes on, a realizing sense of poor Pat's peril came vividly to my mind. After our descent, we wound our way along the Webber River for miles. Devil's Slide on the left bank, composed of two ridges of rock projecting from the hill, was an interesting sight. The farther down the river we went, the grander the scenery became, until at Echo Canyon it was simply indescribable. Here we were shut in by immense

walls of rock, thousands of feet high. At length we emerged into the plain near Salt Lake, and soon were at Ogden. There were two carloads of recruits at the station, going through to California on first-class time;



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE.

and I conceived the plan of becoming a soldier for a time, and trying to get through and catch my boat in spite of circumstances. I went into one of the cars, and made myself agreeable with my clarinet. They

wanted me to stay ; but I told them I had only a third-class ticket, and so could not remain, much as I should like to do so. "Why," said one, "we will dress you up, and the conductor won't know you from Adam." They gave me one of Uncle Sam's blue coats and a hat, and in less than half an hour the train started ; and away we went, leaving the Mormon country and the slow emigrant train far behind. I looked as much a soldier as the rest ; so when the conductor came round counting the men, he thought he had made a mistake, because he found one too many. I gave myself no more uneasiness, and was just enjoying a good song that one of the jolly fellows was singing, when a lad came running in from the next car, saying that the conductor was coming again with an officer, who was calling off the names as they came through.

What to do I did not know ; but the boys concluded to hide me in one of the upper bunks, which, when not in use, are fastened up against the side of the car, with barely room for a person inside. It took six of them to lift the bunk with myself in it back again in place ; and one remarked that I must have been wiser than they, for I knew enough not to enlist until I was full-grown and fat. They nearly squeezed the life out of me as with a "Whoop la ! lift him up, boys," they shut me in. I felt sure I should be discovered, as the slats were nearly two inches apart, and any one could see me by looking up. I could see the officer as he called

the roll; and the conductor stood directly beneath me, his lantern shining full in my face as he marked his list. He seemed well satisfied when he got through, and the boys let me down, to my great relief. Soon after I took out my clarinet again, and commenced playing, and the whole car joined in. I never remember to have heard our popular airs sung in a more spirited manner. We kept it up until late at night, and my trip began to assume the aspect of a picnic rather than a long and tedious journey. At length the singing ceased, and we were making preparations for sleep, when with a tremendous bang and crash we were all hurled from our seats in great confusion about the car. I scrambled to my feet, to find the train at a standstill. I had a vague sense that I was badly bruised, and that my nose was bleeding. The lights were all out, and the car was filled with excited soldiers: there was a mingled discord of prayers, oaths, and groans, indescribably ludicrous even under these circumstances. Some one with a strong, clear voice shouted, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments." I groped my way to the end of the car, which was entirely smashed in, jumped on the ground, and went forward. Everything was in confusion: the passenger car just in front of ours was lying partly on one side, and the baggage and express cars were little more than shattered frames. We had run into a freight train, and our engine had knocked nearly every car off the track:

some of them looked as if wrestling with each other, or like the wreck of a child's block house. Strange to say, there was only one life lost,—that of the faithful engineer, who was killed outright while at his post, by the shifting of the coal in the tender, which jammed him against the heated boiler. The accident occurred near Terrace, and there was soon a telegram sent for aid. Our car was so badly jammed that the cold winter wind came whistling through, and made it very uncomfortable. I searched a long time among the broken glass and window-frames for my satchel, which I at length found, but I was not so fortunate in regard to my clarinet; and at last, much against my will, I was obliged to give it up. It had been a good companion to me, and many a desolate camp had been enlivened by its mellow tones, while the wooded banks of many a winding river had echoed back its sweet and cheerful notes.

But to return. We collected boards from the disabled freight cars, and tried to make our home habitable. We patched up the stovepipe, wired our broken stove together, and with some of the "kindlings" soon had the place comfortable. What a bruised, dejected crew we were, as we stood about the fire in the shattered car! Long before morning a gang of Chinamen arrived, and were building a track around the wreck. The emigrant train came along about eight o'clock A.M. How the boys laughed when they saw me! I was

greeted with, "Hello, here's our 'Special Artist' again : he's got enough of trying to play toney. They might have known the train would smash with such a sinner aboard," and much more to the same effect. "Grasshopper" had saved a seat for me, as he had expected I would get kicked off somewhere. "Cupid," they told me, had "married the schoolmarm at Ogden," and was now in the family car. All the passengers were invited to the wedding, which took place in the station. Poor "Purpose," the man who frightened us nearly to death, had been robbed at Ogden of his gold watch and chain, five hundred dollars, and, in fact, all he had but his ticket and clothes, and was now sober enough, and as penitent as such men generally are. We had to wait at Terrace until about noon, when the track was finished, and again the slow freight train was left behind, and we were whisked along at a good speed on first-class time. On looking over a San Francisco paper soon after starting, I was pleased to see that the day of sailing of the Australian steamer "Zealandia" had been changed to December 20, and I had now plenty of time to get there. The country through which we subsequently passed was for miles a perfect desert, and looked, as a great speaker once said, "Bare and blasted as 'perdition' with the fires out." Several hot springs were seen from a distance near two extinct volcanoes ; and at a small station at which we stopped, many painted and blanketed Indians came round to

beg of the passengers. Some were dressed in rabbit-skin coats, or cloaks, which looked thick and warm, but exceedingly dirty. One very pretty and chubby half-breed Indian girl came aboard, and sold us fresh-boiled eggs and milk.

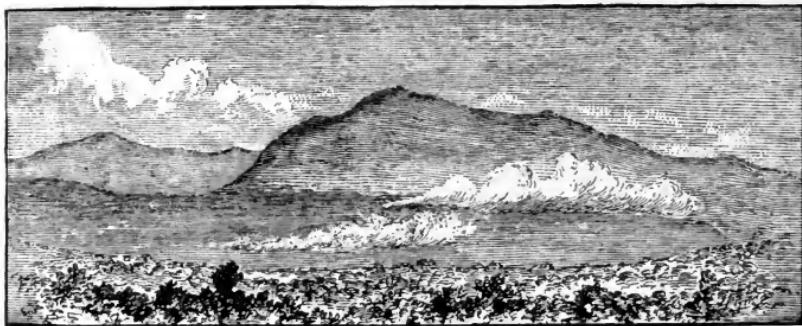
The Central Pacific Road follows Humboldt River almost from its source to where it sinks in the desert sand. It gives one a strange, weird feeling to watch its dark waters as they flow on, becoming less and less, until they entirely disappear, and nothing but its dusty bed gives one an idea that a river ever ran there. As we passed what is known on the maps as the Humboldt Lake, it was seen to be a dry expanse of fine, light-colored sand, and clouds of dust rose constantly from its surface. Next we came to the Truckee River. It is a rough and raging mountain torrent, and is the outlet to that clear and lovely sheet of water, Lake Tahoe. It empties into Pyramid Lake, which is salt and impure. The train stopped a short time at Reno, from which a branch railroad runs



INDIAN WOMAN AND CHILD.

south to that far-famed Virginia City which is known the world over for its mines of silver and gold.

From Reno the ascent becomes very steep, requiring two locomotives. We could see the forest of dark pines and firs ahead; the Sierra Nevada Mountains rising abrupt and precipitous from the desert plain. Night closed in just as we were reaching a good elevation; and on looking out of the window afterwards, I



HUMBOLDT LAKE.

found we were in the long snow-sheds which cover by far the most of this mountain road. As soon as it grew light, we were all on the lookout; but the spaces between the snow-sheds only served to make us discontented, because so much beautiful scenery was cut off by them.

The snow, in some places, came nearly to the tops of the telegraph poles, and I should say, at a guess, that it was ten feet deep on a level. We got clear of the sheds at last, and began to descend on the western

side of the mountains. The snow grew less, the sombre pines became scattered and intermixed with trees of a pleasanter, brighter green. Cape Horn,



CAPE HORN.

a precipitous mountain-side, around which the train passed, and from which we could see the green valley, hundreds of feet beneath us, was an exceedingly in-

teresting point. The warm sun came out from the snow-laden clouds, and everything looked so bright and cheerful that we could hardly suppress our delight. We were in California at last, that land of wonder and wealth; and the vision we saw before us was a bright and cheerful one. The snow finally all disappeared: green grass and flowers carpeted the ground. The mountains gave place to hills, and the hills to level, fertile plains. We arrived at Sacramento in the afternoon. It was as warm and pleasant as a summer day; and as I wandered about the streets, eating some of the most delicious apples I ever tasted, I could hardly believe that twenty-four hours before it was dead winter, and ten feet of snow on the level. Here the fast express left us, and toward evening we again started behind a freight train. The number of wild-fowl, which in some places covered the plains and filled the air in long lines of swiftly moving birds, was something astonishing; and I have never since, in all my experience, seen their numbers excelled. Great swarms of white geese, grazing on the tender shoots of the newly sprouted wheat, made the fields look as if covered with snow. Flocks of gigantic pelicans, slowly flapping their black-tipped wings, were on their way to their fishing-grounds; while mallard, teal, shoveller, and many other kinds of ducks that I was not familiar with, rose in countless thousands from the shallow ponds beside the track; and plover, cur-



CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCK.



lews, snipe, and avosets ran about on the moist ground. What a chance for a collector! It made my heart ache to leave them behind without a single shot.

We came into Oakland next morning (Dec. 18), and from the end of a very long pier, built out into the water, took the palatial ferry-boat across the bay to San Francisco. I was well pleased to see some lovely oil-paintings upon the walls of the parlor of the boat, representing California scenery. They were true to nature, and as interesting a collection of paintings as one sees in the best galleries of our Eastern cities. After a delightful sail of six or seven miles across the smooth bay, we came to the "City of all Nations," and the passengers dispersed in all directions.

San Francisco is very like all other large American cities, and contains palaces and hovels, glitter and decay. The Chinese part of the city is a novelty, and will well repay the time spent in studying the modes of life of those strange people. The dishes displayed in their shops to tempt the Celestial palate have a decidedly foreign look. I went into one of their temples, or churches, where sat a representation of their god,—an image superbly decked out, sitting under a gilded canopy. Incense was burning on each side, and throngs of the Chinese were performing their daily devotions. "Idolaters," Christians call them; but I failed to see that they are any less sincere, or any

more worshippers of idols, than they who bend the knee to an image of the Virgin Mary, or kiss the great toe of the statue of St. Peter.

I visited Woodward's Gardens, where there is a large collection of animals, both stuffed and alive, and much of interest in many ways. The Cliff House is a short drive from the city; and many people visit it, to see great numbers of sea-lions which congregate in that vicinity. They are very tame, and will follow a boat in hopes of obtaining food. I passed the time very pleasantly looking about the city until the afternoon of the 20th, when I bought my ticket, and went on board of the "Zealandia." The "Zealandia" is one of four large steamers plying between San Francisco and Sydney, Australia, and is considered the best and fastest steamer on that line. There were many oxen, sheep, ducks, geese, and chickens on board for our consumption, and it was evident they did not intend to starve us. I had a curious feeling as I went aboard and deposited my satchel under the bunk, that it might be many a long day before I again saw my native country; and my heart sank as I thought of the thousands of miles of stormy ocean before me.

CHAPTER II.

From San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand — Seasickness — Sandwich Islands and Honolulu — Off Again — Warmer Weather — New Year's — Games — Flying Fish — Sea-birds — Small-pox Aboard — In Quarantine — New Zealand Forest and Tree Ferns — Snapper Fishing — Wild Peaches — Birds — Sea Life — Quilp — A Scared Irishman — An Indignant Frenchman.

WE left the wharf in the afternoon, and by evening we were past the “Golden Gate,” and on the “raging main;” and raging it was, no mistake about that; a fearful storm was blowing from the north-west: and I took pattern after the gallant captain of the “Pinafore,” who, when the wind did blow, generally went below; and, what was more to the purpose, I staid there, for I grew terribly sick, and could not leave. A great deal has been written and said about seasickness, but no amount of description can give an idea of the suffering of a person who is really and truly seasick. Another man was in the bunk above me; and although I was sick enough to die (it seemed to me), I could not but laugh to hear him argue the *pros* and *cons* of his foolishness in leaving his home. Said he, talking to himself, “I can't see what on earth ever put it into your head to go away from home. You may do well enough in Honolulu, but, oh! you'll die before you get there. Charlie, you fool, if you ever get home again, *you stay there!*”

After lying three days in my bunk without eating a bite, I began to feel very weak, and staggered out upon the hurricane deck, where I sprawled out on an old sail, hanging on to the ropes lest I should roll over-board. The sea looked terrible as the great blue-green waves came thundering against the ship's side. As I lay there, caring little what became of us, or whether we ever saw land again, "Lily," the Spaniard, came up with a cup of hot soup. He could talk very little English, but he gave me to understand that if I could swallow that soup I would feel much better. It tasted good after my three days' fast; so good indeed, that I drank it all. My appetite, and with it my good spirits, returned as the sea grew calmer, and I reasoned myself into the delusion that I was going to make a good sailor. The next storm, however, dispelled this pleasant fantasy.

Poor Charlie, the self-accuser, ate nothing for five days, and when some one asked him if he was very sick, replied, "Well, if there is a sicker man on board, God help him!"

We sighted the Sandwich Islands on the 27th of December. They appear at first rocky and barren, and seem to be little more than a congregation of volcanoes and their productions; but on a nearer view, the tropical vegetation changes the whole appearance of the landscape; and before you get into Honolulu, the view is one of the loveliest that it is pos-

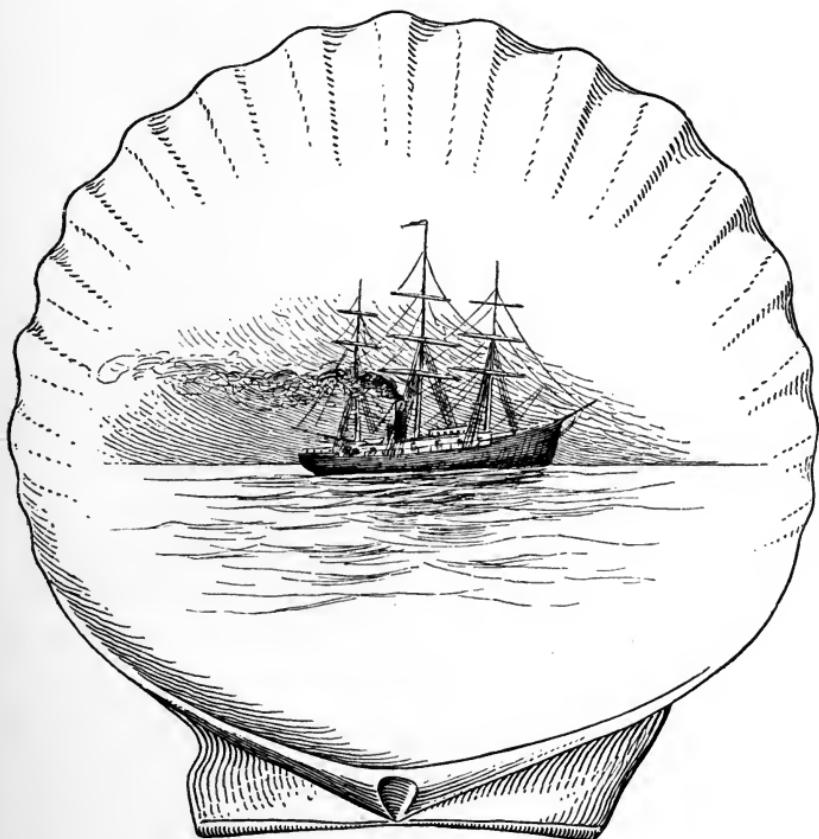
sible to imagine. Near the city an interesting volcano is to be seen, which goes by the appropriate name of the "Punch Bowl." Honolulu is situated in a valley, and embosomed in trees. Stately palms rear their tufted heads above the low houses, and the perfume from myriads of flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs is wafted to the traveller as he approaches. A line was thrown ashore, and the vessel was slowly worked up to the wharf. I was on the alert, and, when the bow touched, jumped ashore. The rest of the passengers waited until the plank was thrown out. There was a large crowd of jolly-looking, gayly dressed natives on the wharf, and a crew of chocolate-colored boys were diving for pennies, which the passengers threw into the water. The whole scene had a holiday appearance, and the laughing, chattering, flower-laden inhabitants seemed as happy as a group of schoolboys on a picnic. I made my way up-town as fast as was practicable (for the streets were very muddy), and after buying a bagful of delicious oranges, and another of the finest bananas I had ever seen, sat down on the curbstone to enjoy them. How I did eat! The fruit was excellent; and after living on nothing for three days, and soup with tough beef and hard-tack for four more, I was in first-class condition to make good use of it. While peeling a banana, the wreck of what I had eaten lying about, some of the passengers came along, and the expression of their faces was worth noting. They

laughed, called me all the names they could think of appropriate to a gourmand, said I would kill myself, and concluded by buying out the fruit-pedler near by, and sitting down beside me to follow my example. When the cravings of hunger were satisfied, we started on a tour of inspection about the city, took a look at the palace of the "Kanaka King," and admired the productive gardens where all kinds of tropical fruits were growing in the open air.

Our vessel left late in the afternoon; and as the rays of the setting sun shone on the lovely scene, it was a picture to be remembered. Before the stars came out, nothing remained to view but a range of blue mountains on the northern horizon.

Every day of our southern journey brought us into warmer weather. The breezes ceased, and the glassy water showed scarcely a perceptible swell. A dead calm settled on everything. Tropical showers were common, but they did not cool the air much, and we all grew very indolent. We crossed the line New Year's Day, and made it a day of rejoicing all round. The steward gave each of the passengers a duck to pick for his dinner; and rare sport we had as we sat about the deck, each one doing his best to get ahead of his neighbors. In the evening the cabin passengers gave an entertainment in the saloon, and invited all of us in. There were declaiming, reading, and music, which, although not of the best, were very acceptable under the

circumstances. Anything to make us forget that we were waiting for the days to go by, was hailed with delight. All kinds of games were played. Some,



CROSSING THE LINE

though rather rough, were exceedingly funny. One that never failed to create a laugh was called the cobbler. This was usually started by an old sailor; and any one who was foolish enough to think he could get

the better of Jack Tar, was almost sure to change his mind before long.

Jack would seat himself on the deck, take off one of his shoes, while on each side, stick in hand, stood a man having one leg bare to the knee. As the sailor acted the cobbler, keeping up a lively conversation in regard to shoemaking, he would strike out now and then as in the act of drawing a waxed end, hitting the two on their bare legs with the backs of his hard, rough hands. Down would come the sticks with all the spite that their cunning directors could command, but the sailor was so quick that they seldom hit his fingers. Another game, the name of which I have forgotten, was played by three or four men who stood in line one behind the other. The first one held his hands over his ears, when one of those behind gave him a box on the side of the head. He immediately turned round, seized the supposed guilty one by the ear, and led him to the place he himself had occupied. Mistaking his man, he in turn was taken by the ear, and had to try his chance once more. Roars of laughter followed a successful catch, as the culprit, with face awry from the strain upon his ear, was led to the front. It required a great deal of self-control in those joining the sport to keep an even temper, yet there was rarely any anger shown.

The Salvation Army was represented in our crew by a thick-set, priestly-looking man named Tailor, who

used to deliver sermons every few days from the hurricane deck. He talked like an auctioneer, and his voice was as shrill as a steam whistle. He was easily induced to begin his discourses, but it was another matter when once wound up to get him to stop. He would continue his harangue until the passengers were tired of listening, and then they would yell him down. There was a pleasant little Frenchman on board, named Barelli, who always accented the wrong syllables, and emphasized the wrong words. He owned many books, often lending them to the passengers to read. He was an Australian gold-miner on his way home from a pleasure trip in California. We grew fast friends, and many good times we afterward had together.

Perhaps the most interesting person on board was a man who every evening would assemble a knot of the passengers about him and tell stories. We called him by the appropriate name of Gulliver, and his supply of "yarns" seemed to be inexhaustible. Though not a loud talker, he knew how to point a joke or bring a story to a climax in a scientific manner; and I have seen his listeners stand for hours eagerly catching every word that fell from his lips. Sometimes he would move his auditors almost to tears, then perhaps convulse them with laughter, or hold them spell-bound with expectation. The variety and style of his stories marked him as having a knowledge of the world, besides

being a well-read, educated man. Personally, we knew very little of him, for he seldom alluded to himself.

In going round the world from east to west, a day is lost: in going from west to east, a day is gained. This may seem very strange, but is easily understood when we think that our days and nights are caused by the revolution of the earth on its axis, and that if we could travel at the same rate of the earth's revolution from east to west, we would have daylight all the time. Should we travel from west to east at the same rate, the sun would rise and set twice in every twenty-four hours. When crossing the 180th meridian the day is always changed. We crossed that meridian on Saturday; and the next day, instead of being Sunday, was Monday, which seemed odd enough. That so few vessels should be seen in mid ocean was surprising to me. I had an idea that one would see ships every day; but in the two weeks passed between Honolulu and Auckland only one vessel came in sight, and that many miles away. One day we passed a large quantity of wreckage floating on the water. It was composed of brooms and brushes, and was scattered about over several square miles. Where it came from we never knew. Flying-fish were seen every day, and many of them flew aboard during the night. Although small, they were found to be good for food, and well-flavored.

Large black petrels followed our vessel for hundreds of miles, and tropic birds with two long red tail-

feathers were often seen. One evening a booby lit on one of the ship's boats, and I caught it in my hand. The sailors wanted me to release it, and were very angry when I killed and skinned it for my cabinet. I suppose they had some superstition regarding the bird, but I did not propose to lose my specimen on that account. One day a young man, one of the steerage passengers, was suddenly taken ill; and in a day or two his body was covered with a fine rash. However, it was thought there was no danger of contagious disease, until one morning, as we were nearing the New Zealand coast, the doctor came on deck with a very serious face, and, taking one of the officers aside, whispered to him.

In less than ten minutes every one on board knew that the sick man was suffering with the small-pox. I shall never forget the fearful apprehension the news caused.

We steamed into Auckland Harbor a homesick and dejected crowd. The pale yellow flag was hoisted as a signal to those on shore that a contagious disease was aboard; and our vessel ran up near the quarantine island, where the mail was unloaded, and taken ashore to be fumigated. Everything belonging to the sick man, except his watch and money, was thrown overboard; and he was taken ashore in a small boat, towed behind a larger one, by the sailors.

A poor fellow who did not have the small-pox at all,

but merely a rash on his face, was also taken with the patient; and both, with a nurse, were lodged in the pest-house on the island.

We lay at anchor two days, becoming, as time wore on, more impatient and tired of our life on board the vessel.

At last (Jan. 11) an end came of our close imprisonment, and we bade the vessel good-by. Several of the passengers who were on their way to Sydney, Australia, concluded to stop over at Auckland rather than be confined to the ship in Sydney Harbor, as they had good reason to believe would be the case.

The landing after a long sea voyage is always a pleasurable experience; and when I found myself on shore with the prospect of roaming about where I pleased, I suddenly became very jubilant, in spite of the dreadful thought of what might happen to us all. I started, satchel in hand, for a good run up the hill to the quarantine house, but found that my legs were so weak from long leisure and lack of exercise that they would hardly carry me half way without a rest. We were a curious crowd as, reeling and staggering about, we slowly wound our way up the hill to our quarters. We must have looked more like a procession of the "sons of the Emerald Isle," on St. Patrick's Day, than sober voyagers. Throwing my satchel into the corner of one of the large, empty rooms, I started out with a merry heart on a tour of discovery about the island.

After walking along the beach for some distance, I climbed the steep cliff that walled in that part of the island, and found myself in a genuine New Zealand forest, where every tree, shrub, and fern was new to



TREE FERNS.

me. The branches of most of the trees were so bent and twisted that the forest was almost an impenetrable thicket. Here, in their native wilds, I saw for the first time the graceful tree-ferns; and I sat down on a prostrate trunk to admire them. One can form no just

conception of these plants from the small, stunted specimens to be seen in our hothouses. It is not until one comes upon a forest of them that their grace and delicacy can be appreciated. One could almost fancy himself living at the time when our coal measures were laid down, in a carboniferous swamp such as are represented in our geologies.

I wandered about during the morning over a large part of the island, making sketches, and admiring every new object that came in my way. I filled my handkerchief with specimens of a squeaking green insect about an inch and a half long, called a cicada, and gathered a large bunch of many varieties of ferns, which everywhere carpeted the ground. On coming back, I met a party of my companions in quarantine, who told me that dinner was over, and that, if I wanted anything to eat, I must bribe the Chinaman cook. On the way I heard for the first time the English lark, which had been introduced into New Zealand. He is a beautiful singer, and, when so high as to be almost invisible, pours forth his sweet song. In the afternoon I took a bath in one of the tide-pools in the solid rock. Excellent bathing-pools they make, for the water in them was very warm from the sun's heat, and was quite a contrast to our seashore bathing at home, where one feels as if immersed in ice-water.

The amount of animal life contained in a single pool is enormous; for one can stand on the brink, and see

hundreds of crabs, shells, sea-urchins, and star-fish moving about. Some of the larger pools contain many fine fish. Toward evening, as I climbed the hill to our house, I thought the day had been one of the happiest of my life. We all congregated about the bare wooden table in one of the large rooms for supper.

A tick of straw and a couple of rough blankets were distributed to each of the passengers at evening. Barelli and I took ours into one of the upper rooms of the building, and, with our boots for pillows, we were soon sound asleep. Next morning we were away with a fish-line each and a generous piece of beef for bait. We went down on a point of rock about a mile from the house, where I had seen some large fish the day before. There was no mistake about their being at home; for a line had scarcely been thrown in before there was a tugging at the other end, and a silvery, pink and blue fish, of the size of a cod, lay slapping about on the rocks. We had grand sport, and became so tired that we had to give it up. Just as Barelli threw out his line for the last time, an immense fish swallowed the bait and started leisurely away. As soon as he felt the sharp hook, however, he gave a tremendous jump out of the water, nearly pulling Barelli in, who let go just in time to save himself. We had a great tug to get the fish up to our house, and half an hour afterwards nearly every man on the island had gone fishing. Our fish, we learned, were the famous

snapper, *Pagrus unicolor*, which are so much prized by the New-Zealanders. They are delicately flavored, and during the rest of our stay on the island formed one of our principal articles of food.

The native name of the island was Matuihe, and a more charming spot for a collector's station it would be difficult to find. It was about three miles long, and covered with forest and fine English grass. Both ends were high and precipitous toward the sea, but the middle was low, sandy, and narrow. A large flock of sheep and countless rabbits fattened on the luxuriant vegetation. Wild fruits were abundant; but although I tasted of everything I came across, I seldom found anything palatable. One day I found, incased in a pod, a small orange-colored fruit, which was very pleasant to the taste. It turned out to be the Cape gooseberry, and was very like what we commonly call strawberry tomatoes.

One of the passengers informed us one evening that a large island, about two miles distant, was covered with wild peach-trees, and that it was time for the fruit to be ripe. After Barelli and I went up to our room, we fell to discussing the flavor and digestive qualities of peaches; and we came to the unanimous opinion that they were "good for food, and pleasant to the eye."

Now, there was a notice on the door of our house that any one leaving the island without permission

laid himself liable to a fine of forty pounds; but the desire for a midnight lark, and a little stolen liberty, was too much for us. After the house was still, we quietly slipped out and hurried down to the beach. It was a lovely moonlight night, and as warm as July in Massachusetts. The sea was as calm as one could wish, and the glassy surface reflected the distant islands. A small boat lay at anchor a few rods from shore, and to swim out to it, pull up the anchor and come back, took but a few moments. Barelli took the oars as I was dressing, and away we sped across the "smooth and glassy tide." A sense of buoyancy, far from cares of all kinds, took possession of me; and leaning back in the boat, looking at the moonlit sea, I gave myself entirely up to the enjoyment of pleasant fancies. We spoke little; and Barelli rowed so quietly, that there was nothing to jar on the stillness of nature. A half-hour's leisurely rowing brought us to the shore.

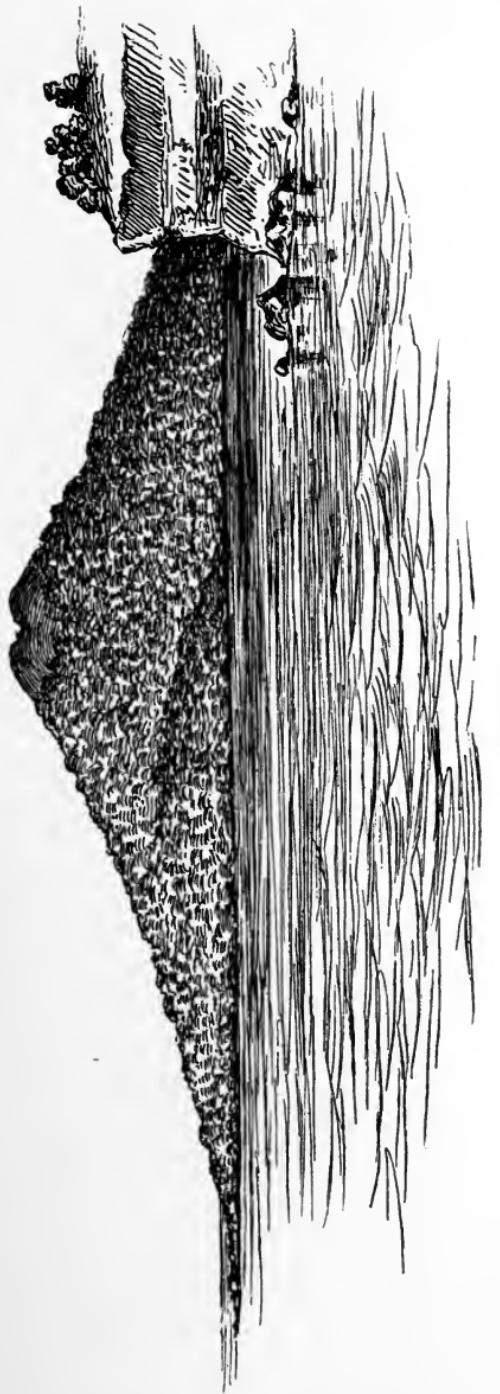
Pulling our boat high up the beach, we started up the grassy slopes. We soon found peach-trees in plenty, and some were loaded with fruit. We both had excellent appetites, and it would be useless to try to make any one believe how many dozen peaches we ate. The trees grew in scattered orchards, and looked as if planted accidentally. We took off our coats when we could eat no more, stuffed them with green fruit to ripen afterwards, and started back to our

island home. It was just growing light as we mounted the hill; and after putting our stolen fruit carefully away in our straw beds, we turned in for a sleep.

That Barelli's head was "screwed on the right way" was no mistake, for he bribed the Chinaman to make us a lot of peach-pies for dessert.

My mouth waters as I think of those pies.

Many extinct volcanoes could be seen from our home, and one named Rangitoto, a dark-colored, conical island, had evidently been in a state of eruption at no very distant day. Two small rocky islets a hundred yards from shore were a great resort for gulls and terns: Barelli and I used to swim out to collect their eggs, carrying them back in our hats. It was a little dangerous, as sharks were plenty; but the water was so shallow, that the bottom could be seen for a long distance out, and when a shark was in sight, we would postpone our swim. The birds were very bold, and many times they struck me on the head as I rifled their nests. I collected quite a number of their spotted eggs, and made a good many skins of the old birds. Beautiful blue kingfishers, *Halcyon vagans*, were plentiful about the shore; and many skins from Matuihe now in my cabinet, testify to their numbers, and to my industry while there. When the tide went out, we would go down upon the sandy beaches and gather the shells that pushed their way up to the surface, raising little sandy lumps. Some of the shells have doors known



RANGITOTO.

as *opercula*, with which they close their houses from their enemies. Many of them are polished, and used as jewelry in the fashionable world. *Echinoderms*, or sea-urchins, of gigantic size adhered to the rocks,



HALIOTIS.

where, by working their spines, they had worn away cavities large enough to hold their bodies. Oysters grew on the rocks in great masses; and although I had never eaten one before, I soon learned to eat and like them. We would crack them open with stones, fill tin cans, and cook them over a small fire on the beach. There was a large pearly shell known by the name of

mutton-fish, or abalone, which adhered to the rocks, but was never found above low water-mark. It was a species of *Haliotis*, and when disturbed would hug the rock so closely that the shell would be broken to fragments before it could be removed. The method of procuring them was to quickly insert the blade of a knife under the animal and pry it off before it had time to shut down. The shell had many holes along the side through which protruded small tentacles: the inside shone with prismatic colors. It will easily be imagined that a good many such shells left the island in my company.

Barelli and I went collecting so much, and found so many beautiful things, that soon nearly all the passengers on the island were as interested as ourselves. Every one tried to get as many kinds of specimens as possible, and great was the rejoicing of the person who found a new and handsome shell. Our quarters were little more than drying-rooms for starfishes, shells, crabs, and other marine life; and the number of fine specimens we gathered was very great.

One evening we were startled by the news of the death of the small-pox patient. It seemed hard to die so far from one's home and friends.

The nurse buried him within sight and hearing of the restless sea, in the little graveyard on the hillside, where several neglected mounds marked the last resting-place of other unfortunates.

The doctor came to the island to vaccinate us all; but meeting with strong opposition, he went away without a single dupe to practise on, swearing that we should stay there until we changed our minds.

There was an old, humpbacked, cross-grained scoundrel we nicknamed Quilp, who lived a bachelor life in a house near the wharf, and was employed by the government to keep the houses in repair, and fumigate the mails.

Every morning before sun-up, when he was sober enough, he would make his appearance with a pail of diluted carbolic acid, and, armed with a gigantic syringe, would proceed to deluge our rooms with the strong-smelling liquid.

We stood this three or four mornings, and at last the fellows downstairs concluded to stop his early morning calls. Fixing a pail of water over the door, they pulled it down on him as he entered. A tremendous hubbub arose, and Barelli and I hurried downstairs to see the sport. His ugly face flushed with rage, Quilp stood dripping with water, plying his squirt-gun with telling effect among the shirt-tail brigade, who showered him with boots, slippers, sea-animals, and whatever else they could lay hands on. A well-directed cake of soap silenced Quilp, who hurried out, declaring he would have every one of us "jugged" for that morning's work. We were not again troubled by him.

We had many a laugh at an Irishman, who every

morning declared he could feel the small-pox coming on. He seemed to care little about collecting, and would sit on the rocks by the hour, looking towards the mainland with longing eyes.

One day I saw him seated under a tree, evidently much interested in a large book. Glancing at it as I passed, I recognized it at once. "Look here, my friend," said I, "you had better drop that book: it belonged to the sick man, and was thrown overboard." Horror and despair were written on his face as, springing to his feet, he shouted, "O Holy Mother! I have it now intirely!" and ran up the hill toward the house, making good speed considering his short legs. I afterwards learned he declared at the house that he was dying, and swallowed all the medicine he could beg or buy.

We were supplied every day with fresh vegetables, and other good things, from the mainland. Sometimes visitors would come to see their friends, but were only allowed to talk to them from a distance. We all did so much rambling about that our clothes, and especially our shoes, became sadly dilapidated. Worse still, we were unable to procure new ones.

I dared not walk rapidly, lest my shoes, so many times patched and sewed, would go to pieces.

Barelli had two pairs; and, getting them both wet, he put them on the rocks near the precipice to dry. One of the passengers, mistaking them for old shoes,

kicked them over the side into the sea. Barelli was too full of indignation to articulate clearly, and gave the fellow a mingled discourse in English and French, winding up with, "Bless my soul! I think you crazy. You have so much brains as a starfish. How you think I go back to Auckland? Ze Devel! I have to go barefooted. Everybody laugh. *Sacre!*"

CHAPTER III.

Auckland to Dunedin—First Impressions of the English Mode of Travel—Ejecting an Intruder—Maori King and Chiefs—Wellington—A Happy Experience.

NONE of us showed any signs of coming down with the disease; and, after a probation of sixteen days, the steamer “City of Cork” conveyed us all, bag and baggage, to Auckland, where we were once more free to go where we pleased. Auckland is a good-sized city. The only large, handsome street runs directly through the middle of it. The side streets and narrow alleys have a shabby look. Most of the houses, one story high, are evidently unacquainted with paint. Many of the best buildings, composed of blue lava blocks, look gloomy and prison-like, having very small windows. The Public Library is a handsome building, however; and a fine museum filled with New Zealand and Australian specimens does credit to the place.

The number of drinking-saloons and drunken men I saw the first day of my stay in Auckland could hardly be credited by a person living in a civilized community.

The handsomest woman to “tend the bars,” and the best of music, were the requisites of a first-class den; and every inducement was held out for men to spend their time and money foolishly.

The country round about, in many places, was so rough and covered with lava that vegetation was very meagre, while in others it was very luxuriant. Forests of cowrie pine covered the distant hills; and the Australian gums, where introduced, seemed to flourish. The means of subsistence of the people were a mystery to me, as they had no manufactures, and scarcely any farms or gardens.

Nearing a railroad, while on one of my walks, I heard a train coming; so I sat down to compare the Englishman's train with our own.

Picture my disgust when a little black engine, without cowcatcher, bell, whistle, head-light, or cab, appeared, drawing five or six square boxes, each having two windows and a door on each side, and a spoked wheel under each corner.

Altogether, it reminded me of the little dummy engines that carry mud in dump-carts to fill up Boston Back Bay. "Well, well," I asked of myself, "is this the one-horse way of travelling in this land?" The train stopped at a stingy, ten-by-twelve station; an important-looking man going round with a large key to unlock the doors, and let out the miserable wretches, who looked as if they were glad to have escaped with their lives. Then, strutting about the platform (a raised gravel bank), this individual with the key shouted, "Take your seats, please!" and after the guilty-looking passengers had entered, he relocked the

doors, rang a dinner-bell, and away went the "puffing billy," with its string of boxes.

I pictured to myself an American locomotive, with its graceful and harmonious appearance, all its appointments making it an object of life, beauty, and usefulness, as it rushes over the miles of our railroads, conveying in its large, clean, well-lighted and ventilated cars hundreds of people as much at ease as in their own parlors. I thought of our polite conductors, of our magnificent depots, where every convenience is provided for the passengers. I thought of all these, and, for the first time, I wished myself back in Yankee-land.

I hurried back to Auckland, changed my lodging,—as I had been obliged to share my room the previous night with numerous fleas, bugs, and mosquitoes,—and buried myself in one of Mark Twain's books in order to forget the many unpleasant things that haunted my mind. Suddenly upon my peaceful repose, the door burst violently open to admit the reeling form of a drunken man, who demanded, in tones that admitted of more politeness, that I purchase him a drink. This was the climax. Seizing the gentleman by the neck, I "fired" him from the room, further assisting his progress with a liberal Yankee kick. This somewhat relieved my feelings; and after a night's rest in a clean bed, I awoke the next morning in my usual good spirits.



MAORI CHIEF.



The Maori King and his tattooed retinue were boarding next door, and "doing" the city. They were a terrible-looking lot of men; were very large, very dark, very fierce. The old king was forty-five or fifty years old, cross-eyed, and with his carved face presented a hideous appearance. The day being warm they did not trouble to dress themselves, but, robed only in the sheets of their beds, strutted about the streets, reminding one of Second Adventists in their white robes, prepared for ascension to the New Jerusalem, and impatiently awaiting the final blast from Gabriel's trumpet.

My recollections of English money are a mingled confusion of "bobs," "tanners," and "'af croons;" and in making change, I was always in a blissful state of ignorance as to whether I was cheated or not.

The vessel that was to convey me to Port Chalmers, near Dunedin, left on the second of February. Very glad I was once more to be on the way, as every day brought me nearer to my father and brother. Barelli came to see me off, and I promised to visit him on reaching Melbourne. The steamer was a small coaster, but very clean and well appointed. We were seldom out of sight of land, making the trip less tedious. We stopped at Gisborn and Napier for a few hours, and over Sunday at Wellington, where we had a chance to go on shore. The town is situated at the foot of a high range of hills, and overlooks a fine harbor. It is prob-

ably one of the stormiest places in the world, and earthquakes and tidal waves are by no means rare. It is the capital of New Zealand; and the government buildings occupy a large part of the town. Their street-railway was admirable; two cars were attached to an engine, which ran swiftly and quietly, conveying a large number of passengers.

CHAPTER IV.

South Island of New Zealand — Dunedin — Oamaru — A Dangerous Climb — Dogs — An Earthquake — A Naturalist's Paradise — Wild Pigs — Crossing a Stream — Remains of the Moa — Journey to the West Coast — Hokitika — Gold Mines — Edible Fungus — Nelson — A Hard Climb and a Day's Sport — Bedstead Gully — Collingwood Caves — Caves at Takaka and Bird Remains.

WE landed at Port Chalmers on the eighth of February, the rain descending in torrents, and the wind blowing a gale. All the Dunedin passengers started for the railway station, a miserable little shed, so small that more than half of us were compelled to stand outside in the drenching rain, waiting for the train. An American railroad company treating its passengers in that way, would be boycotted. The train came at last, and we went on to Dunedin. To my great joy, I saw my father standing on the platform. He looked the handsomest man in all the world to me, and in meeting him the discomforts of my long journey were forgotten. We were soon at the hotel, where I met my brother Shelley.

What a happy experience it is, when far away, to meet friends from home! How interested we are in the most trivial affairs connected with their lives and experiences! It was a joyous party we three made that evening at the Queen's Hotel, as we sat about the

glowing grate, for the night was chilly, exchanging news and relating experiences till long past midnight.

Dunedin is a large, well-built city. The gardens and public buildings, particularly the Museum and Library, make it evident that the people intend to have the best. The next evening, father commenced a course of geological lectures, which was well attended. We had a stereopticon, and after the lecture was delivered, illustrations were shown and explained.

We used the oxyhydrogen lime-light, and one of Middleton's lanterns threw upon the screen a fifteen-foot picture of startling clearness and brilliancy.

Shelley sold tickets when not employed as advance-agent, and I manipulated the lantern. The course once started in a place, there was little to do in the daytime, and we used to collect and examine the objects of interest about the country.

We made friends, and enemies too, wherever we went. Father's lectures were only popular with the liberal classes, the bigoted know-it-alls doing their best to keep people from turning out; but, as usual in such cases, they made advertising-agents of themselves, for the more they talked, the larger our audiences grew.

The hotel proprietors and saloon-keepers did not like us very well, for we never drank at their bars or treated others. We seldom tipped the porters or waiters, as we were not far enough advanced in the civilization

of the Australasians to appreciate the necessity of paying for gentlemanly treatment.

One fine morning, Shelley and I started out with a party of ladies and gentlemen to visit Fern Glen, and a very pleasant little picnic we had. We found the English girls to be fine walkers, for at the end of the day's ramble they showed no signs of fatigue. The miniature waterfall at the top of the glen is completely framed by a luxuriant growth of ferns, making an exceedingly pretty picture.

We ate our dinner in the forest, where the little green parrots squeaked and chattered in the tree-tops, and at dusk, loaded with trophies, we wended our way homeward.

On the twentieth of February, we left Dunedin for Oamaru, where we gave two courses of six lectures each. One is impressed as he enters Oamaru with the beauty and cleanliness of the town, as wooden structures are almost unknown. All the houses are built of a handsome, cream-colored limestone which abounds in that section. The stone is so soft when first taken from the quarry that it can be cut with an ordinary saw and chisel. On exposure to the air it hardens, and enough lime is dissolved by the rain and crystallized between the blocks to fill up the crevices, the whole building becoming literally one piece.

Fossil or petrified shells were very common at Oamaru, and we found large numbers of them in the

cliffs by the seashore. One day while out collecting, the tide came in so rapidly as to entirely cut off my retreat, and I undertook to climb the precipitous cliff about one hundred feet high. When I had ascended about two-thirds of the way, I came to a place where I could neither go up nor down.

Calling for help was useless, for I was miles from the nearest house. I tried to think of some way to extricate myself from my perilous position; and, clinging as best I could to a jutting prominence of the rock, took out my pocket-knife and began cutting steps in the limestone cliff. It was tiresome work, but a look at the angry waves seventy feet below would make me turn again to the cliff, resolved to conquer. How cautiously I pulled myself up step by step! My legs trembled so from the strain of holding the weight of my body in such a cramped position, that I was in momentary peril of falling. A plant of New Zealand flax, with its long green leaves, hung invitingly over the edge of the cliff above my head.

At last its strong, tough blades came within my grasp, and drawing myself up to the top I lay for half an hour exhausted and trembling, thinking how delicious is life.

We left Oamaru early in March. Father visited the great Tasman Glacier at the foot of Mount Cook, where he nearly lost his life in swimming the Tasman River. In the mean time Shelley and I had gone to the city

of Christchurch, where we made arrangements for two courses of lectures, thus putting everything in readiness for father when he came.

We occupied the Theatre Royal, and the auditorium was nightly filled with an enthusiastic audience.

Dogs! The Australian colonists excel in the variety, size, and number of their dogs, and my advice to persons who prefer to eat and sleep *sans Canis familiaris*, is to give those countries a wide berth.

Every household supports its army of great brutes that barrack about the houses, or, when off duty, forage the neighboring fields and streets, making a pedestrian's journey as dangerous as a walk in an Indian jungle. The less property a man possesses, the more dogs he requires to guard it, and if he has five or six half-starved and poorly clad children there must of necessity be two or three great dogs to keep them company. On every railway train, running under the seats of the cars was a long box, into which dogs belonging to the passengers were forced, and conversation along the road was enlivened by their muffled yelps. It was a laughable sight to see the guard removing the curs from their den, after they had been confined for half a day, jolting over the rough road.

As he opened the door, which was on the outside of the car, a terrific uproar arose, and half a dozen heads with eyes protruding and tongues hanging out—each ugly visage a study of intense eagerness — were thrust

out of the opening. Sometimes the performance was varied by the canines pushing their way past the guard and running about the track, followed by the train hands, the train being detained to await their capture.

People often came to our lectures accompanied by their "intelligent and sagacious" pets. My usual question to a man as he entered was, "Do these dogs belong to you?"—"Yes, sir."—"Will you be so kind as to send them home? We do not allow dogs inside the building."—"Right you are. 'Ere, you brutes, 'ome with you!" and away would go the dogs, to return again in five minutes, awaiting a chance to sneak in. On such occasions I usually wore strong, heavy boots, and if chance gave me a good fair kick at "man's faithful friend," he was not likely to return.

One evening a large black brute came skulking in behind his master. I endeavored by my usual methods to persuade him to retire, but he evaded me, and an English dude, with excessively thin legs, received the full force of my argument on his shin. My copious apologies were drowned in the groans of the "Kickee," who limped away, rubbing his injured member. I expected he would send the police to interview me, but they never came, and he may have died on the way home for aught I know to the contrary. It was too bad.

Sometimes when the dogs escaped my vigilance, and entered, the lecture-hall was turned into an arena for

a dog-fight. In my exasperation I used to think that if all dogdom were heaped together, I should like to stand about half a mile off with the most destructive of modern Gatling guns, and turn the crank until the last of the race expired with a howl.

I liked the country about Christchurch very much. The city, about four miles from the seacoast, is in a wide, fertile plain. There are many fine buildings about the city, and some elegant residences a short distance into the country. The Avon River, a clear, cool stream, well stocked with English trout, flows through the town. The museum, one of the best I ever visited, was a great attraction to us. Much of our time was passed there.

Shelley and I were persuaded one evening to join the Mutual Imps, a secret theatrical society, holding its meetings every Sunday evening. I had my doubts as to its pretensions, but in sport concluded to join it.

On arriving at the rooms we, with several other fools, were blindfolded, and marched about, a drum, an organ, and a concertina, forming the band. After inhaling more tobacco-smoke than I hope to during the remainder of my life, we were each presented with a pipe and glass, the bandages were removed, and we opened our eyes upon a scene of carousal.

A few songs and speeches were the only redeeming features to this midnight revel, and I left with the

deepest feelings of disgust and shame. Father escaped all this, as he had no impish propensities.

The next morning as I lay half awake, the bed was shaken violently. Opening my eyes, I saw that everything was on the move. "Earthquake!" shouted Shelley, as he jumped from the bed. The house rocked like a boat at sea when there is a long swell, for the earth waves could be distinctly felt. A low, underground rumbling like distant thunder accompanied the phenomenon. As earthquakes are very frequent in Christchurch, no one paid much attention to this one, and in half an hour it was apparently forgotten.

One morning toward the last of March, we three started with a Mr. Hall, an Irish gentleman, for an excursion into the country. Our destination was Mr. Hall's country residence at Motenau. After a long drive over a dreary country, we came to the fertile fields and meadows around Motenau. Mr. Hall's house, situated near the edge of the cliff, overlooked the little island of Motenau and the broad ocean.

The country was undulating, traversed by deep ravines, which often oblige travellers to make a circuit of many miles to reach a place not half the distance in a straight line. From the sea the hills rose to mountains, and were in some places covered with forest.

It was a charming spot, and a paradise for a naturalist. Cormorants (*Phalacrocorax novæhollandiæ*) sat in flocks upon the cliffs, or dived beneath the surface of

the water in search of their prey. Mockmocks (*Anthornis melanura*) sang sweetly in the wooded ravines. Wild pigeons (*Corpophaga novæzealandiæ*), as large as half-grown domestic fowls, flew high overhead, whistling with their wings, or sat upon the topmost branches of the highest trees. Oyster-catchers (*Hæmatopus longirostris*) ran along the sand, uttering their piping cry. Paradise "ducks" (*Casarea variegata*), in reality a handsome species of goose, grazed in the meadows in pairs, and flew to meet the intruder as if a gun were unknown. Wekas (*Ocydromus australis*) or Maori hens with wings too small for flight, skulked among the bushes, or came running toward us as we ate our luncheon under the trees. Little yellow-breasted robins (*Petrœca albifrons*) scratched among the dead leaves for worms, and were so astonishingly tame as sometimes to alight upon our hats or gun-barrels as we wandered through the thick growths.

Shelley and I were in our element. We would start off early in the morning, and after shooting all we could carry, would return and make skins of our captures, sitting under the trees near the house where we had set up our boxes.

Many times while thus engaged, the Maori hens would come out and watch for a chance to run off with our tools. They are the cheekiest birds I have ever seen. They would steal a man's blanket or the buttons off his clothes while he slept, if they had the chance.

Wild pigs were very numerous, and rooted so much, that they seriously damaged the pasturing. Men are regularly employed to keep the numbers within bounds. They hunt them with immense dogs, that, on finding a pig, seize him by the ear in such a manner that he cannot tear them with his savage tusks. The squealing of the infuriated pig brings to the spot the hunter, armed with a heavy spear having a cross-bar above the blade to keep the pig at a respectable distance. This he plunges through the tough hide of the bristling beast, soon despatching him. Then he cuts off the tail



THE SPEAR.

or the snout, or both, and leaves the carcass to decay. Sometimes the owner of a sheep-run pays for the tails, and perhaps the owner of the next run pays the same price for the snouts. Accordingly, the hunters exchange and make double pay for every pig killed. Again, they cut off the tails of the sow pigs, and let them go, so that the business may not fall off by the extinction of the animals. When both these methods fail they resort to the trick of manufacturing the tails and snouts out of raw hide, some being so ingeniously made as almost to defy detection.

On one occasion, Shelley and I went to hunt birds up a ravine. The walls on each side were steep and

high, and when one had entered, there was no way of getting out, until the upper end was reached.

We were often obliged to wade a small river that swung from one side to the other of the narrow valley. The stream was not over three feet deep, and did not much inconvenience us. The valley broadened as we advanced, and Shelley put on his shoes, thinking there would be no more wading. However, soon after we came to another ford, and he called out,—

“Say, old man, carry me across, will you?”

“All right. Jump on my back.”

He climbed on. In one hand were my shoes and gun, and in the other, a bunch of birds. Shelley’s hands also were occupied by his gun and birds.

“I am afraid you will fall off before we get half way across. You don’t seem to be on very securely,” I remarked.

But he shouted, “Go ahead! Hurry up, or I shall fall off before you start.”

“Now you had better get”—

I was about to argue the point, but he interrupted me with,—

“Oh, go ahead! I’m all right; and hurry up, or I shall fall off sure enough.”

At first the bed of the river was pebbly, and we progressed very well, but Shelley began to slip down little by little, and I again asked him if we had not better return.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, go on! Hurry up! You can get across sooner than you can go back."

He was so eager, and his tone so irresistibly funny, that I began to laugh, and, to make matters worse, he slipped another inch or two down my back. I bent forward to make it easier for him, but thereby only succeeded in helping his downward progress.

"Here, what the Devil are you doing? Straighten up! You are pushing me off. Go ahead! Hurry up! Stop laughing, and we'll get there all right."

A step or two forward brought me into mud, and to move another foot was impossible. By this time I was speechless, and almost breathless with laughter.

"What's the matter with you now! Go on! Oh, I can't hang on any longer!" and with a series of groans, resembling the chromatic scale for the clarinet, he dropped off my coat-tails into the water.

Remains of the gigantic Moa (*Dinornis gigantea*), an extinct bird, standing from twelve to fifteen feet high, are sometimes found at Motenau. Several days previous to our arrival, a bed of their bones had been discovered on a ranch not far from Mr. Hall's house. They were found embedded twenty feet deep in stiff clay, and a small stream wearing away the earth on one side had exposed them.

With the aid of a Scotchman, whom we employed, we set to work early one morning to exhume if possible some perfect bones. Our man dug away the earth

above, leaving us room to work ; then by means of our knives, we carefully whittled away the clay, taking out the fossils. I never dreamed that one could become so interested in "dry bones." Hundreds of the largest birds that ever existed must have perished and been covered up here. Some of the single bones were longer than my leg, and thick as my knee.

All parts of the animals were found ; toes, ribs, vertebræ, skulls, sternums, leg bones, and even the small, horny rings of the windpipe, all in excellent condition. Together with these, we discovered the remains of a gigantic eagle, which lived with the Moa, and must have been buried at the same time. We came across numerous pieces of charcoal, plainly indicating that fire had driven the birds to this place, where they had perished, probably killing one another in their frantic



MOA AND MAN.

efforts to escape. Every evening we returned loaded with monstrous bones, and excited with our discoveries.

Early in April we bade good-by to our hospitable friends before starting for Christchurch, where we packed up and shipped our things to Nelson, while we went across the island to the west coast. We travelled by rail to Springfield, where we took the stage. The road was rough, the wind cold, while a drizzling rain completed the wretchedness of the day. The scarcity of trees, and the quantity of brown bunch grass, reminded me of the worst parts of Nevada. The summits of the steep, rocky mountains were veiled in clouds, and the entire view was barren and desolate.

About nine o'clock P.M., we arrived at the comfortable little hotel on the banks of the Bealy River. Here we stood about the large, open fireplace warming ourselves, like turtles in the sunshine. The supper was excellent, the beds comfortable; but at two o'clock the next morning we were all aroused to continue our journey in the jolting stage. One poor fellow declared he would not get up if his life depended on it, so we drove on, leaving him to his warm bed.

The road on one side sometimes hugged the mountain, while the other overhung a roaring torrent hundreds of feet below. We crossed and recrossed rivers, which threatened to overturn us in their mad rush. We climbed hills, and rattled at full speed down steep

descents, which made us hold our breath, almost expecting to be dashed to pieces among the rocks. Morning came at last, and the sun rose clear, brightening up the snow-clad peaks with dazzling splendor.

After reaching the highest point, the rocks and crags gave place to lofty trees, bushes, shrubs, and ferns innumerable. Cold, sparkling streams of water dashed in spray over the ledges; birds sang in their leafy retreats; and butterflies flitted about in the warm sunlight. Tree-ferns were here seen in their wildest beauty, their contiguous tops making a roof of living green, while their trunks answered for pillars of support. At one place where the stage stopped a few moments, I collected thirteen kinds of ferns as a memento of Otara Gorge and the ride to the plain.

In the afternoon we reached Hokitika, passing the gold diggings on the road. There had been a "rush" just before we arrived, and many miners were living in tents, in spite of the rainy weather. The gold had been found about twenty feet below the surface, and must have been very difficult to procure, as the ground was saturated with water, and covered with a thick growth of forest.

It is surprising what these men will endure to obtain gold. One would think, that, after so much toil, they would put it to a better use than they usually do. A man makes a big haul, and away he goes with his friends to Hokitika, where they carouse as long as their

gold lasts. Then they return to their holes in the ground, by this time half filled with water, and set to work, often without the comforts of life, to make another lucky hit with the same termination.

Hokitika consists of a long row of houses on the seashore, and looks like the mushroom towns of California, which live a mad life for a few months, then are deserted and forgotten, a wonder to the traveller who comes across a town without an inhabitant save owls and wolves. Such towns are numerous in the mining districts of California, and it gives one a feeling of intense loneliness to wander through their deserted streets, and look on the evidences of life and industry now left to decay.

We did not consider it wise to try a course of lectures in Hokitika, and so left on the little steamer for the North. The sea was very smooth, and on the way we saw many porpoises. They frequently jumped out of water, raced ahead of the vessel, or dived under it, apparently in high spirits.

We stopped at Graymouth, where an exchange of cargo was made. This was a very pretty place, on the Gray River. California quail had been introduced, and I could hear their well-remembered call from the wooded hills near by.

Great quantities of dog's-ear—a species of fungus, which grows on decayed logs—are collected at Graymouth, and shipped to China for making soup. The

forests are cut down over large tracts, for the purpose of growing the fungus, and many people support themselves by gathering it. During a walk, we saw a mammoth white puff-ball. It was on a hillside, and, if strong enough, would have made a comfortable seat. As I sent it rolling down the hill, it looked like a gigantic snowball. We were informed by the inhabitants that they grew to that size in one night, and that a group of them on a distant hillside is sometimes mistaken by a shepherd for a flock of sheep.

Starting in the evening, we arrived the next morning at Nelson, where we soon engaged a hall. We used to collect shells on the seashore every day, and added many new kinds to our collection. The gigantic *Pinna zelandica*, or horse-muscle, was very plentiful here. They live in the mud, point downward, and congregate in beds as oysters do.

One evening, after the lecture, a party of young men, myself among the number, set out to climb the main range of mountains, where we expected to find some good shooting. After walking about five miles, we reached the base of the mountains. The night was very warm and dark. The mountains were fearfully steep, often obliging us to cling to the grass to keep from falling. I have climbed mountains in many of our Western States; ascended Mano Pass, California, where there is one continuous climb with scarcely an interruption for five or six thousand feet; followed the

steep trails of Yosemite Valley, and scaled the high granite peaks in that vicinity; wandered over the Nevada desert mountains, covered with loose stones and light volcanic sand, where one sinks ankle deep at every step;—but with all these, I have never before or since pulled myself up such steeps as the sides of these New Zealand mountains. It seemed as if I should expire of thirst before reaching the top. At half-past one A.M., thoroughly exhausted, we arrived at the summit. A short distance down, on the other side of the ridge, we found a small spring. No one, unless similarly situated, can appreciate our pleasure in drinking.

We built a large fire, and all lay down to sleep. I was awakened early by a shot fired by one of the party, and, looking up, I saw a number of large, bright-colored parrots on a neighboring tree. I soon had the satisfaction of bringing down two birds in excellent plumage. They were not very wild, and we shot most of the flock. They turned out to be a bird I had long wanted to see alive, the Kea (*Nestor notabilis*), interesting from the fact that it is the only flesh-eating parrot known. By some strange freak they have deserted their native food of nuts and wild fruits for mutton. They do not take the trouble to kill their intended victim, but quietly perch upon his back, and with their strong, sharp beaks, tear away the wool and skin, and devour the flesh and fat of the living sheep.

The war against these destructive birds has been waged to such an extent that they are now becoming rare, and I consider myself fortunate in securing five. We saw several deer, two wild pigs, and a drove of wild goats. One of the party shot an old male goat, and carried the skin home as a trophy. We visited the deserted copper mines where native copper had



THE KEA.

been found in large masses. The expense of mining and packing it across the almost unscalable mountains, however, had been too great to leave any profit.

Towards evening an exhausted crew might have been seen slowly trudging Nelsonward. When I arrived at the hotel I had scarcely strength enough to drag myself up the stairs to my room. Father was writing as I entered, and, laughing heartily, greeted me with, "Well, you look as if you had been on a spree." I tried to "materialize" a smile, but the conditions were not favorable.

In the museum at Nelson were many bones of the Moa labelled, "Collingwood caves;" and father concluded to send me there, while he and Shelley went to Wellington.

The steamer in which I started was a regular tub, smelling so strongly of grease that I began to feel seasick the instant I stepped aboard, and was soon flat on my back. If there is anything that makes a man disgusted it is to be seasick when every one else is in high spirits. This was my case; and the merry clatter of dishes, as the jovial passengers cracked their jokes at dinner, was exasperating to me, lying in my bunk wrestling with a rebellious stomach, and getting very much worsted in the struggle. It would seem by the spasmodic contortions, and outlandish somersaults there, that a party of devils were holding high carnival.

We anchored just outside of Collingwood in the evening, and went ashore in the small boat.

Next morning I started on foot for the caves, which were ten miles distant. The wagon road led across a barren stretch of country, then turned off to the right, and followed the course of a turbid stream. Dark, rocky mountains, some of them covered with snow, rose ahead. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds, and distant thunder could be heard. Now and then I passed a miner's cabin, where half a dozen red-headed children would be seen, flattening their noses against the window-panes to view the passing traveller.

I stopped a few minutes at a place called the Devil's Boots to observe the singular shapes of a number of isolated, water-worn masses of limestone. Some ingenious miner had utilized part of a cave for a kitchen, drilling a hole through the roof for a chimney. The people for the most part were Scotch, and I often had considerable difficulty in understanding them.

After climbing a high limestone hill, covered with tree-ferns and “supple jacks,” or climbing vines, I came to a little valley among the hills, where half a dozen miners' cabins clustered like barnacles in the crevices of the wave-worn rocks. This place was my destination, and it went by the very inappropriate name of “Bedstead Gully;” for, as I afterward learned to my sorrow, there was not a bedstead in the place.

Introducing myself to the good-looking Scotch woman who answered my knock, I was soon seated beside the comfortable fire. I was given a corner in the low attic where two bags stretched on a couple of poles and covered with a quilt did service for a bed. The proprietor came home at six o'clock from the mine, and supper was served on the bare wooden table.

I was surprised to see how really contented and happy these poor people seemed. Here they were thousands of miles from their native country, shut in among the mountains in a wild, remote corner of a thinly populated island, far from all that makes life

dear, or even endurable to many,—yet, in spite of poverty, appearing satisfied with their life. At last the children were tucked away for the night in their dark corner, and, taking my candle, I went up to my little loft; but very little did I sleep, for on one side my heels, on the other my knees, protruded from the narrow bed, and no amount of arranging could induce the scant clothing to cover my entire body at once; and as the cold breeze fanned the unprotected portion, I came to the conclusion, before morning, that I should need considerable toughening before I could really enjoy that mode of living.

The next morning, with pick and shovel, I started for the caves, which were only about half a mile distant; and after wandering about in the wet ferns and grasses, I came to the mouth of a very large cave, where a brook ran directly into the hill. I cautiously let myself down the rocky opening, and, lighting my candle, began to explore the gloomy interior. The roof of the cave became higher and higher as I went on, until finally the passage expanded into an immense hall. The ceiling was covered with stalactites, which hung down like great icicles, beautifully translucent, and sparkling crystals reflected the candle's light from the sides of the cave. In many places large pillars, white as snow, rose from the floor, looking very ghostly in the dim light. No sound disturbed the almost deathly stillness, save the occasional spat of water dropping from the

ceiling. It seemed as if I had left the busy world, and entered the fabled abode of gnomes and fairies.

That I might not lose my way in the tortuous passages, I tore up several old letters, and scattered the pieces as I wandered along. About half a mile from the entrance, the stream plunged over a precipice in a beautiful waterfall. Farther than this I could not go, as there was no way of descending.

On the ceiling above the fall, many glow-worms had chosen a home, and, on blowing out the candle, one could imagine himself under a starlit sky. Blind crickets were numerous, and I procured quite a number. I was loath to return, as I had become enthusiastic over the weird scenes through which I had passed.

On reaching the mouth of the cave again, I began digging in the soft dirt of the floor for Moa bones; but after working some time, and finding nothing, I gave up, and went in search of other caves. There were many, for the whole hill seemed to be a labyrinth of underground excavations, and I soon discovered one in which bones were buried.

The birds seemed to have fallen down the holes, and, unable to get out, had perished, leaving their bones to tell the tale. They were evidently a much smaller species than we found at Motenau, and the bones were not in such a good state of preservation. During the time I remained, I dug out parts of two skeletons, but, thinking it hardly worth while to stay longer, left

Bedstead Gully for Collingwood, where I took the little steamer for Takaka.

On the wharf the captain introduced me to a Mr. Lewis, who, I understood, knew of places where Moa remains could be found. Mr. Lewis kindly invited me to his house. He had heard of us through the papers, besides being acquainted with the writings of my father.

We started on foot up the valley, and, as there had been heavy rains, the roads were very muddy; but I was so interested with the country through which we passed that the walk of ten miles seemed short.

Great trees, covered from bottom to top with climbing vines, grew on each side the road; and tree-ferns, with their graceful, spreading fronds, filled the ravines; while above and beyond all were the mountains. Birds were very numerous. The Tuie, or parson bird (*Prosthemadera novæzealandiæ*), with his white choker, greeted us from the tree-tops; Wekas ran across the road; Kakas (*Nestor meridionalis*) rattled and squealed in the dense thickets; Blue Ducks (*Hy-menolæmus malacorhynchus*) flew up the river, and wild pigeons whistled above us in their rapid flight.

We passed coal beds of good thickness on the way, and saw fossil shells in the rocks, where a railroad cutting had been made. At last we arrived at our destination, and, after relieving our shoes from their burden of mud, entered the house. Mrs. Lewis was a

pleasant and intelligent lady, and everything about their home indicated education and refinement.

While I remained at Takaka it rained almost constantly; but we managed two or three times to get out and visit the caves. In one, into which we lowered ourselves by a block and tackle from a beam placed over the opening, we found almost the entire skeleton of a Moa, together with the scattered bones of several other birds. This discovery greatly pleased me, as the skeleton was in a good state of preservation. We found about a quart of small pebbles, rounded and polished, which had evidently served to grind the food in the bird's gizzard ; and intermixed with the pebbles were fragments of land shells that it may have fed upon.

There were many skeletons of small birds, and parts of a large lizard near the Moa, which probably lived and died at the same time. We had a hard time pulling ourselves and the bones up the thirty feet to the opening ; and, as we had remained in the cave longer than we intended, one of the neighbors had come out in search of us.

I devoted the remainder of my time in Takaka to collecting birds and insects. One of the most interesting of these was the Weta, a very large, spiny cricket with ferocious-looking jaws. We found them under the bark of trees, and they always showed fight on being disturbed.

Mr. Lewis kept cows, and his wife made the best butter I ever tasted. New Zealand butter generally has a fine flavor ; whether this can be attributed to the climate, the grass, or the cows, I know not. Many a time, when tired, hot, and thirsty, on my tramps in Australia and New Guinea, I have wished myself back in Mr. Lewis's dining-room, before a bowl of cool milk and a slice of his wife's excellent bread.

CHAPTER V.

The North Island of New Zealand—A Drive on the Beach—Beautiful Shells—
A Wreck—Wanganui Fossils—Among the Maoris—A Cool Reception at
the Thames Gold Fields—Out of the Frying-Pan into the Fire.

I LEFT, the latter part of May, for Nelson, and there took the steamer for Wellington, where I met father. The next morning, early (two A.M.), we started in the stage for Wanganui, whither Shelley had already gone. We arrived at the seashore on the west coast, where a change of horses was made, and from that time the stage journey of over thirty miles was on the smooth, hard, sandy beach. This route can be taken only when the tide is favorable, and that was the reason of our starting from Wellington at such an early hour.

I was surprised to see on the beach a great many beautiful shells washed ashore in a recent storm, and was watching for an opportunity to gather a few when one of the horses fell, breaking the harness in many places. No sooner was the stage at a standstill than I was out, speedily filling my bag. The shells were in rows, as left by the high tide. Striped Voluts, Topsheells, Murexes, Bullas, and thousands of brilliantly colored Pectens and Olives followed the lines of seaweed; some of them were alive and crawling back to the water. Father, who had been busily engaged trying

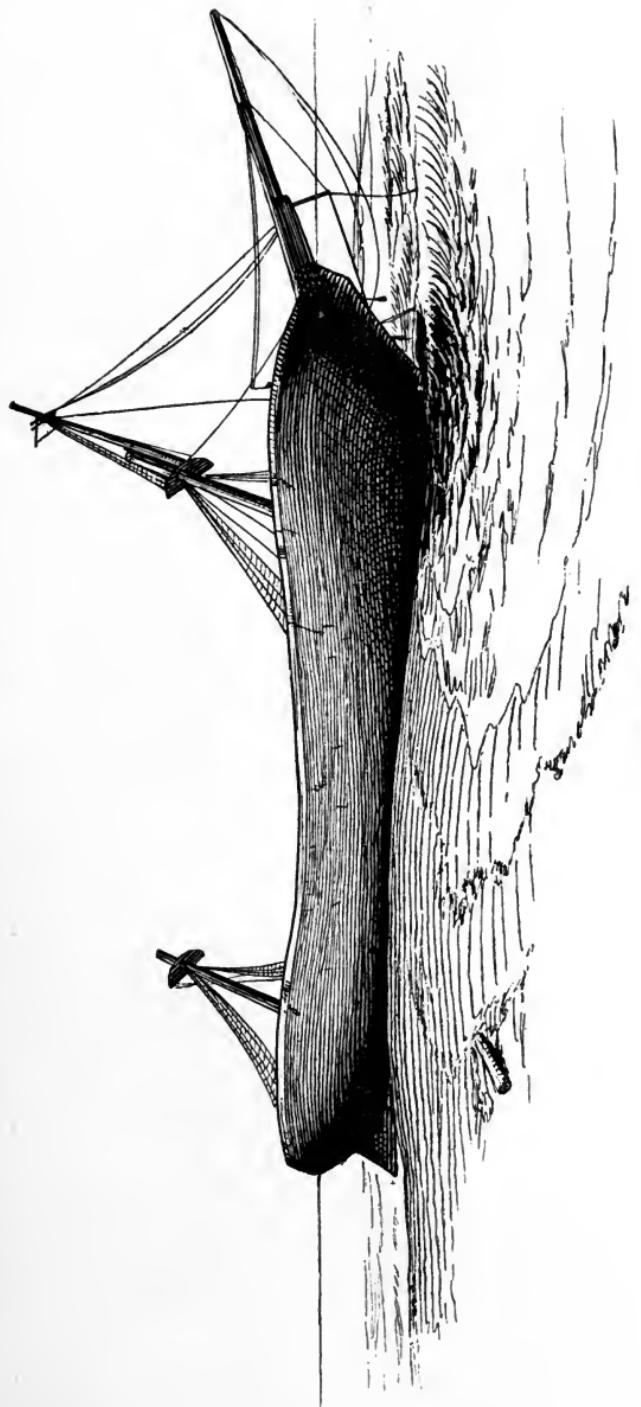
to convert a missionary, had not noticed them, and was now standing among the other passengers watching the interesting operation of splicing harness ; but when I held up a few shells, he straightway, satchel in hand, began scooping in everything he came across.

The harness was patched all too soon, but it was not until my carpet bag refused to close its jaws, and one of my shirts, with arms and neck tied up, presented a decided aldermanic appearance. The shells were most abundant opposite Capity Island, and I have no doubt we could have collected a wagon-load. It is only after storms they are so plentiful, and many times, the driver informed me, not a shell is to be seen.

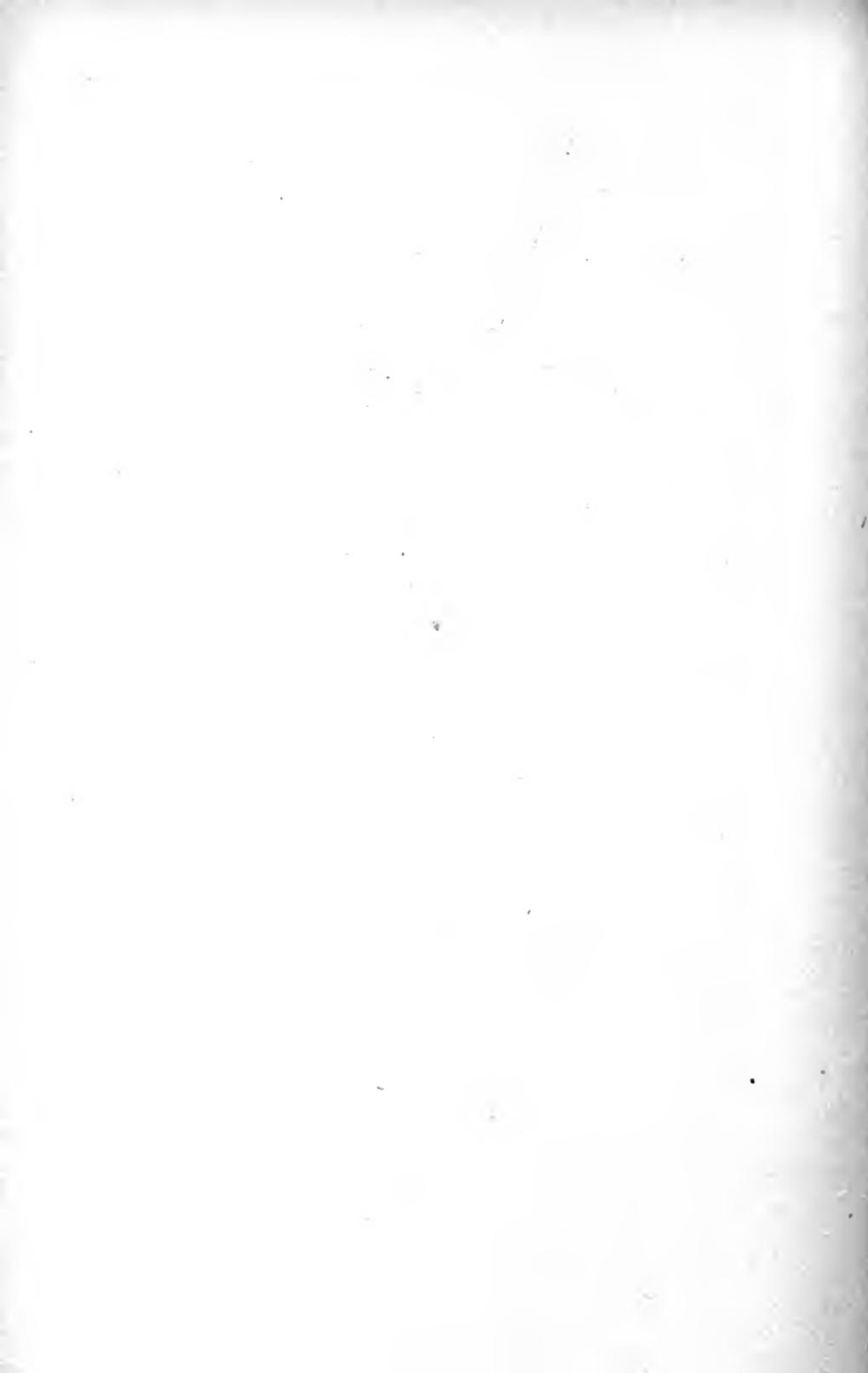
The Maoris formerly must have lived largely on mollusks ; for pippie shells in mounds, from ten to twenty feet high, could be seen above the beach.

We passed the wreck of a great iron ship, where several hundred Swedish emigrants narrowly escaped losing their lives. The captain mistook a Maori campfire for the government light at the southern extremity of the north island, and after navigating thousands of miles of stormy seas in safety, as he was endeavoring to pass between the islands, ran his vessel ashore within fifty miles of Wellington — his destination.

We came very near leaving father behind where we stopped for dinner. He went out to admire the fruit-trees, and we were nearly out of sight when he came back. I was seated on top of the stage, and thought



THE WRECK.



of course he was inside. Imagine my surprise when, on looking round, I beheld him running at full speed, and waving his hat in the most frantic manner. As he came up, I could not suppress a laugh at his chagrined appearance.

We reached Wanganui late that night, where we remained till the middle of June. We used every day to go out across the river to some clay cliffs, and get out the fossils that there abounded. When practicable, the specimens were taken out half enclosed in a square piece of clay, which greatly improved their appearance. We made a short journey to the seashore to collect, where the cliffs were as full of the remains of marine life as a generous pudding of plums.

Father said it was the finest locality for fossils that he had ever seen in all his travels. There was one stratum near the bottom of the cliff in which we found the loveliest pearl muscles, with the nacre as bright as the colors of the peacock. It was a very delicate piece of work whittling round them, but once out, they were, beyond all comparison, the most



MAORI IDOL.

beautiful fossil-shells I have ever seen. The beds were probably of recent formation, or the nacreous lustre would have been destroyed.

As we unearthed the specimens, we wrapped them in newspapers, so that they might arrive at our far-away home in safety.

We walked on up the beach, coming to new and interesting beds, until, a short distance up a river, we saw a small house, where we asked for supper and a bed. The lady of the house, a Maori half-caste, after satisfying herself we were not tramps, invited us in, where we sat before a comfortable fire while she cooked some eels for our supper. They were large and very good, and had been smoked and dried before being roasted. We slept on the floor, and the fleas were so numerous that father declared they must be having a rebellion in the legs of his pants, with the battle of Bull Run in one, and Gettysburg in the other, there was such a charging back and forth.

On the way back the next day, I tore my pants very badly in climbing the cliff. We were destitute of pins, needles, and thread; consequently, I was in a quandary, as my modesty forbade my going back to town flying a flag of truce from the rear; and besides, the breezes were rather cool. At last a happy thought struck me. I made a needle from a bit of hard wood, and, with a strip of New Zealand flax, did my tailoring in a very secure if not a very handsome manner.



A MAORI.



On our way to town we passed through the Maori village, thus having a chance to see what the people were like and how they lived. Many of them were rather good-looking, especially the younger women. The old men were so ornamented (?) with tattoo as to present an appearance anything but prepossessing. Some of their buildings were very homelike, and many were decorated with carvings.

We left for Auckland the next day, and, after delivering two courses of lectures there, proceeded to the Thames gold fields, where we remained two weeks. During our stay here it rained most of the time, and the houses were so cold and comfortless that we had often to go to bed in the daytime, to get warm. My feelings were not enviable, for I was afflicted with that distressing disease, homesickness. Life for a time ceased to be a pleasure, and seemed little better than a nightmare. It is with feelings of disgust I recall the low, dark, shabby houses; the dirty, crooked streets; with the incessant downpour of rain, leaving chill and discomfort everywhere.

After we returned to Auckland, father and Shelley went to the Hot Lake district, a place of great interest, known the world over for its water-made pink and white terraces, which now no longer exist, as they were destroyed in the recent terrible volcanic disturbances in that neighborhood.

Although I very much desired to see the place, the

thoughts of the miles of stormy waves to be encountered in a small boat, and my past experiences of that kind, quenched my ardor, and I concluded to remain behind. My comfort was not much increased by this arrangement, for one day while walking on the shore several miles from town I was caught in the rain, and drenched, and in attempting to take a short cut back lost my way. Failing in the approaching darkness to find a house, I was obliged to spend the night on the beach in a tumbled-down shed, where I vainly strove to keep warm under a pile of wet oyster-bags, wishing myself a corpse in a quiet locality where it was warm.

The next morning I crawled out stiff as Rip Van Winkle after his protracted slumber, but with this difference between us: I had not slept a wink. Discovering the right road, I "made tracks" through the mud with all possible speed for Auckland, and on reaching the hotel, immediately went to bed.

CHAPTER VI.

To Australia and a Trip to Panton Hill and the Plenty Ranges — Giant King-fishers — Parrots — Beautiful Beetles — Pouched Bears — Collecting on the Yara River — The Duckbill Platypus — Song of the Lyre-Bird — Big Trees — Our House at Pheasant Creek — Shooting Lyre-Birds — Cooking Rice — Giant Worms — A Memorable Day's Hunt — Stalking a Lyre-Bird.

WE left Auckland toward the end of July for Australia, arriving on the last of the month in the magnificent harbor of Sydney. I had very little respect for American vessels after spending one week on board the great, unwieldy "City of Sydney," and I consider the "Zealandia," although she rolls badly, a better boat in every way. When we landed, the sun was shining brightly, the air was warm, and the city clean and handsome; so before noon I only remembered the cold and stormy termination of our New Zealand experience as one does a bad dream.

We visited the Park, the Museum, and the Picture Gallery, all of which were rich in treasures. Sydney seemed more like an American city than any place I had seen since leaving home, and I took to it at once.

The next day we left for Melbourne by rail, for we had had enough of the "briny mighty" for a time. Father had an engagement with a society in Melbourne, to lecture in the Bijou Theatre. As by this arrangement Shelley and I had nothing to do, we concluded to go on a bird-collecting expedition.

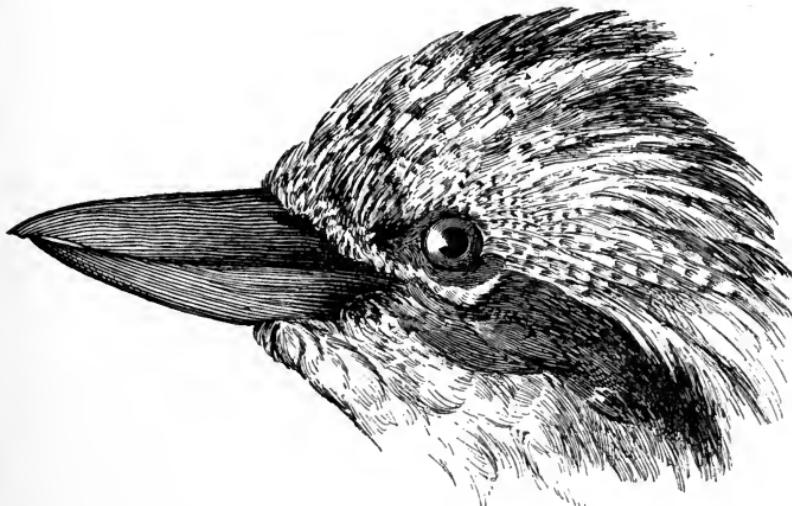
The Frenchman, Barelli, in one of his talks about Panton Hill, his home, had said it would be just the spot for collecting; so we started in the coach for his place, with our guns, and a large trunk loaded with a three weeks' outfit of ammunition and other supplies. It was a beautiful country through which we rode,—there had been plenty of rain, and the hedges and fields were the brightest green. The contrast between New Zealand and Australia is very striking. The New Zealand forest is a tangled mass of trees, vines, and ferns, while in Australia the trees are generally so far apart that they give the country a very park-like appearance. One could with ease and comfort drive in a carriage miles through the unbroken woods.

We reached Panton Hill after dark, and procured through Barelli a good room at the little hotel. The proprietors were French people, and we received such kind treatment at their hands, that, on their account, I have liked the French ever since.

The village of Panton Hill was a collection of about a dozen small houses, a store, a school-building, a church, and perhaps a jail. It had at one time been quite a mining town, but the gold had been washed out of the creek beds, and nothing but heaps of stones and gravel remained, while numerous pits and shafts marked where the precious metal had been found.

The following morning I was awakened at daylight by the most uproarious laughter proceeding from across

the way. Poking my head out of the window, I saw on the limb of a gum-tree three laughing jackasses indulging in a morning song. In great haste I seized my gun, and soon reduced the trio to a duet. The bird was not dead when I picked him up, and he bit my fingers desperately. The laughing jackass (*Dacelo gigantea*) is about the size of a crow and colored white,



THE LAUGHING JACKASS.

gray, and blue. He belongs to the kingfisher family, and lives largely on snakes and lizards, which he squeezes to death between his mandibles. A person who has never tried the experiment, can form very little idea of the interest and excitement attending the first expedition with a gun into the forests of a new country. Every bird one sees is game, and a careful observer sees hundreds of things to delight his mind.

I shall never forget my first morning in an Australian "bush." At home most of the sounds one hears in the woods are as familiar as human voices; but out here, under the gums, all is new, and I often found myself speculating on what the creature could be that made some of the noises. There were whistling, shouting, squeaking, crying, laughing, twittering, cooing, and sounds impossible to name or describe. I soon began to distinguish the cries of certain birds, and, before I left Panton Hill, most of the songsters in that vicinity were old friends. They were in fine plumage, and some of the skins we made here are the brightest in our cabinet.

We obtained wattle birds (*Anthochaera*) of several kinds; three or four kinds of robins (*Petroeca*), some with red, others with yellow or pink breasts; thick heads (*Pachycephala*); diamond finches (*Pardalotus*); two or three kinds of shrikes (*Gymnorhina*); several kinds of kingfishers (*Halcyon*); cobbler's awls (*Acanthorhynchus*); leather heads (*Philemon*); and several species of parrots (*Aprosmictus*, *Platycercus*, *Trichoglossus*), among them the gorgeous purple lories, the elegant king parrots, and the noisy blue mountain and grass paroquets.

Starting early in the morning, the greater part of the day would be spent in shooting.

On our return, we would prepare the skins, often spending half the night in this work. Kangaroo

ground was a place two or three miles away, where parrots congregated in vast numbers. They were very shy, however, and it was not until wounding one that



PARROTS.

the rest would come about. Then all the parrots in the neighborhood would alight in the tree-tops, and set up a great cry, no doubt trying to drive away the

enemy. At those times I usually shot all I could conveniently carry. There was a great difference in their plumage, for the young were very plain, dull green and brown colors predominating, while the old males were gaudy in the extreme. I have frequently seen one bird displaying scarlet, green, purple, yellow, blue, black, and white. A large flock of parrots, feeding on a tree, gives it the appearance of being covered with the richest flowers; and I cannot imagine a gayer sight than such a flock on the wing. They feed largely on honey, which they extract from the blossoms of the forest trees; and it was not uncommon, on picking up a dead bird, to see the honey streaming from its mouth.

Certain kinds of insects were very abundant, although the Australian spring was yet young. Very large, flat spiders with hairy legs; scorpions armed with powerful stings; green centipedes six inches long; monster cockroaches; and beetles of several kinds and colors — were found under the bark of decayed trees, under stones, in old stumps, and on certain plants.

One day a little boy brought us three beetles of astonishing brilliancy. We had seen the same kind in the Sydney museum, but had no idea that it would be our good fortune to find any. Giving the boy a few pennies, he led the way to a stump in a clearing on the hillside. The stump, that of an old box gum-tree, was very punky. As we carefully cut into it, we were delighted to see the beetles turn out, like hickory-nuts

from their shucks, and we never left the spot until every piece of that stump large enough to contain a beetle had been split open.

They were certainly the most lustrous insects I had ever found. In different lights they looked green, red, or golden. The males were the most splendid, the predominating color being gold.

The females were smaller, with more green, red, and blue on their hard, shelly coverings. We found the larva, a white grub, which bored holes in the punk, and filled them up with the refuse as it went on. One or two other stumps contained the beetles, but none where we found more than two or three.

We went off with Barelli one bright moonlight night after opossums (*Phalangista*). He, Barelli, had a little dog, which could find the animals faster than we could shoot them. As soon as the dog barked, we started for the spot, and always found him sitting under a tree, looking up into it. Getting the tree between ourselves and the moon, we could soon see the opossum, and bring him down. We had shot seven or eight opossums, three native cats (*Dasyurus*), spotted pouched mammals,—so named, I should imagine, from their dissimilarity, rather than their resemblance, to that domestic animal,—and were on our way home, when we came to a very high tree, with a large animal crouching near the top. I put a handful of buckshot into each barrel, and let him have it. The

gun kicked me so badly that I judged it must have done considerable execution at the other end; but the beast evidently had no intention of coming down, so Barelli put a bullet through him, and a shower of blood followed by the creature itself came to the ground. It proved to be an Australian bear (*Phascolarctos*), a pouched animal, weighing about fifty pounds.

One day, when returning from shooting, we came across another bear in a tree, but, having used all our ammunition, I armed myself with a stout club, and started for the top of the high tree. Crawling out on a branch near the bear, I struck him with my club, but, instead of knocking him off, only succeeded in angering him, and, before I could deal him another blow, he was upon me.

My first thought was to let go my hold, but I soon changed my mind when I thought of the distance to drop. I took a firm grip of a limb with my left hand, and began pounding him with my fist in the most approved pugilistic manner, and, with a final crack on the nose, sent him to the ground, where Shelley soon despatched him.

After shooting for many days in one locality, the birds become very scarce within easy walking distance. They seek more secluded and less noisy districts, where they will not be molested. So it was at Panton Hill. We started off one morning, well loaded down with ammunition, food, and blankets, for a couple of days'

stay on the Upper Yara River. It was a walk of ten or twelve miles, but the scenery was so fine we did not consider the distance.

The Yara, where we struck it, is a very crooked river, flowing through a lovely green valley, its banks fringed with gum and wattle trees.

We saw many ducks on the shallow lagoons near the river, and several of that strange mammal, the duck-bill *Platypus* or *Ornithorhynchus*.

They have webbed feet, and a bill very like a duck's, but are covered with a soft, fine fur, and look, when in the water, something like a muskrat. They live in holes in the bank, the entrance being under water. They are expert swimmers, and at the flash of a gun dive like the loon; and although we had some very good shots, we did not bag a specimen. I much regretted this, as they are genuine curiosities.

I shot one of the singular little emu wrens (*Stipiturus malachurus*) which are so rare and difficult to find. He was not much larger than a humming-bird, and was mottled-brown in color, with long, soft feathers like fur, and a tail very like a sprig of dry grass.

After wandering about the river until we were well tired out, we applied at a neighboring farmhouse for a night's lodging. A Fury, personified, with a lower lip like the trap-door of a tarantula's nest, informed us that it was the Lord's Day — a fact that had not occurred to us before; further adding that she would

admit no one to her house who would desecrate the sabbath.

I fear our estimation of religious zeal was not heightened as we turned away to trudge back through the woods to Panton Hill. Rain prevented us from camping in the forest. No houses were in sight except on the other side of the river, and we could find no way to cross. We lost our way several times, and became so tired that further progress seemed impossible. It was Monday morning before we arrived at our comfortable little room in the hotel. As Shelley crawled into bed, he grunted out,—

“By George! wake me up next week.”

The next morning, leaving our luggage to come on in a cart, we started for a trip in the Plenty Ranges. The journey most of the way was up hill, but the road was good, the day fine, and we felt in harmony with our joyous surroundings. Any one hearing our shouting and singing, as we walked along, would know we were from Yankee-land, no mistake.

We were just in the middle of “Tramp, tramp,” when a long, clear whistle, with a crack like a pistol-shot at the end, stopped us short. Sitting down on the roadside we listened, and soon the whistle began again; then followed the most exquisite mimicry of many of the songsters of the wood, varied by sounds resembling the clear tones of a distant bell, the rattle of a rickety wagon, raspings and gratings that made the

cold chills run down one's back, whispers, moans, cries, and laughter. I clearly distinguished the coarse laugh of the giant kingfisher, the cooing of the dove, the call of the black and white shrike, the song of the rusty-backed thrush, the scream of the hawk, and the hoarse screeching of the cockatoo. Sometimes the song, with a volume like a large organ, was loud and sweet, and it seemed as if the musician must be within a stone's-throw; then, again, it died away to the faintest whisper.

There was a mellow richness in parts that reminded me of the liquid notes of the clarinet. We sat spell-bound till the song ceased. I have heard most of our American songsters, and some of them are very fine, with voices rich and mellow; but the mocking-bird himself cannot compare with this prince of songsters, the Australian lyre-bird (*Menura Victoriae*).

This one was just below us in a gully thick with tree-ferns and scrub, and we did not get sight of him. As we walked on, the trees grew larger, the lower growths more dense, and by the time we reached Pheasant Creek, our destination, we were in a forest of the finest trees I have ever seen,—some of them towering to a height of three or four hundred feet, and twenty feet in diameter at the base. They are not so disappointing as the "California big trees," which start from the ground enormous, and before they reach fifty feet have dwindled to one-third their former size;

but these carry their bulk well up, and their circumference is not much less at one hundred feet than at the ground.

Some had fallen down, and it was difficult to climb to the top of a fallen trunk; and when there one felt as if looking from the top of a shed, or L of a house. The giants are all gums or *Eucalypti*, and it makes one feel insignificant enough to walk among them and look up at their massive trunks. The wood is very soft, and can be easily split into thin boards, called shakes, with which the miners clapboard their cabins.

Pheasant Creek is a collection of half a dozen small cabins almost hidden among the tree-ferns and bushes, and so shut in with giant trees that sunlight seldom visits there. We heard that about a quarter of a mile from the others was a little cabin, whose proprietor had gone to Melbourne, so we moved down at once and set up housekeeping. The furniture consisted of a large, shallow box on four legs, half filled with dry ferns for a bed, and two home-made chairs. There was one window, and the floor was the bare ground. The wooden fireplace was a curious part of the "shebang," as it occupied nearly one-third of the entire house.

Shelley said it reminded him of the picture of Robinson Crusoe's house, and after our things were arranged, the floor covered with ferns, and the fire lighted, it did seem very homelike and cosey. A few extracts from

my diary may give a better idea of the place and its surroundings than anything I can now write.

MONDAY, Aug. 21, 1882.—When we awoke this morning, we could hear, coming from the scrub near the creek, the liquid notes of a lyre-bird, and after swallowing a hasty breakfast, we started in pursuit. I concealed myself in the scrub, while Shelley went down stream and returned, keeping up a low whistle as he came toward me, to prevent my shooting in his direction, as he drove the bird past. I had not waited long when I saw a bird running on a fallen tree, and with a snap shot I secured the prize. It was a female in very good plumage, and I was very much delighted.

Then we went farther down stream, seeing and hearing several more, but they were so shy and so quick, that we shot only one. They are about the size of a common fowl, slate-colored, with soft, fluffy feathers, and seem to depend for escape, on their legs rather than their wings. They have stout claws for scratching, and their eyes are placed on the sides of their heads, in such a manner that they can see in all directions. I saw one male bird only, and his tail gave him a very peacock-like appearance, as he flashed past me in the thick scrub.

We saw several small kangaroos about the size of a black-and-tan dog, but did not get any. We found the lyre-birds very hard to skin, as their heads are so large

in proportion to their necks, that the skin has to be cut to get it over.

TUESDAY, Aug. 22.—We tried lyre-bird for breakfast this morning, but found it very tough, and not especially well flavored.

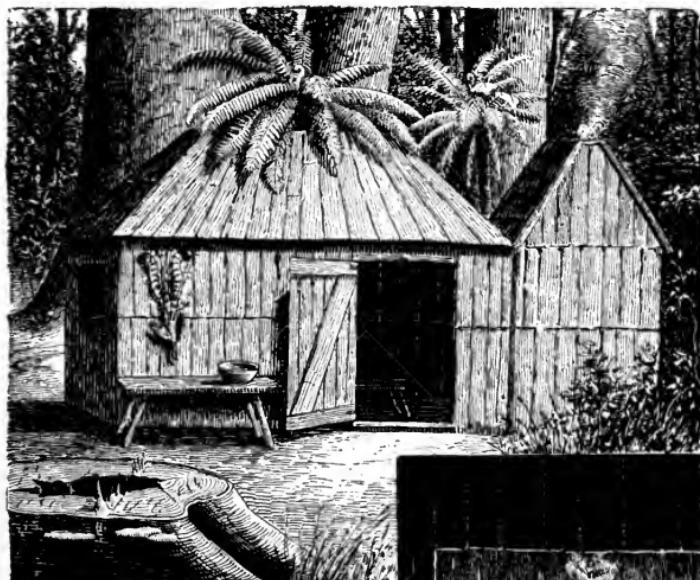
Not a stone's-throw from our cabin, we shot three of the beautiful king-parrots (*Aprosmictus scapulatus*) ; and as I went to the spring for water, I saw a kangaroo feeding on the tender grass. Unfortunately I did not have my gun, so he got away as fast as his great hind-legs would carry him, jumping over the bushes as he went.

Wombats (*Phascolomys*), large mammals, the size of half-grown pigs, are very common here, but so far we have seen nothing but their holes, which are large enough for a man to crawl into. While out we saw several trees stripped of their bark from top to bottom, and a miner informed us that it was done by the black cockatoo, but we did not see any of the birds.

As we were coming home, we shot a large bear, which was all we could carry ; and in turning over a piece of bark for beetles we found a very fierce-looking lizard (*Trachydosaurus*), which bit at everything within its reach. This reptile, about a foot and a half long, is covered with large, hard scales, and has a good set of sharp teeth and a bright blue tongue. A miner to whom we showed the animal called him a “sleeping Dick.” He certainly was not very sleepy when we

caught him, for he looked perfectly ready to amputate a finger.

This evening a large flock of white cockatoos (*Plietolophus galeritus*) flew over, screeching fearfully.



OUR HOUSE.

We have been so busy, since we came, with our birds and mammals, that we have paid little attention to our cooking; and the consequence was, that when we came back this afternoon, tired and hungry, there was no cooked food in the house. We had some rice, and some condensed milk, and I proposed



that we bake a loaf of bread, boil some rice, and have a good supper.

Shelley took charge of the bread, and I thought I was equal to the rice. I had never cooked any before, but supposed that any one however inexperienced could cook such a simple thing as rice. I put a few handfuls into a large iron pail, and, covering it with water, set it on the fire to boil. In a little while the water seemed to have evaporated, so I added more. I repeated this several times, until the pail became quite full of rice as soft and watery as pea soup. It did not appear just like the boiled rice I had seen on our table at home, but it smelled good, and was surely cooked enough; so I added some salt, gave it a good stirring with the wooden ladle, and prepared a small pailful of condensed milk.

We were both desperately hungry, and ate a great deal of the rice and milk, but I noticed the more rice I put into the milk, the more milk I seemed to have; and after repeatedly filling my cup with rice, and eating therefrom till I was tired, I was surprised to see it still more than half full of milk. This suggested the miracle of the loaves and fishes, but without saying a word each kept on eating, hoping some time to see the bottom of his cup. At last Shelley stopped, put down his cup of milk, and drawing a long breath said, "Well, I am filled up, very well filled up, in fact, damn well filled up, with slops. By George ! I wish I had my fill of decent grub for once, to see how it would seem."

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 23.—On getting up this morning, we found it very foggy: nevertheless we went out as usual after birds, but saw very few. In trying to return to our cabin, we lost all idea of the points of the compass, and, although we were not a quarter of a mile away, we were entirely ignorant of where we were, or of the direction in which we were going. There was no danger of our being permanently lost, as we could not walk far in any direction without coming to roads and inhabited country; but it gave us considerable uneasiness to find ourselves in such a predicament.

We wandered about for some time, over fallen trees, through thick underbrush and ferns, but could find no path, or anything we had ever seen before. At last I sat down on the ground, and, taking a pencil and paper, tried to recall the direction in which we had been wandering. I had come to the conclusion that our course lay in the opposite direction to that we were pursuing, when Shelley called out that he could see a cabin, which must be inhabited, as smoke was coming out of the chimney. We started for it in a bee-line, over the fallen trees, until almost near enough to knock at the door, when, to our surprise and joy, we discovered that it was our own cosey abode. The fire was blazing briskly in the great fireplace, and we concluded to remain at home till the fog should clear away.

About noon the sun came out, and we started again,

each going in a different direction. As I was wading through the rank grass near a stream, a number of kangaroo rats [*Hypsiprymnus*] ran out in all directions. I shot one, about the size of a cat, but to my surprise, the fur came out in handfuls: in fact, I could have picked him clean on the spot. I have since learned that, if I had carried him by the tail until he was cold, the fur would have remained on the skin.

Farther down the mountain side was a gully, near the head of which I saw a lyre-bird on a fallen tree: I let go one barrel, and dropped her. Going on, I saw at some distance a fine cock bird, running on a log. I let him have the barrel of coarse shot, but he was altogether too far off, and, with a piercing scream, he dived into the thick brush, and I never saw him again. Then I saw a flock of purple lories, and shot three. I might have had more, but had carelessly forgotten to fill my shot-pouch, which was now empty. On the way back I saw two more lyre-birds, and it vexed me considerably to see them run past, within easy range, as if they knew I was harmless.

THURSDAY, August 24.—This morning, early, we saw one of the strangest sights imaginable: as we were walking along the hillside, we saw, stretched upon the soil, what looked for all the world like an animated bicycle tire. It was about four feet long and one inch in diameter, and, on inspection, proved to be a gigantic earthworm. His length depended much on the state

of his mind, for the moment we alarmed him, he shortened up into a stumpy sausage, bristling with minute spines. I regretted that we had no way of preserving such a curiosity, as he certainly would have made a sensation in America. We have since learned that they are quite common, and have been found six feet in length. It is a wonder some enterprising Yankee does not start a factory among the Plenty Ranges, and ship these worms to America as first-class bologna sausages.

We shot another lyre-bird, a female, as usual. The male bird seems much more shy than the female, and of quicker sight. He has a way of flashing an instant before one, then disappearing as if by magic, leaving one gazing stupidly about.

I have had some bad tumbles since coming here; to-day I fell off one of the great logs, landing in a heap among the ferns, which greatly amused Shelley.

FRIDAY, August 25.—This morning, walking several miles toward the other side of the range, we reached the head of a gully, where the lyre-birds seemed to be holding a jubilee. The morning was fair and warm, but everything was covered with dew. Shelley walked cautiously through the scrub, while I went ahead on the outside and entered some distance below, where I sat very quietly watching for the birds. Our first trial was unsuccessful, although there were several birds between us. The next time I saw a fine

male, but the gun missed fire in both barrels, on account of the very poor quality of caps, which were not waterproof. I was disgusted; as nothing so exasperates a hunter as to have his gun miss fire. At the next trial we did not see a bird, but one commenced singing right across the creek from me, and I began the difficult task of crawling upon him. The leaves and ferns were still wet, and I must have made very little noise, as he kept on singing without an interruption. I had to smile several times at his odd noises, and once came very near exploding with laughter at his version of a concert between laughing jackasses.

Part of the way I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees, trembling so with excitement, I doubted my being able to shoot when I had the chance. I approached till within a few yards of him; but, as I rose from the ground, the music suddenly ceased, and with a whistle and a crack he was off like a meteor. I sent a dose of shot after him, as he flashed for an instant among the ferns, but on reaching the spot the tip of one of his long tail-feathers gave evidence of my failure. It began to look as if we were not to have a male bird, with all our hard work, but we tried once more; and this time a female flew across the creek and ran along the opposite bank. A charge of shot put a stop to her career; and, just as I was about to pick up the fluttering bird, a fine male came out of the bushes to investigate matters, and as I had left my gun behind,

THE HAUNT OF THE LYRE-BIRD.





of course I did not get him. The very fates seemed to be against us, for every time I had seen a male bird "fair and square," there was some hitch about the rest of the programme, and when I did get a good shot, it was always a female.

We began to feel discouraged, but concluded to try just once more. So, going a long way down, I seated myself in good position on the hillside, where I could command a view of the fern below and the bank beyond. "Now," I said to myself, "let one come, and if I do not shoot him, I will pitch the gun into the brook and start for Melbourne."

I had not waited long, when bang went Shelley's gun, the shot dropping all about me, but "nary" a bird came my way. I began to think I was sold again, when, just as I was getting up to go, I saw a bird run out of the scrub and make for the fern on my left. Taking deliberate aim, I fired. The smoke came back into my face, so that I could not see the effect of my shot. I ran down the bank, jumped the brook, and there on his back lay a fine male lyre-bird, in the best of plumage. His tail was more than a yard long, and beautifully banded with dark brown, rusty red, and white. I felt happy enough as I started up the bank, carrying my prize, his beautiful tail half spread, and nearly touching the ground. Shelley had shot a female lyre-bird, and fired at a large wombat, which was asleep in its hole, with its head half out. The

creature had life enough left to crawl back, where it was impossible to get him.

We had a long trudge through the woods back to our little cabin, reaching here, tired and hungry, after dark. To-morrow we leave for Panton Hill, and for Melbourne on Monday.

SATURDAY, August 26.—Having left all our things to be brought on by the cart, we started on foot down the range, but at Bald Hill — where there was a lovely view of the lower hills and the Yara River Valley — we stopped to wait for the cart. While there I heard a lyre-bird, and followed the whistling about a quarter of a mile, at last coming quite near, but after all failed to see him in the ferns. A dry stick snapped under my foot, and the song instantly stopped. Sitting down on a log, I waited a long time; finally the singing began at some distance, gradually drawing nearer. Raising myself cautiously, I saw him hop up on a fallen tree and run toward me. He was too far away for a shot, so I stood still watching him.

He jumped from the tree to the ground, where he had collected a circular heap of earth about a foot high, and perhaps four feet in diameter. Here he strutted about, spreading his magnificent tail, and making the woods echo with his wonderful song. Like a fox stalking a hare, I crawled through the ferns toward him, and when near enough, sprang up and instantly fired. When I came to the spot he lay stretched upon the

mound, his tail still spread, and every feather as perfect as when alive. With a shout of joy at my success, I went back to the road, where the cart was waiting for me. As we rattled along, a flock of purple lories flew past. We both fired, dropping three of the beauties. The horse, however, did not know what to make of the noise, and for a few minutes kept us employed picking up our boxes and blankets, which littered the road.

To-night we are going to sleep in a real bed, which will be a treat.

CHAPTER VII.

Remainder of Our Stay in Victoria—A Brush with the Larikins—Melbourne, its Parks, Library, Climate, Social Life—Collecting Insects, Diamond Beetles, Ants—Driven Home by Flies—Good-by to Victoria.

WE left for Melbourne August 27, and from there went to Stowell, Hamilton, and Clunes,—gold-mining towns,—where father delivered several courses of lectures. At Clunes we had a new experience. Sometimes, to insure a good house, we gave away a number of complimentary tickets to first lecture; so one evening the “Larikins” (*hoodlums*), in hopes of getting in, collected in large numbers about the hall door. One or two of them came up, and asked for admission, which I refused, whereupon, gathering in the hall-way, they began to make remarks on our entertainment in general, and myself in particular.

I paid no attention to them, till one, larger than the rest, demanded whether or not I intended to let them in. I coolly informed him that I had no such intention whatever, whereupon he left, saying ominously, “Then you must take the consequences.” No sooner had he departed than an egg smashed against the door at which I was standing, and a roar of laughter followed from the crowd.

Calling Shelley to attend the door, I addressed myself to the mob in these words : " Now, you English roughs, get out of this. The Yankees whipped you once, and they are able to do it again ! " and with this emphatic statement, I proceeded to illustrate my point, by dashing madly at them, and delivering a round of impartial and indiscriminate kicks, at the same time not neglecting to use my fists. One or two of the enemy tried to face me, but the attack had been so sudden and unexpected, that they ran without further parley. I had the satisfaction of kicking the last one off the steps, and bolting the outside door. That was the last we saw of the " Larikins."

After the lecture, father wanted to know what on earth had been going on outside to make such a noise. " Why," said he, " at one time I could hardly hear myself speak."

After finishing at Clunes, we went back to Melbourne, where father lectured many times to large audiences.

I went to a lithographer's, and for our next start, made some illustrated lecture bills.

Melbourne is a fine, large city. Its parks and gardens are magnificent, and the Library is the grandest I have ever seen ; moreover, one can enter it, and without signing name or residence, can take down and read any book one wishes. Surely, a person who remains ignorant in Melbourne is alone to blame.

Connected with the Library is a rich and elegant Art Museum, where works of the best artists of France, Germany, and England are to be seen.

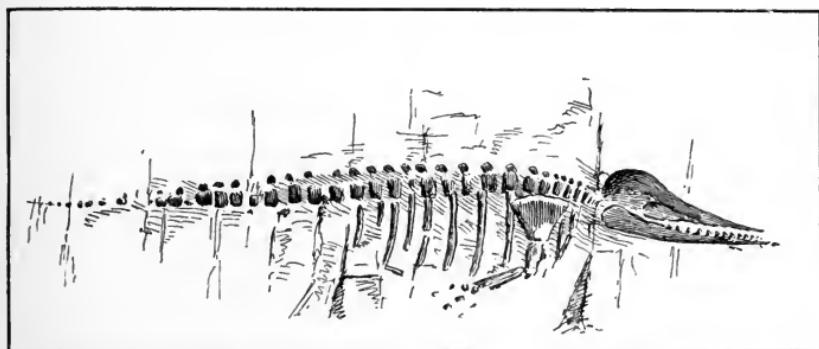
The climate of Melbourne is temperate. In winter, which comes in June, July, and August, it is seldom cold enough to snow, and the summers are warm and dry. The dust is sometimes almost intolerable. Every breeze hurls clouds of blinding particles into the air, and people may frequently be observed, standing on the street corners, trying to clear their sight, that they may see to go on. Often on entering my room at the hotel, the furniture and especially the bedclothes were so covered with dust, as to defy any one to tell their original colors.

Truly here "it never rains, but it pours;" at such times some of the streets are filled with turbid torrents, where a man has small chance of saving his life, should he happen to fall in; even during our stay, there was an instance of a man drowning in this way, in one of the principal streets of the city.

Melbourne is a very social city, and while there we met many agreeable people, and had many a good time. My engagements were so numerous, in fact, that it became necessary to keep a list of them for daily consultation. Frequently I did not get to bed till it was growing light, and I sometimes found myself speculating on what day it was when I awoke. At last, one morning, after having been out until the small hours,—

and they were not so very small either,—I came to the conclusion that the sooner I returned to a natural and rational manner of living the better.

Perhaps, for the sake of my appearance, it was well I came to this decision, for I had begun to grow thin from loss of sleep, and the sun had seen me so seldom, that I looked as pale as a stalk of celery. I have “roughed” it by the week, lived on all kinds of food,



FOSSIL WHALE.

camped in the snow, waded icy streams on the mountains, and been without dry clothing for days together, but I never felt so thoroughly worn out as after those few weeks of dissipation. In order to live through such a season one would need the constitution of a mustang, and the digestion of an ostrich.

Father had interested the people so much in geology, that one fine day over two hundred went down with him to Cheltenham to look at a fossil whale, which he had discovered.

They chartered a train, and went prepared to spend the day. There was very little of the whale left when they started for home.

As Shelley had gone away to spend the Christmas holidays, a young man named Terry and myself went insect-collecting up the Yara River. I bought a net to put on my straw hat, to keep the flies, which were very numerous, away from my face. We started one afternoon late in the week, and walked to Heidelberg, where we camped during a rainy night, in a straw-stack. The next day we were up early, and after the winged denizens of the field and forest. Beetles and butterflies were quite numerous, and we were busy all day, catching, killing, and putting them up in papers.

We found many of the beautiful diamond beetles, which were the first I had seen. They are a bright metallic green, and when placed in the sunshine, the scales with which their hard wing cases are sprinkled, sparkle like so many minute diamonds.

Cicadas of large kinds and several colors kept up such a squeaking in the tree-tops that talking intelligibly was out of the question.

Ants swarmed in many places, and we frequently came across troops of them marching for long distances in well-worn paths, and carrying green leaves, like so many banners. We lay down on the ground to watch a number of them drag a large cicada to their nest. The creature was alive, although there were dozens of

ants tugging on every side. How they captured him, and how they ever moved him any nearer home, was a wonder to us, as there seemed to be no captain to the troops of little workers, and every one appeared to be pulling away without the slightest regard to the others, and often in the opposite direction in which they wished to go; but the bulky load moved onward, just as if the whole was under the guidance of one.

We were fortunate enough to find several gigantic walking-sticks, with bodies seven or eight inches long, and covered with spines.

I still regard a nest of the little metallic blue butterflies, containing scores of chrysalids, which I afterwards hatched out, as one of my best finds in Australia. It was situated in the top of a small bush near the Yara River, and was composed of fine, silken threads, enclosing the chrysalids, which could be easily seen from the outside.

We walked many miles up the winding river, past fine farms and orchards, where we often stopped to get delicious plums and peaches, and then turned off to the right through the forests and pastures.

The flies were so numerous that if we had not had our nets, I verily believe we should have gone mad. They followed us in swarms, alighting on our backs, until the original color of the cloth was indistinguishable.

Although we killed thousands, it did not seem to make the slightest difference in their numbers. They were not like our common house-fly, but smaller and darker.

How the people who live in the country near Melbourne stand this terrible pest is beyond my comprehension.

I remember our going to a farmhouse to inquire the way, and there we saw, running about, several children whom the flies seemed to be fairly eating alive. Probably, disgusted with fighting them, they had given up, and their individuality was lost in a cloud of flies.

Terry and I had intended staying at least a week, but with the mosquitoes at night and the flies by day, we had very little chance for rest, so at the end of the fourth day we gave it up in utter disgust, and started for the nearest railway station, whence we took a train for the city. That was the only time I was ever completely vanquished and driven home by insects, having gone out for the express purpose of capturing them.

Bidding good-by to our many friends in Melbourne, we left early in February for Sydney, where we ran lectures with excellent success.

While here Shelley and I spent many happy hours, admiring the treasures contained in the city's magnificent art gallery and museum.

CHAPTER VIII.

Queensland—Lecturing in Brisbane — Tropical Fruits — Australian Natives — Throwing the Boomerang — Disappointed Smokers — Flying Foxes — A Savage Joke — Industrious Chinese — A Good Collecting-Ground — The Musk Duck — Jumping Fishes — Migrating Crabs — Butterflies — Imported Blacks — More about the Natives.

BRISBANE, the capital of Queensland, was our next stopping-place, and we remained there several weeks.

This lively, go-ahead little city is a handsome place, situated a few miles up the Brisbane River in a fruitful land. On entering the country, everything has a rich, green, tropical look, and the air is laden with the perfumes from orange groves and banana and pineapple plantations.

Our lectures at this place drew immense audiences, and excitement ran so high that crowds sometimes remained about the hall for hours after a lecture was over to discuss the various subjects.

I think father imbibed part of the excitement, for never before in my remembrance had he spoken so well.

Several of the ministers felt called upon to answer father. Some of them were gentlemen, and spoke and acted as such, while others were carried away by their anger and religious zeal.

Occasionally, during a lecture, some religious zealot would shout, if he fancied himself particularly hard hit, “No, no! that isn’t so!” or, “That’s a lie!”

Pausing, father would pleasantly remark, "If the gentleman will wait until the lecture is over, we will hear what he has to say." If he stopped, all went well with him; if he persisted in disturbing the meeting, he would soon find himself taking a compulsory observation of Brisbane by starlight.

The janitor of the hall used to make me laugh at his remarks. He sold oysters, fruits, and ice-cream in a little store next the hall, but was seldom patronized, and felt rather blue over the situation. One evening he gave vent to his feelings in some such words as these,—

"There was Pepper and his ghost, he did pretty well, but he never 'ad no such crowds as you 'as. People goes past 'ere every hevening,—people as howes me money,—and slings down their 'bob' [shilling], or two 'bob,' as if they 'ad thousands, w'en I knows they howes for the clothes they wears and the food they heats. What wi' the ministers, and what wi' Denton, there'll be nothink left for hoysters. Come, Polly [to his pet parrot, a good talker], cry hup the hoysters to um as they goes past, or we'll 'ave to go to bed 'ungry. I 'ant seen a 'bob' for so long that I'm blowed if I 'aven't forgotten 'ow one looks."

Pineapples were nearly as cheap in Brisbane as turnips in New England, and I concluded that instead of buying one or two at a time, we had better have a crate from which we could help ourselves when we liked. Accordingly, I employed the janitor to bring

a good boxful, together with a bunch of bananas, to the hotel, where he was to put them under the bed in my room for safe keeping, while I went out to attend to some matters of business, intending on my return to bring them triumphantly forth for the delectation of father and Shelley. But when I came back, there in the middle of the room was the box, the bunch of bananas beside it, while near at hand sat father and Shelley, each devouring, with evident relish, a pineapple. Pretending not to notice me as I entered, father remarked,—

“ Sherman never does things by halves ; he knew we would be hungry when we came in, so he put the box under the bed that we might be sure to find it. Have another pineapple, Shelley ; they are pretty good. Oh, here is Sherman now ! Look here, we have found a box of pineapples and a bunch of bananas. They are tiptop. Help yourself, there are plenty ; so pitch in, and eat as many of them as you like.”

One very hot Sunday, about noon, when the thermometer must have stood at one hundred degrees in the shade, an odd-looking procession came marching down the street, headed by three women ; the perspiration running down their faces, and their clothes covered with dust. They were singing at the top of their voices, “ Will you go to mansions above ? ” while from the heat, one would conclude that he was doomed to dungeons below.

It proved to be a branch of the Salvation Army, drumming up recruits.

A class of people, who find ready dupes almost all over the world, are the so-called spiritual mediums, and Brisbane seemed to be well supplied with them. One old fellow, who looked as if he had been blown up with gunpowder, thus losing part of himself, used to come to the hotel quite often to see us. Knowing that father was a spiritualist, he naturally supposed Shelley and I were. He would tell us about the visions he had seen, and the wonderful things the spirits had done through him. I thought, in this case, the spirits were rather unfortunate in their choice of an interpreter; perhaps his very ugliness served as an attraction to them, but it had the opposite effect on us. We became so tired of him, that one day, when he came in and wanted to shake hands all round, Shelley ran round to the other side of the table, saying,—

“No, I'll be damned if I'll shake hands with you!”

It was some time before it dawned upon our friend that this was not some huge American joke; then he bolted for the door, leaving me in such a paroxysm of laughter that I was unable to bid him good-by.

It was a relief to get out into the fields and woods once more; to hear the birds singing, and breathe the perfumes from the flowers. I used to wonder how any one could be dissatisfied with this wonderful world, so full of all that is beautiful and interesting.

In my rambles I, one day, came across the home of an early settler. The house and surroundings were so picturesque, I made a painting of them to take home. The proprietor took a great interest in the work, and wanted to buy the picture when it was finished. His daughter stood in the doorway while I sketched her in; and she seemed to consider it a compliment to her beauty, that I should wish to put her on canvas.

We made a stop of a few days at Towomba,—a small town on a low plateau, several miles inland from Brisbane,—and spent the time in a most enjoyable manner at Mr. Hartman's residence. He had a splendid garden and fruit orchard, and we almost lived on fruit while there. It was here we tasted for the first time the jack-fruit,—a large fruit, the size of a child's head, with a rough skin, a peculiar smell, and a deliciously flavored pulp. One is sufficient for several persons. The strawberry guava, also very delicious, we first ate there.

Mr. Hartman was much interested in geology, and had collected some fine remains of extinct mammalia. He found on one of his expeditions almost the entire skull of a *Thilico leo*, a gigantic pouched lion, which once roamed over Australia. Miss Hartman, a bright, intelligent girl of sixteen, learned to skin and stuff birds under Shelley's instruction, and by the time we left was getting on very well.

While out one day with my net, I saw two almost naked savages coming toward me ; one carried a spear and a nulla-nulla, and the other was armed with a boomerang. They were both very dark, almost black, and their heads were covered with long, tangled hair, while the lower parts of their faces were hidden under thick, bushy beards.

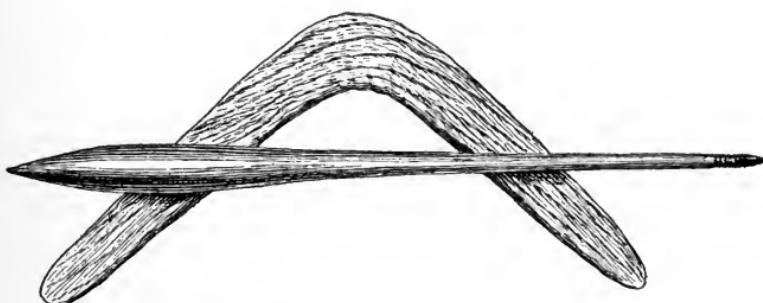
Their flat, spreading noses, and small, glittering eyes, partly hidden beneath their protruding brows, gave them a savage, almost terrible, look ; and if I had been in a wild, unsettled country, I should probably have done a mile or two of good "go as you please." They came straight up to me, and, in very good English, asked for tobacco. I told them that I did not use the article, and I considered it bad both for white and black man ; whereupon they both laughed, and one said,—

" Ah, buncumb, gammon, English man all same liar."

They repeated their request for tobacco several times, but as I each time made the same reply, they came to the conclusion that I was telling the truth, or that I was lying and intended to stick to it. As I was mentally comparing their ugliness, a large, handsome papilio came sailing past, and away I ran after it. A roar of wild laughter followed me, as I caught and put the insect into my bottle of cyanide ; then up they came again, grinning and showing their teeth,—no

doubt thinking me the simplest "crank" that ever walked the earth.

I had heard many stories of the native Australian throwing the boomerang, and it occurred to me that this would be a grand opportunity to see how it was done. So I bargained with them, for a shilling, to give a performance. They led the way through the forest



NULLA-NULLA AND BOOMERANG.

to a grassy opening of an acre or more in extent, where they gave me a grand exhibition of their skill in throwing that wonderful weapon. I noticed they always threw it point first instead of elbow first, as I had expected. The black would run a step or two, and, standing well up on tiptoe, hurl the whistling weapon into the air. It would go one hundred feet almost in a straight line, then make a sudden turn; and after going nearly as far, at right angles to the first direction, would turn again, and finally come down as light as a feather, almost at the feet of the thrower.

They could hurl it just over the grass-tops to a great

distance, when it would suddenly shoot up into the air, and come scaling down toward the place whence it started. There seemed to be no limit to the number of curious antics this thin, bent piece of hard wood could be made to perform. I gave them the promised shilling, and then purchased the nulla-nulla and boomerang. On the way back to the house, I tried my hand at throwing the latter weapon. It seemed rather perverse, for when I wanted it to go up, it dived into the ground; and when I tried to hurl it at a tree, it astonished me by shooting up into the air. It was well there was no one with me, or he might have been scalped.

While at Towomba, I at one time barely escaped being bitten by a poisonous snake. Just as I was about to climb over a fence, a black snake, "quick as thought," sprang at my hand from his place of concealment on the top rail. I drew back, but not before the disgusting reptile had fastened his fangs in my coat-sleeve. He dropped off in the grass, and glided off before I had sufficiently recovered from my fright to use my gun.

The Australians are great smokers; and this is true not only of the natives, but of the European population also. In this matter they utterly disregard the feelings of others, and one cannot ride in car or stage-coach, or sit in a hotel reading-room or parlor, without having to literally fight for one's right to breathe pure

air. To be sure, there are laws against smoking in the stations and cars, but they are looked upon as obsolete, and, consequently, do not secure to the non-smoker exemption from this annoyance. In order that we might travel *sans* tobacco fumes, father, Shelley, and I resorted to a little stratagem which was usually successful in frustrating the hopes of the smokers. We seldom sat together, so, when a passenger was observed about to apply the match to his carefully filled pipe, father would politely request him not to smoke, as it was very offensive to him. If this had no effect, Shelley would remark, in language more forcible than elegant, "Put out that pipe," or "What business have you to poison the air, which others have to breathe?" whereupon I would chime in with, "It will be wiser for you to stop, sir. You have no right to smoke here, when these gentlemen object."

It was ludicrous to see the expression on the puffer's face, as, one by one, these objections confronted him; and sometimes I could hardly suppress a laugh to see him look about, fearing others were about to attack him. Under these circumstances, he was generally very glad to put his pipe away, making profuse apologies meanwhile for not having done so before.

From Brisbane we went to Maryborough, where we remained a short time. The town was composed mostly of low, unpainted, wooden houses.

We did fairly well with our lectures, and made some

interesting collections. There was a dark, tangled wood, or scrub, not more than a mile from the town, in which I daily spent several hours in collecting specimens. Father and I would start out in the morning, he with a bag and small pick, and I with gun, net, and collecting-box. We sometimes took all the specimens we could carry back.

One day I came across a large number of flying foxes (*Pteropus*, as the large, fruit-eating bats are called), which were hanging in hundreds on the branches of the trees. They are of a reddish color, and their heads have a very foxy look. They were very tenacious of life, and I fired several shots among them before I brought down a specimen. Great quantities of fruit are destroyed by them, therefore they are much persecuted by the inhabitants, who, when they find a colony, knock them down with long poles, and destroy them by thousands.

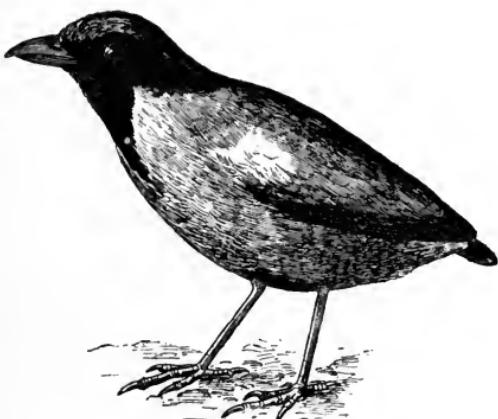
At this place I found the pitta (*Pitta strepitans*), a beautifully colored ground-thrush. He runs about on the ground, stopping frequently, as our robin does, and picks up a living of insects and small snails. The regent-bird (*Sericulus melinus*) is found in the forest near Maryborough. I never saw but one alive, and he was a long distance off, in the top of a high tree. Even at that distance his shiny black and golden-yellow plumage glistened distinctly in the sunlight. Blue mountain parrots, ablaze with color; glossy green

fruit-pigeons, with pink tops to their heads; wide-mouthed goat-suckers and honey-eaters, without number, abounded in the woods. Great lizards ran along the paths, and climbed the trees; small kangaroos nibbled the tender shoots in the darkest parts of the forest; and large, handsome snails crawled about on the damp moss, or congregated in hundreds under decayed logs.

Butterflies were scarce, but ants were particularly abundant, and it gave us much trouble to keep our collections

from being devoured by them. They came into our rooms, and ran in countless thousands over our floors. It was useless to try to kill them, for as soon as one army was destroyed, another took its place. The only way we could preserve our things was to place them on cups standing in pans of water.

From Maryborough we went to Rockhampton. On the boat there was a handsome, stylish, colored waiter, who had lately come from America. His mother was once a slave on a plantation in Carolina, and he told many stories of the style and elegance



PITTA.

of his early home, where he was brought up with the planter's own children, and treated as one of the family.

As we came to the wharf at Rockhampton there were a number of Australian blacks on the pier. Some were clad in shirts, showing their black, leathery skins through the gaping rents, while others sported government blankets, well-begrimed with dirt and grease. Their heads were mops; their chins were covered with bushy beards, and their entire appearance was disgusting and repulsive. When they saw the dude darky they exchanged grunts, their ugly faces lighting up with gradually broadening grins, until the whole band was in roars of laughter; then one of them called out, "Hello, Charlie, where you been? Who give you the clothes? Goin' to treat your old friends?" By this time the passengers began to see the joke, and the waiter straightening himself up, his eyes flashing with pride and anger, demanded of the bystanders, "Do you think I am any relation to them? Do I look as if I were any relation to them? I never see them before in my life. The dirty black beggars! They don't wash themselves or comb their hair once a month. No! Thank God, I was born more than seventeen thousand miles from them. I know more than to sell Australia to the queen for a blanket!"

Rockhampton was a place, if possible, more lacking in paint and repairs than Maryborough, and reminded

me of the deserted mining town of Copperopolis in California, as it looked when I saw it last.

The country will produce anything, yet the people round about this town are so lazy, that no one within a mile has a private fruit or vegetable garden.

The government levies a heavy tax on the Chinese who emigrate to this country in hopes of improving their fortunes. Every one holds them in contempt: nevertheless, if it were not for their industry, the dissolute English and Scotch would have nothing to sustain life but roast beef and whiskey.

In my walks about the country I used often to wander through the well-tilled grounds of the Chinese. Not a weed grew among their well-kept plants, and nature coaxed into good humor yielded them an abundant harvest. If I wanted a good meal of the choicest fruits, I always knew where to find it. Pineapples, that make your mouth water; yellow-skinned bananas, waiting to be eaten; guavas, oranges, and melons; all could be had for a few pennies from the pleasant, painstaking Chinamen, the most polite men in the community.

A mile or two from the town were a number of lagoons, where I used to go shooting. They were alive with birds, which at the report of a gun rose, in clouds, from the water and muddy margins of the pools, and the noise of their wings was like distant thunder.

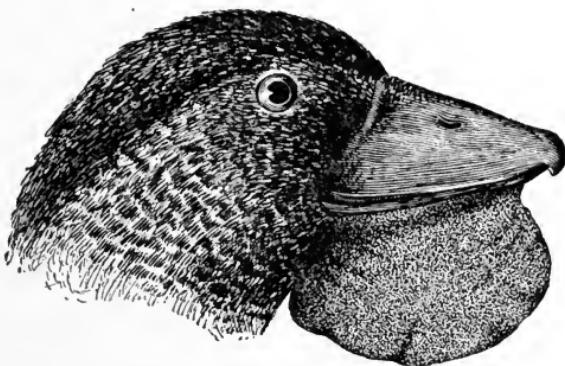
Lovely slate-colored herons, the perfection of grace

and daintiness, perched upon the dead branches of gum-trees overhanging the water; snow-white egrets, their plumage contrasting strikingly with the landscape, waded among the water-plants; cormorants with their bodies submerged so that their necks and heads alone were visible above the water, kept a sharp eye on the intruder, holding themselves in readiness to dive at the slightest sign of danger; pelicans sat in long rows upon the muddy flats; ducks and geese covered the larger pools; jacanas ran about on the lily-pads, looking as if walking on the water; spur-winged plovers disputed with the larks the privilege of the meadow; great cranes stalked about the grassy fields; while high overhead flew the eagles, on the lookout for a dinner. Amid this variety and profusion, I made the most of every moment, and obtained a good choice of the birds found there.

One day while wandering round the lagoons, I saw for the first time that strange bird, the musk duck (*Biziura lobata*). I had often heard of him, and seen stuffed specimens, but never before a live one. There were two of them, a male and a female. They were very shy, keeping well out in the water. As there were no trees or bushes to conceal me, I hid behind some reeds and sat down to wait, hoping the birds would come my way, but they seemed to be very well aware that there was danger, and kept the other side of the pond. A farmer passed by my hiding-place, and

laughed at me, saying, "You will never get them, as there have been two men after them for several days, and they did not even get a shot."

I kept my eyes on the birds, however, and at last saw the male go directly across the pond and dive for food among the weeds. I jumped up, ran back far enough to be out of sight; then started round the pond. When I came opposite where the duck was, I crawled



MUSK DUCK.

down till I could see him, and the next time he dived, ran to the edge of the water. I had my gun all ready, and before he had time to take alarm after coming up, I gave him one barrel of coarse shot, which stretched him out on the water. He was a fine bird, mottled with brown and black, and had under his lower mandible a dewlap which hung down two inches. There was a strong smell of musk about him, and he was certainly the largest duck I had ever seen. His wings

were very small in proportion to his size, and I somewhat doubted his being able to fly. I did not get the female.

The spur-winged plover (*Lobivanellus miles*), which I have mentioned, is a pugilist among birds. His wings are provided with a stout, sharp spur, and he must, when in good fighting trim, be able to deal death with certainty to his enemies. He is ornamented about the eyes with a tough yellow skin, which gives him a most remarkable expression.

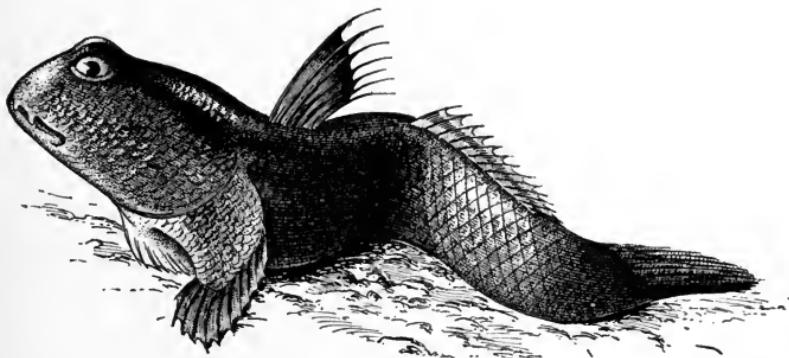
All along the northeastern coast of Australia, extending for over one thousand miles, is the largest and most magnificent coral reef in the world. The distance between it and the mainland is sometimes only a mile or two, and at others ten times as far. It is now and then broken by deep channels, which may be used by the largest vessels, and is a great protection to all kinds of navigation. Our journey from Rockhampton was inside this reef. It gave me a chance to enjoy an ocean trip, and eat my meals with the rest for a change. On the 10th of May, we arrived at Mackay, in a tropical downpour which lasted three days. It cleared off the evening of our first lecture, and continued fine during the rest of our stay.

My first walk at Mackay was along a road which crossed the mangrove flats, and came out upon the beach.

Mangroves are low trees, growing where their roots

are covered at every tide with salt water. Their trunks are supported some distance above the mud by their tangled roots, which are frequently so thick and strong that one can walk on them dryshod for great distances.

What I at first took to be frogs, leaping about on the wet mud and crossing the road from one pool to another, turned out to my surprise, on catching one, to



JUMPING FISH.

be fish (*Periophthalmus*), with gills and fins like other fishes. Their eyes are placed high upon the head, and give them a frog-like look. They frequently leaped upon stones, and even mangrove roots, where they seemed to hang on by means of their pectoral fins. In jumping, they double the tail up, and then suddenly straighten it out, thus propelling themselves one or two feet each time.

They are so very quick, that if I had not taken my insect net I probably could not have caught one. When they come to a pool of water they do not swim

like other fishes, but jump along on the surface till they reach the mud at the other side, when they alight, and curl themselves for another jump.

A very strange thing is to see the fiddler-crabs at the mouths of their holes, waiting for the return of the tide. Each crab is armed with one monstrous claw, out of all proportion to his body, and one very small, delicate, left-hand claw, with which he feeds himself after the food has been procured with his stout right claw. This large member is red at the tip and yellow at the base, and as the crabs lie in the mouths of their holes — this big, brightly colored appendage outside — it gives the muddy flats the appearance of being covered with gorgeous flowers. I noticed the larger crabs often tried to catch the jumping fish, generally meeting with very poor success ; but the larger fish often snapped up small crabs, that were imprudent enough to walk about on the mud at such times.

After gathering some large conical shells in the mangrove swamps, I reached the beach. A stretch of white sand lay before me ; in the distance was an island on which the white tower of a lighthouse shone out against the blue sky ; the water was low, and two schooners lay stuck in the sand of the river waiting for the tide. As I looked on the lovely scene, a dark gray, moving patch on the sand caught my attention, and a distinct rattling came to my ears.

I shall never forget the start it gave me, when, on

approaching the moving mass, I discovered that this noise was made by a colony of crabs (tens of thousands apparently) marching inland. All were about the same size, and they kept together in a compact company like an army of soldiers. When I approached, they started off on a run all together, each keeping one claw raised, with pinchers open in a threatening manner. Had a man fallen among them, he would have been pinched black and blue, I have no doubt, before he could escape. The rattling they made could be heard at a distance of several rods, and the sand after they had passed looked like a dusty road after a flock of sheep has been driven over it. I attempted to head them off, but they seemed very determined; and if I had not moved out of their way, I truly believe they would have run over me. I was afterwards told by some persons that they were emigrating inland for food, by others that they were land crabs, returning home after laying their eggs in the sand of the beach at low tide. I have no means of knowing which of these statements was correct, as I did not see the crabs again.

MacKay was the finest place I ever saw for butterflies, and I secured more of these winged beauties, during our short stay there, than in any other place we visited while away from home. My favorite collecting-ground was a sunny opening in the forest: a place where low shrubs, weeds, grass, wild banana

plants, and briars abounded. It was near a lovely, quiet river, and the dark reflections of the trees in the water made it look cool on the warmest day. Oh, the butterflies in that place! They swarmed in hundreds. On every bush they spread their brilliant wings, and the variety seemed almost endless. I usually arrived at this spot about ten o'clock, and by that time the place would be literally alive with them; and, although I kept constantly at work, their numbers were apparently undiminished. The opening was about an acre in extent, and I made the circuit of it many times,—jumping bushes, and tearing through briars, in the eagerness of my pursuit.

Some persons will smile at my enthusiasm; but, after all, those were some of the happiest days of my life.

The man who cannot get enthusiastic over some subject—be it a gorgeous butterfly, a sparkling jewel, a magnificent waterfall, a frightful storm, an eloquent lecture, a dimpled child, a lovely woman—must lead an exceedingly dull and uninteresting life.

If I have a hobby (and I hope I have many), it is collecting butterflies; and I am always filled with intense excitement when that which I delight in is all about me. I have run a mile before now, at a break-neck speed, over bushes and fences, through swamps and forests,—and all for one butterfly; and I would gladly do it again to experience the same

pleasure that I did while panting on the ground, and holding that insect between my fingers.

There was a climbing-plant in bloom at one end of my hunting-ground; and once while passing it, I saw a very large butterfly near the top: I waited some time for him to come down, and at last was rewarded by his coming near enough for my net. It was an ornithoptera (*O. priamus*) considered by naturalists one of the finest insects in the world. It was indeed magnificent; its colors were deep, velvety black and golden green, and the expanse of its wings was seven inches. The females are even larger than the males; but their colors are not nearly so lustrous, being mostly brown.

Another exquisite butterfly found at MacKay was the large black and blue papilio. The whole of the upper surface is deep, velvety black and rich, shining blue. When flying, the bright, metallic blue reflects the sunlight at every stroke, giving out a flash which can be readily seen half a mile away, making them the most striking objects on the wing. They are strong fliers, and frequently give one a long chase; but to catch such an insect is worth something of a run.

When I became too tired to run any longer, I would either lie down on the grass in a shady place, to watch the insects flit about, or go down to the river, and bathe in the cool water; then, at sundown, gathering up my well-filled boxes, I would start for the town.

A great deal of sugar-cane is raised in Northern

Queensland; and, as white labor is scarce and expensive, the planters import blacks from the numerous islands north of Australia. These blacks are quite industrious, and must well repay the trouble and expense of their transportation. Each native has a trunk or large, hinged box, with a lock, in which he stores all the treasures he buys with his earnings. The poor fellows have to work a long time for a very little money, and often get sadly cheated in their purchases; but when they carry home a large box well filled with knives, hatchets, guns, ammunition, handsome calicoes, beads, rings, tobacco, and like articles, dear to the savage heart, they must be looked upon by their brothers as wealthy men, possessing all the luxuries one could desire.

The Australian natives are rather averse to work, preferring to beg about the towns than to earn a living by labor. They seldom wear any clothing when at home in the woods; but, as they are not allowed to come into town in this costume, each native has a shirt, which is carefully kept for all great occasions.

Often on starting out in the morning on a collecting tour, I would meet a band of naked natives on their way to town, each carrying under his arm his shirt, carefully rolled up in a banana leaf. On nearing the first straggling houses, they would don this apparel, and march into town with the air of well-dressed men. Returning, in the evening, I would sometimes meet

the same band coming back; and, as soon as the houses were left behind, off would come the shirts again, just as the tight boots and high collar of the farmer boy are taken off, on his return from a visit to his city cousins.



THE AUSTRALIAN.

The huts of the natives are probably the poorest dwellings made by human beings; they are inferior to the homes of many wild beasts, and our musk-rats and squirrels could teach them lessons in architecture. They are generally nothing more than a few bushes

put up to keep off the wind, a space in front serving for a fireplace. For the rainy season, they sometimes make huts of bark, which are, perhaps, five feet high, and six or seven feet across at the ground. Near the towns, they cover their dwellings with old carpets, sheet-iron, or anything they can find to keep out the wet. A village of such huts looks, at a short distance, something like the winter quarters of a colony of beavers; and it gives one an idea of the progress we have made since our forefathers in England, France, and Germany, lived in caves and huts, little, if any, better housed than the wild beasts about them.

When we left MacKay, we made a short stay at Bomen; and some of the natives came out to the steamer in a canoe, to dive for money, which the passengers threw into the water. They were a motley-looking crowd of men and women, and as ugly as imagination could possibly picture. Their boat was made of bark; and, in order that it might keep afloat, they were obliged to bail it out continually with a large shell.

CHAPTER IX.

Townsville — White Ants — Ant-Lions — A Large Snake — Raining Bird Bodies — Thursday Island — Coral Reefs — The Pearl Oyster and Pearls — To the Sea Bottom in a Diver's Armor — We Narrowly Escape being Wrecked — A Black Trader.

WE arrived at Townsville early in the morning; and as we stood on the small steamer, which was to take us to the wharf, an enormous shark came alongside, giving us a fine view. He looked lazy and sleepy enough, till one of the men stabbed him with a pike, which sent him off in a great hurry. Sharks are very numerous in all the Australian waters, so that sea-bathing is very dangerous. While in Sydney Harbor, a friend of mine, sitting in the stern of a small boat, his coat-tails hanging temptingly over the side, had the lower half of that garment torn away by a shark. In most of the salt-water creeks, sharks may be seen at high water, waiting for a chance to make a meal of some unfortunate being. One often sees ladies, while out in a small boat, put their hands over the side into the water. If they were only aware what a tempting bait they were thus offering to the marine inhabitants, they would give up this graceful little habit. Even in fresh water, there are many

fishes, turtles, and snakes, ready to seize moving objects. I once saw a large pike come within a few inches of a boat, attracted thither by a lily, which a lady was drawing by the stem through the water.

Townsville is a small city, much in advance of some of the other places we had visited, and seemed to be in a flourishing condition. At one side of the town rises a steep, rocky hill, and back a few miles is a range of low mountains. We were very successful at this place, and had crowded houses as long as we remained. Shelley and I spent most of our time a mile or two from town, near the river and the shallow lagoons, where birds were abundant. One day I shot several ducks on a lagoon, and tried to hire an Australian black to go in after them; but he was not to be tempted with the promise of silver, and answered, "No, fear. Too much afraid crocodile, to go longa water." Laughing at him, I went in after them myself; but as I was dressing, I saw in the mud the track of one of the large reptiles, and concluded that it would take more than a few ducks to tempt me to again make myself bait for a crocodile.

Some of the lagoons were covered with large purple water-lilies; a beautiful sight when all in bloom in the morning. Large Norton Bay fig and gum trees overhung the water, and the grass on the banks was a deep green. I made a painting of one pretty spot I used to



AUSTRALIAN WOMAN



visit; the mosquitoes, however, were so numerous that I was obliged to build a fire, and work while sitting in the smoke.

At this place, the white ants, or termites, are a great annoyance to the people, as they destroy everything made of wood that they can reach. Houses, if unprotected, become in a year or two little more than hollow shells, ready to be blown down by the first strong wind. The ants are very small, not larger than some of our species, but they swarm in countless millions. They bore into the wood from below, and in such a way that the outside looks as sound as ever. The houses are generally placed on posts, surmounted with tin pans; but these have to be constantly examined, and the posts replaced by new ones as soon as hollowed out. In order to make railway bridges secure from the devastations of this insect, the timbers are bored through from end to end with large augers; and the holes, having been filled with molasses and arsenic, are then plugged at the ends, after which the timbers are painted with Paris green. This is a sure safeguard.

I often used to see along the paths, the hollow sand-cones of the ant-lion (*Myrmeleon*); and I made quite a study of them while at Townsville, as they were very numerous there. The ant-lions are little fat worms, with enormous jaws, well adapted to their mode of living at the bottom of the little hollows in the sand,

which form their homes. Here they lie in wait for whatever in the insect line is unfortunate enough to fall into their trap. By walking cautiously up to one of their holes, and dropping an ant near it, an interesting scene will take place. In trying to escape, the ant sends a few grains of sand rolling down the steep sides of the trap, and then up comes a shower of sand from the bottom, which confuses the ant, causing him to lose his footing and roll to the bottom, where the powerful jaws seize him in a deadly grip, and pull him under the sand. When the ant-lion has finished his meal, he snaps, with a jerk of his head, the dry skin of the ant out of the hole; and, settling himself in the sand once more, is ready for the next victim. I took several of these little fellows, in a box of sand, to the hotel, and they proved very interesting pets. They soon began making their cones, throwing out the sand with their heads. If I did not feed them often, they became discontented, and, deserting their old places, would move to other parts of the box; thinking, no doubt, that the game was all destroyed in their old quarters.

While walking, one afternoon, on the bank of the river, I saw for the first time that giant among birds, the jabiru, wading in the shallow water. I watched him with great interest. He stood four or five feet high, and kept a sharp eye on all that looked suspicious. He had a very large black beak, a dark brown

and white neck and body, and red legs. I crawled a long distance in the grass, on my hands and knees, and then lay down and waited two or three hours, hoping he would come my way and give me a shot; but he did not, and so finally I had to give him up. I saw several after this, but did not get a specimen, and regret very much that I have not a skin of this fine bird in my collection. I consider the jabiru as shy a bird as I have ever seen; for I have spent many hours, if not days, trying in vain to get a shot.

Snakes were rather numerous at Townsville, and I often saw them hanging on bushes and the branches of trees. One day, while walking in the thick scrub, searching for land-snails, I came across a very large light-brown snake (*Morelia variegata*, a species of python) coiled upon the ground. He was by far the finest specimen I had ever seen at large, and was, probably, ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as a man's leg at the knee. He looked savage enough to devour me, and at the first sight I felt half inclined to run away. A great naturalist has said that we get our intense dislike of snakes from our great-great-grandfathers, the apes, who bear them a cordial hatred. I have so accustomed myself to the various animals I have seen, that I have little if any fear of them; so that when hunting specimens, I often catch snakes with my hands; but notwithstanding this, on coming upon

one suddenly, an indescribable fear seizes me for an instant, and I instinctively jump back. Once, while at home, I had, in a box in my room, some snakes which were of the most harmless kinds, and so tame that I could carry them about in my pockets. Often, while sitting at my drawing, I would let them run about the room, and, when the day's work was over, would gather them up and deposit them in their box, much as a lady, when she has finished sewing, picks up her stray spools of thread. One day, after the snakes had wriggled about on the carpet for some time, I put them back as usual, and went out for a walk. I got wet at the pond, and, coming home in the evening, took off my shoes in the kitchen, and without a light went barefooted upstairs, after dry clothing: just as I entered my room, I stepped upon something that thrilled me through and through, causing me to jump three feet into the air before I had time to reason away my fears. Then I felt about the floor, and found, to my chagrin, that what I had taken for a snake was nothing but a fold in the carpet.

But to return to the big snake. I had my gun with me, and thought at first I would shoot him in the head with a light charge of dust shot, and carry home his skin. Then I considered, that, if taken alive, he would be worth five times as much. Feeling about in my pockets and game-bag, I at last found a leather strap with a buckle. I drew the strap through the buckle,

making a slip-noose, and, thus armed, started cautiously toward his snakeship, intending to put the noose over his head. As soon as I came near, he partly uncoiled, opened his mouth very wide, thereby disclosing his sharp teeth, and, hissing spitefully, struck at me. I dodged behind a small tree, and, leaning out as far as I dared, tried several times to noose him. He was very savage, and looked powerful enough to crush me in his folds. At this juncture my courage was at rather low ebb. After I had teased him for some time, he suddenly decided to leave my company, so he started off at full speed. I caught up my gun and went after him, and, by hard running through the thick scrub, managed to head him off. He stopped, coiled up again, and again I tried the noose. He was equal to the occasion, putting his head under his coils in a very sulky manner; but as soon as I reached out and caught him by the tail, he pulled away with great force, and started off once more, his scales shining like polished silver as he glided across a sunny patch of ground. This time he took refuge under a fallen tree; and, before I could head him off, he was gliding down the hole of some wild beast, which was partly concealed by the dead branches. I reached the spot just as the last two or three feet were going down, and, seizing his tail with both hands, I hung on desperately. With my feet braced against a limb of the tree, I pulled till the tail cracked and snapped as if

it would break asunder. Sometimes he pulled me to within a few inches of the hole; and then I would brace up on the limb, and drag him half-way out. At last I grew so tired, I had to let go my hold, and with many regrets I saw the last few inches of the tail disappear beneath the earth; and thus ended my first and only experience with a large snake.

One morning, at the hotel, I began to skin several ducks and herons, and looked out of the window to find a place to throw the bodies. There was a livery stable almost directly underneath, with a small yard at the back. I thought I could with safety throw the bodies of my birds into this yard, and then, when I had finished them all, go down and remove them. So, wrapping a newspaper about the first one, I dropped it into the yard. The distance was so great that the paper split, and exposed the skinned and partly dissected body: a puzzling study for any one not a naturalist. Fearing some one might see it, and make me an object of curiosity, as I sat at work at the open window, I closed the blinds, leaving the slats partly open. Presently, one of the stable hands — a muscular Englishman — came out into the yard, whistling. He stopped short on seeing the wreck of the heron; turned it over with his foot, shook his head, and going back into the stable brought back a fork, with which he threw the body over the fence. By this time, number two was skinned, and, cautiously opening

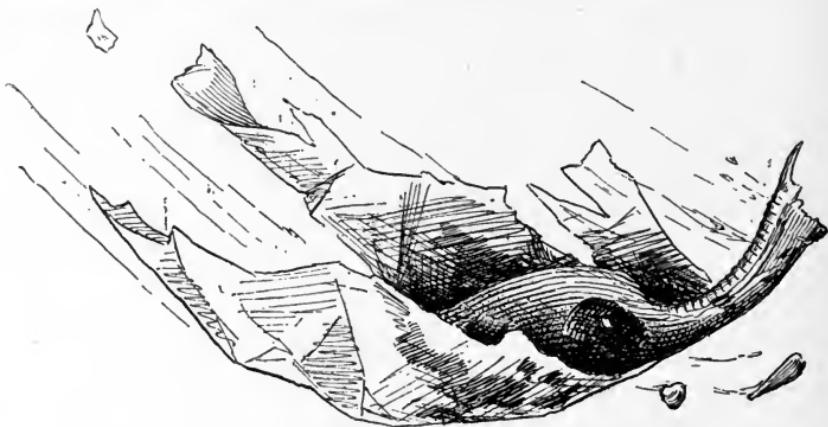
the blind, I threw it down. The man was not far away, for he came out almost immediately; looked at the many windows on the side of the hotel; remarked something about its being the work of that "blasted doctor," who had lately come; then threw the body over the fence, with the first one. When number three was finished, there was no one in the yard when I dropped it; but scarcely had it left my hand, when the man rushed out with a fork, and, catching it on the fly, turned and looked up at the windows. He was so quick, he very nearly caught me, but I could see that he was still in doubt, as he shouted,—

"Look 'ere, you hup there, who hever you har! This is gettin' too bloomin' rich. 'Ow many 'ave you got of um? Why can't you toss um all down at once, instead of throwin' 'em out one at a time; and wat, in the name o' the Queen, do you call the bloomin' hanimals, anyway? I never see such hugly-lookin' corpses before in my life."

With this, in great disgust, he threw the body over the fence; and, going into the stable, brought out a harness, which he commenced to wash. Every now and then he would apostrophize the side of the hotel thus:—

"Ain't it about time to give us another one? Come, I'm gettin' lonesome down 'ere. Its 'andsome work you must be doin' hup there. Don't you want to 'ire a hable-bodied man to 'elp you?"

The next bird was larger than the others, and it took me so long that my talkative friend below must have fancied I had finished; or, perhaps, he had forgotten all about it. He was still washing harness, his back turned toward me, when, at last, the body landed with a thump, in the yard. He jumped as if electrified, looked at the bundle of flesh and paper, and groaned,—



BIRD BODY.

"O Lord, that's a disgustin' sight! Look a 'ere, I ain't paid to 'eave bloody corpses all my time. I wouldn't take the job if you'd give it to me, and I'll be 'anged if I'll touch that till you get through; so, put um all down in a pile, and let me know when you've got 'im all cut hup."

Soon after this an older man came out of the stable, pushing a cab ahead of him, upon which the two set to work with water and sponges. By this time I had finished my last bird, and watching my chance, when

they were both looking the other way, I threw it high up in the air. As it descended, the papers, streaming out behind, caught the eye of the older man, and he exclaimed,—

“Oh, look there! What can it be? Did you ever see the likes of that?”

Upon which the other burst into a roar of laughter; and, dropping his sponge, rolled about on the ground in a paroxysm of mirth, while the old man stood staring alternately at him and the paper. At last he shook him, demanding,—

“Wat's the matter? Wat is it?”

“It's nothing,” replied the other, hardly able to gasp. “Come out of the sky. Been rainin' 'ere all the mornin'. Got a factory hup above, where they makes 'em.”

After father finished his lectures in Townsville, a party of gentlemen engaged him to report on a mine some distance in the country; and Shelley and I, after packing our things, and sending a couple of boxes of specimens home, started by boat for Thursday Island. Our plan was to remain there, collecting specimens, until father arrived, when we were to leave for New Guinea, where we intended to remain three months; after which we were going to Java, thence to India, and at last through Europe, home.

The steamer was large and wide, and almost as steady as a rock. There was a very jolly crowd of

passengers on board, besides a hundred or more Chinese on their way home.

I was much interested in the curious kinds of food the Chinese cooked for themselves. Rice seemed to be the principal article; but soups made of dried hens' eggs, dried celery, dried oysters, dried fish, and dried shrimps, sometimes all together, were eaten with the rice, which made it very palatable. I liked some of the dishes very much, and often had a bowlful of their rice and soup for my dinner.

Some of the passengers contrived a very ingenious way of stealing a good dinner from the cook-room, now and then. The only cannon on board had a rod with a large steel worm attached to one end, for the purpose of cleaning out the gun; by passing this rod down the skylight, just above the cook's table, and twisting it into a fowl or a pudding, the whole could be lifted out, and no one be the wiser. What the cook thought became of the fine things he left on his table when he went out, I have no way of knowing. How we used to enjoy those stolen tid-bits! If any one wants to know how good anything can taste, let him be hungry enough to steal it.

For entertainment, evenings, we had reading, speaking, singing, and story-telling. I happened to have several of Mr. Robert Ingersoll's lectures with me, which the passengers greatly enjoyed,—his wit and

humor serving to amuse those who could not swallow his materialistic ideas.

Our steamer anchored every evening, as the coast is very dangerous. Several shipwrecked sailors came on board from their vessel, which they had abandoned on a coral reef.

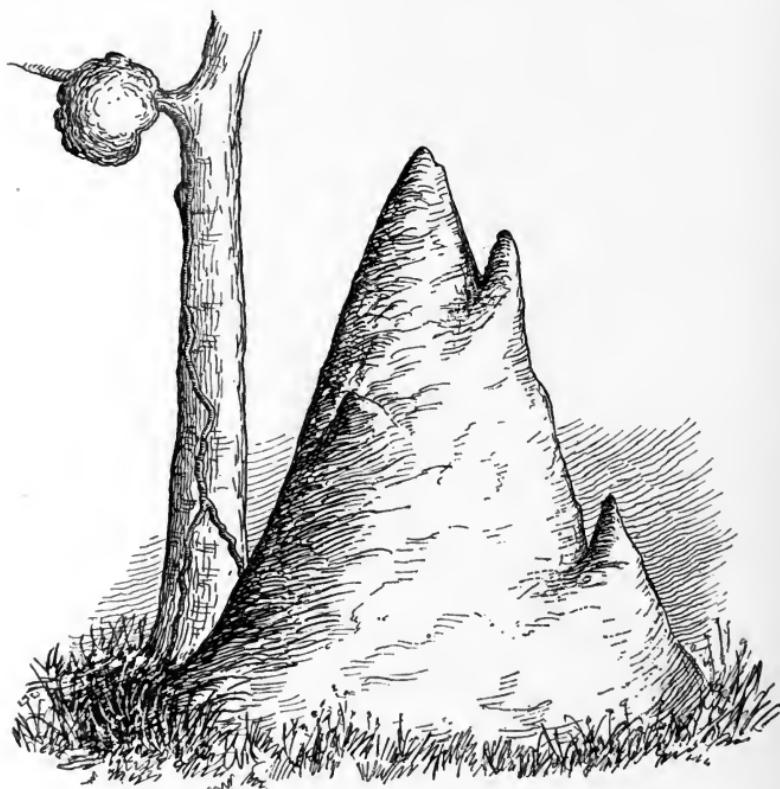
We arrived, one afternoon, at Somerset, a pearl-shelling station; and here the passage between two islands was so narrow that one could toss a stone to the shore on each side.

Somerset was once the principal pearl-shell station on the coast, but most of the traders had moved to Thursday Island, where we arrived shortly after passing Somerset. We went on shore as soon as possible, and took a walk about the island (which was hilly and very stony) to pick out a good camping-ground, and at last found one to our liking under some trees near the shore. Then we went to the store, and had just given the order for our groceries, when a gentleman stepped up, and asked us if we were not Mr. Denton's sons.

It proved to be Captain Clark, the owner of a pearl-shell station on Friday Island, and he invited us to accompany him home. Putting our things on board his sail-boat, in half an hour we were at his house, which was perched upon the sand-hills near the sea.

On going out over the island, the first things to attract our attention were the monstrous hills of the white

ants. These were composed of dried mud, and were sometimes ten or twelve feet high, and almost as hard as stone. They ran up into points like church-spires, and, on breaking off one of these, the busy workers



NEST OF TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

could be seen inside in countless numbers. There is seldom more than one female ant to a nest—she being little more than an animated egg-bag, four or five inches long and one inch in diameter, looking like a

raw sausage; while the males and workers are little, if any, larger than our common black ants. They are not true ants, however, having been misnamed.

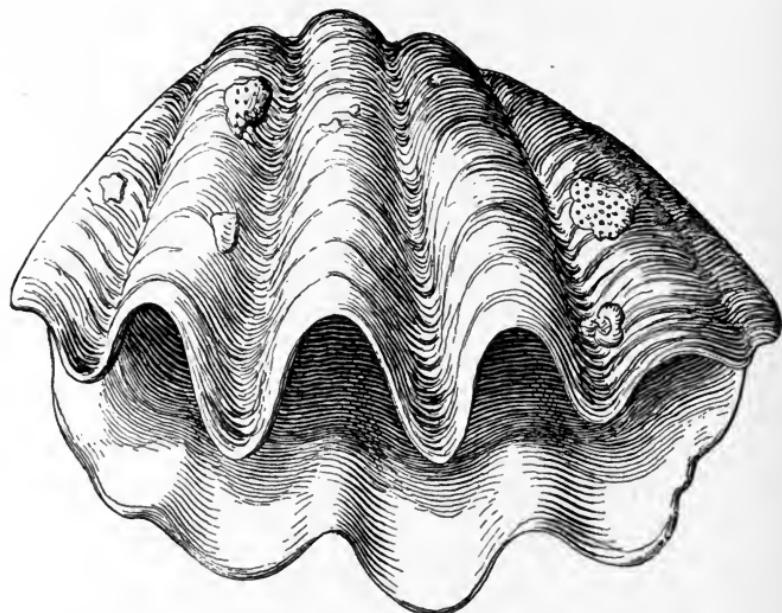
Sometimes a tube of mud will extend from a large nest up into a tree, and a small opposition nest or side-show will be started, which gives the tree the appearance of supporting large burls or warts.

The coral-reefs came in for a fair share of our attention, and we spent hours wandering over them at low tide. They extended partly round the island, and were a constant pleasure and delight to us. It seemed a shame to walk over the reefs, breaking at every step lovely corals, which would be the pride of our museums. Some of the branching corals, radiating from a centre, and as large over as a round table, were very graceful. The different kinds were of several colors, being red, green, brown, blue, and black. None were white. It is not until they are bleached that they lose all color. In places, the reef was covered for rods with soft corals—or “sea-flesh,” as it is called—resembling thick, wet leather, and very smooth and slippery to walk upon.

We sometimes came across a giant clam (*Tridacna gigas*), three or four feet long (the largest of all shells), buried in the reef. The two valves shut together with terrible force, probably enough to break a man's leg should he, by any accident, step into the open shell. They look innocent enough when open, as their soft

and variously colored mantle fills up the zigzag space between the valves; but the instant one puts a stick in, the jaws shut together with a snap.

Under the large masses of coral, we found many cowries. They look like lumps of jelly when alive,



GIANT CLAM.

for they cover their shells with parts of their own bodies. Brightly colored fishes of many kinds, decked in black, blue, red, and gold,—as gay as tropical butterflies,—darted among the weeds and corals.

Red cuttle-fishes, looking like immense spiders, crawled about in the shallow tide-pools, or reached out after us with their slimy arms from a crevice in

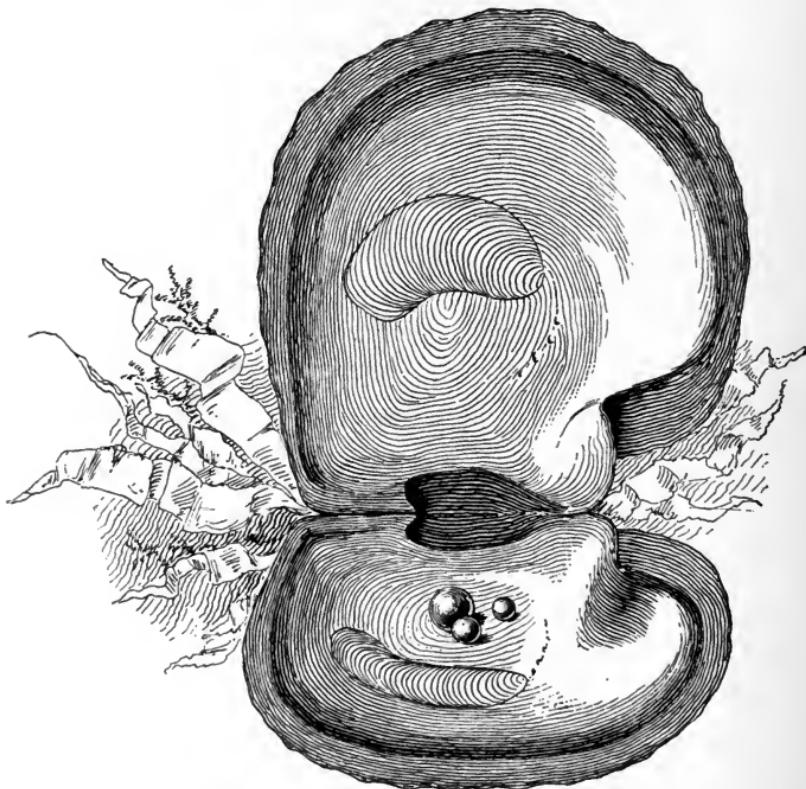
the rocks, as we stopped to pick up some attractive shell. Marine animals, as long as one's arm — looking very like gigantic worms — covered with warts and bunches, and known by the name of *bèche de mer* or trepang, and of which the Chinese make rich and delicious soups, were very abundant. These animals are smoked and dried before they are ready to export, and shrivelled up into small lumps of stony hardness.

We found large cream-colored volutes, crawling over the sand in the shallow water, as the tide returned; sometimes, away up above the highest tides, with the dried animal still occupying the outer chamber, we picked up that little-known sailor of the tropical seas, the pearly nautilus. But it is for the pearl oyster (*Meleagrina margaritifera*) that these shallow seas are best known, and for them men risk their lives and hazard their fortunes.

They are large, flat, pearly shells, in places an inch thick; and are generally known, the world over, by the name of mother-of-pearl.

There are several varieties, and three or four grades in the quality of shell. They all bring good prices, and large fortunes have been made at the business. The owner of a pearl-shell station has several boats, for each one of which he hires a diver and crew; these are generally South Sea Islanders. The boats are equipped with the best of modern diving armor, air-pumps, and provisions, and bedding for the men.

Thus they start out for the shell banks, which are often out of sight of land, covered with from fifty to seventy-five feet of water. When the boat arrives at the banks, the sail is lowered, the diver descends in his



PEARL OYSTER AND PEARLS.

water-tight armor, and, provided with a bag for the oysters, he walks along on the sea bottom gathering what may come in his way, as the boat slowly drifts along on the surface. He has a signal communication with the boat by means of a line, and as fast as he fills

a bag, they pull it up, returning an empty one. In good weather, he remains down all day, and frequently walks fifteen or twenty miles in that time.

When the day's work is over, the shells gathered are all opened and cleaned, and the pearls found are distributed among the men, few, if any of them, ever reaching the owner of the boat. The owners are generally very well satisfied with the shells, for the pearls are very scarce, and not often of good color or shape. Mr. Clark informed me that he once went out with his boats, and opened seven hundred shells without finding a pearl worth a shilling. They do, however, sometimes find lovely ones. I once saw a diver with a small bottle full, each one a perfect gem in itself, and as round as a marble. They were not larger than peas, but were of several colors and shades,—some of a decided green, others pink, and now and then a blue one shone out among the rest, which were mostly yellow and white. A handful of perfect pearls, of several colors, is one of the richest sights imaginable, and makes one feel covetous. The perfect pearls are always found in the flesh of the animal, and the irregular ones are often stuck to the shell. Sometimes one will be beautifully round, and yet of a dull brown or brick-red color, and not worth a cent. Everything has to be very favorable for the growth of a perfect pearl, and that is probably why they are so scarce. These morbid growths are of the same material as the shell; they probably

originate in grains of sand which work into the flesh of the animal, and there become covered with many layers of the pearly secretion, as the animal grows; the older and thicker the shells, the more liable they are to contain pearls.

The boats came in while we were at Mr. Clark's, and one of the divers—an intelligent young Englishman—gave me some very interesting accounts of the business, and asked me if I did not want to go down in the armor. I had long wished for such a chance, but when it came, I felt somewhat afraid to make the trial; but Charlie allayed my fears by tickling my fancy with descriptions of the sea bottom, and at last I went on board his boat, preparatory to going down. The boat was anchored a short distance from the land, in only thirty feet of water; but still I had some misgivings, and felt as if I were about to have a decidedly strange experience.

Taking off my clothing, I put on a thick woollen shirt, with long stockings of the same material; then I donned the rubber suit, which was in one piece, opening at the neck. My hands were soaped, and pushed out of the rubber wristbands. Great leather shoes, a foot and a quarter long, with leaden soles fully an inch thick, were buckled on my feet. A heavy copper helmet, with three round glass windows in the headpiece, was placed over my shoulders. And to cap all, two immense lead weights, each weighing fifty

pounds, were strapped and buckled — one on my chest, the other on my back. I felt when my dress was complete as if I weighed a ton, and I could scarcely lift my feet from the deck. Being thus equipped, with a rope in my hand, and a few ideas about signals in my head, I let go the ladder over the boat's side, and lowered myself by means of the rope. As I descended I began to feel a very painful sensation in my head, as if it were being squeezed in a vice ; at the same time, it seemed as if some sharp instruments were being jammed into my ears, which rang with a horrible din. This increased the deeper I went, and, on reaching the bottom, it was almost unendurable. I kept hold of the line by which I had gone down for some time ; but as soon as I began to walk, they pulled it up. I then fancied that the only connection I had with the boat was the rubber tube through which the air came. How in the world was I to get back again, or give signals to them above ? Looking up through the water, I could see the boat, like a dark shadow, directly overhead. My wrists were so much smaller than Charlie's, that the water was leaking in a stream under the wrist-bands. I tried to calm my fears, and keep cool. I felt all round on my hands and knees, trying to find out whether or not the life-line had become untied accidentally, and fallen on the ground. I stirred up so much mud, by this proceeding, that the water became roily ; and, scarcely able to see anything, I pulled des-

perately on the rubber tubing: no response. I waited a time, and then shook again. By this time, I was pretty well frightened, thinking that if something on which to get up was not sent down, I should soon be drowned, as the leaking water was rapidly rising; but just at this moment, to my intense relief, I felt myself pulled swiftly up through the water. Several strong hands grasped me, and began taking off the armor. As I lay perfectly still on the deck, my mind at rest as regarded my safety, Charlie thought me dead, and told the men I was gone up. His words made me laugh, and when he took off the helmet, instead of meeting a face ghastly in death, he was greeted with a broad grin. He looked as badly frightened as I had been. I told him it served him right, for putting me in such a leaky suit. The line I had been so frantically looking for was securely tied about my waist, passing up over the shoulder.

We did some shooting at Friday Island, finding sun-birds, bee-birds, shrikes, cockatoos, pigeons of several kinds, and goat-suckers. We also found several bats, and saw native companions — a large species of crane — and jabirus; but never had a shot at these. Large lizards abounded; sometimes their eggs were seen in the sand. Once, while Shelley and I were crossing in a small row-boat to Prince of Wales Island, we saw a large crocodile in the shallow water. We started for him, but he settled himself in the mud, and was soon out of sight.

A handsome tree grew on the island, called the Wongeye or wild date, which bore profusely; and many a good time we had, eating the sweet fruit.

The day the steamer arrived from Townsville, we went over to Thursday Island.

We found father in the hotel parlor, reading a newspaper. The breeze through an open window behind him blew his curly white locks back and forth over his fine face, and it seemed to me that he never looked so handsome before. Ah! how little I then dreamed that we were so soon to see that face, and hear that pleasant voice, no more!

We all went, in Mr. Clark's boat, back to Friday Island, where we spent several days more in collecting. A strange phenomenon of this part of the world is the trade wind, which blows half the year in one direction, and the other half in another. It only blows hard in the daytime; the nights are generally clear and still. Father spent most of his time in collecting shells, over which he was very enthusiastic.

The day we left Mr. Clark's, the sea was very rough, and before we reached Thursday Island we were in danger, almost every moment, of being swamped, as the waves broke right over us. We tried to round a point to enter the quiet water, but we could not reach it, on account of the strong tide running; so Mr. Clark ran the boat on the coral reef, and one of his men and myself leaped out into the water, to lighten it, and

pull it up on the beach. The water was up to our necks, and every wave took us off our feet. Father, Mr. Clark, and Shelley pulled hard at the oars, and gradually the boat was worked into shallow water. My feet were so badly cut on the sharp corals and shells, and pierced by the spines of sea-urchins, that for more than two weeks I could not step without great pain.

When we came to shore, the boat was unloaded and a camp made, where we spread out our birds and blankets to dry in the sun. As my clothes were wet through, I was obliged to take them off and hang them upon the bushes; while they were drying, I retired into the shade and attended to my wounded feet. There was a deep gash in my heel to be sewed up, after which I dug out the sea-urchins' spines with my penknife.

Father and Shelley had gone over to the village, where they procured some groceries; together with a few cooking utensils, and some canvas for a tent. We learned shortly that a man—employed by the *Melbourne Argus*, as correspondent—was going to New Guinea, as soon as he could charter a boat; and, as he asked us to join him, we concluded, rather than wait longer, to accept. Our tent was soon finished and put up. Father and Shelley gathered so many shells and corals about here, that we made up a good-sized box to send home.

One evening, just as we had finished supper, and were sitting in front of our tent, a South-Sea Islander appeared in his little canoe, and after pulling it up on the beach, he came up to see us. His skin was very dark, his hair very "kinky," and the muscles stood out on his well-shaped naked body like twisted ropes. Taking a frying-pan and some provisions from his canoe, he soon began cooking his supper.

We found that this dark-skinned visitor could talk English pretty well; and, moreover, in his way, was quite a philosopher. He informed us that he went from island to island, trading with the natives for tortoise shells and paradise-bird skins; then selling them to the English at Thursday Island. I asked him if he ever worked for the white men, to earn money; his answer was a pretty good one: "No! Black man, him work for he self. Belly good! Him sabby [understand]—him no work for white man; him no sabby — him work; all same, bloody fool!" By the time supper was ready, our friend was joined by his partner in the business, and a lively conversation ensued. The new-comer had an impediment in his speech, and stammered in a very ludicrous manner.

Shelley inquired of the first one what was the matter with his friend, and if he could talk no better than that; whereupon he answered, "Him belly good boy. Sabby plenty English. Talk belly bad; froat belonging to him no good; all same played out."

CHAPTER X.

Off for New Guinea and Life Among the Natives—Stormy Trip—The Papuans Visit Us—Port Moresby Natives—We start Inland—Lapidoma and Its Tree-Houses.—Narinuma—The Expedition Leaves for the Interior—Making Bird Skins—Paradise Birds—Domestic Animals—Native Games and Music—Lohier, the Chief—Feasts—Trip to the Coast—The Bower Bird—The Talegallus—A Goat-Sucker—The Rifle-Bird—Ants—Land-Leaches—Dragon Flies—Butterflies—Kangaroo and Wild Pig Hunt—A Few Days on the Lalloki—The Hornbill—King-Bird-of-Paradise—The Cassowary—A Burial Cave.

By the 3d of July, the schooner “C. Walker” was ready for its passengers, and at two o’clock we set sail for Port Moresby, New Guinea.

Mr. Armit, the correspondent for the Melbourne *Argus*, was a thin, wiry man, sanguine as to hair and mustache. He was a smart man, but altogether too fond of intoxicating liquor; and, when half drunk, would do and say many things unbecoming a gentleman.

Irving, his friend and assistant, was a slim English dude, possessing to perfection the art of bragging: this might be said to be his only accomplishment.

Hunter, the third on our list of passengers, was a pretty good fellow when sober.

Then there was Belford, a big, brawny half-caste; and a Dutch missionary, whose name I have forgotten; besides the captain, who was a fine fellow, and the crew.

The trade winds, which were very strong, blew almost directly opposite to the direction we wished to

take; and our journey, on that account, was a long and rough one, considering the distance we had to travel.

We passed many small coral islands, a few of which were inhabited. A part of New Guinea, or Papua, a high rocky promontory, was sighted about noon of the 6th, and we ran within a mile of the shore. The first discoverers of America never looked with more longing toward the new land than did we toward this as yet little-known part of the world. We were to explore parts of this country where white man had never before placed his foot, and perhaps we should find animals and plants before unknown. And then the strange inhabitants of that new land—what an opportunity for the student of ethnology!

As we were ninety miles north of Port Moresby, and the wind was dead ahead, we turned about, and put out to sea again, to make a long tack down the coast. A sudden squall struck us just after; and, part of the rigging giving way, we were carried by the wind many miles to leeward before it could be mended.

The next day, about noon, we ran in again, and found ourselves—after battling with the wind and raging sea for twenty-four hours—in almost the same place we had left the day before, owing to distance lost by the accident.

Hunter, who came on board drunk, was feeling pretty frisky for a day or two; and, after he became somewhat sobered, he had a terrible headache, and lay

in the hold groaning with pain. The captain, hearing the groans, looked down, and the following conversation ensued : "Hello, Hunter, how are you feeling this fine morning?" — "Oh, good-morning, captain. My head is pretty bad, and I am so shaky I can hardly sit up." — "Glad of it! glad of it! You will find that the way of the transgressor is hard — very hard — very hard indeed! Hope you'll get well all the same!" And with these last consoling words as an appendix to his other harsh, though wise, remarks, the captain left Hunter to his own reflections.

We ran out to sea, and back again, and on the 8th reached Ule Island. This was a beautiful place; the surface was hilly, and covered with grass and forest, with here and there a native plantation of bananas; the shore was lined with a belt of cocoa-nut trees, and nestling under them was a village of considerable extent, composed of brown huts. Crowds of natives were running about on the sandy beach. On the hill-sides, fires were lighted, as a signal that the inhabitants wished to trade.

As we put about to make another tack, a boat with a mat sail left the shore, and the captain hove to, and waited for its arrival. It contained several natives. The moment they came on board, we were struck with their remarkable resemblance to American Indians. They were by far the finest-looking savages I had ever seen. Tall, straight, and proud, they seemed

more like the Indians of poetry and fiction — the Indians of early American history — than the feeble



PAPUAN'S COMB, EAR-RING, AMULET, AND NOSE ORNAMENT.

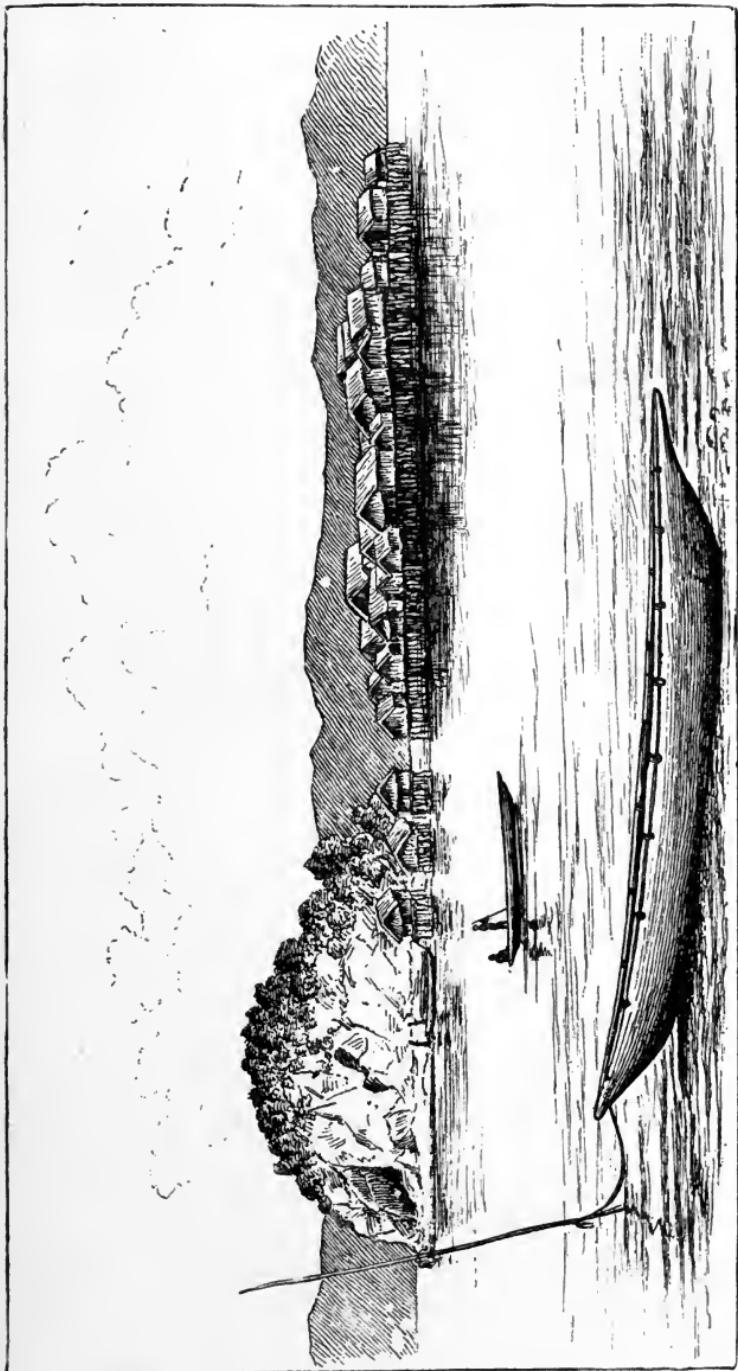
and degraded representatives of that race to-day. They were entirely naked, and their rich reddish-

brown skins, fine muscular development, and frizzy hair (unlike the Indian), which stood up on their heads six or eight inches, gave them an imposing appearance. For ornaments, they wore tortoise-shell ear-rings, white shell rings on their arms and ankles, dogs'-tooth necklaces, and round pieces of boar's tusk through the *septum* of their noses.

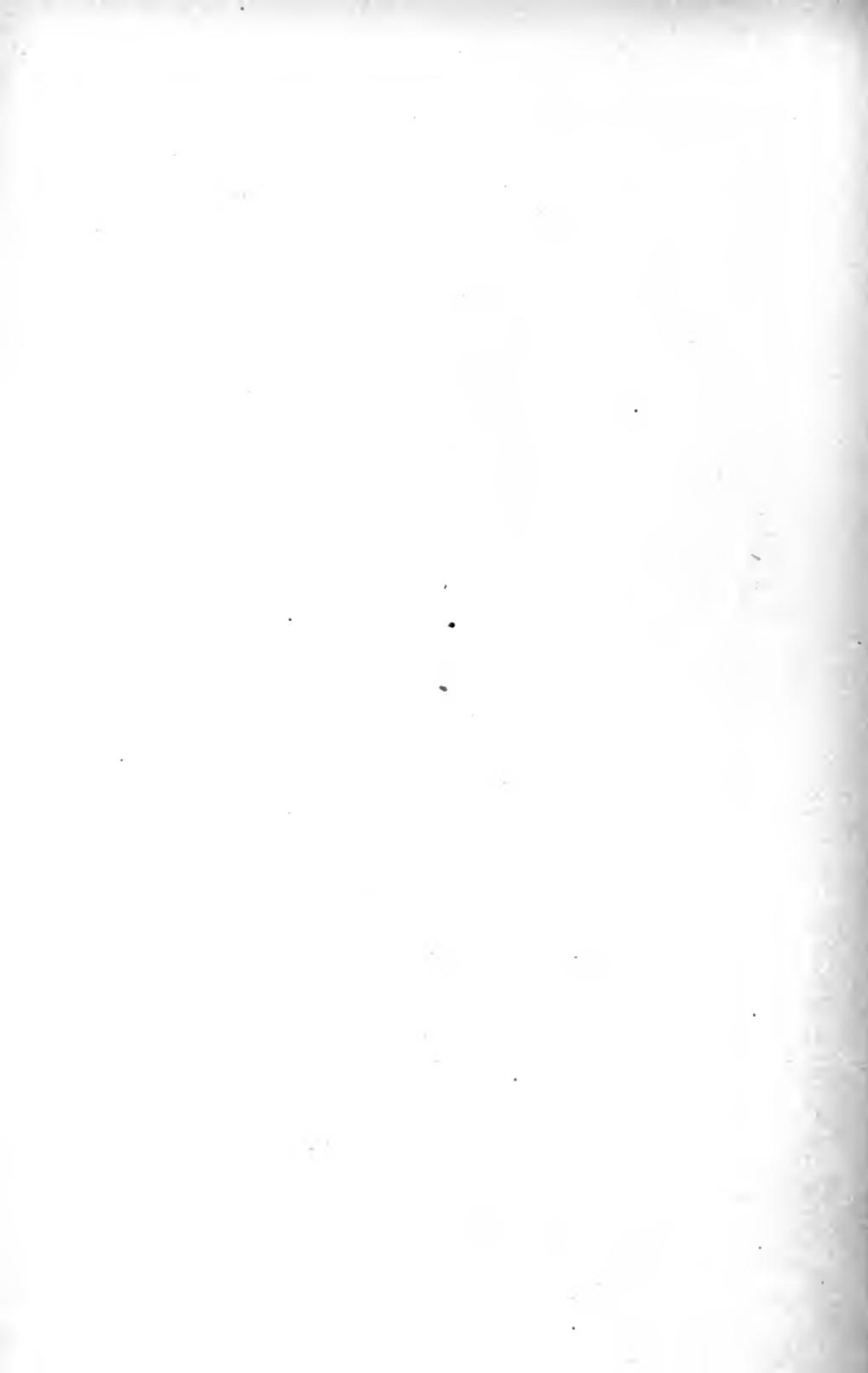
They brought cocoa-nuts, bananas, sugar-cane, and paradise-bird skins; all of which they threw upon the deck, without asking what would be given in return. Armit gave them flour, sugar, and tobacco; the latter pleasing them immensely. They were very inquisitive, and wanted to see everything, and know its use. They could not speak English; but Belford, who had been to New Guinea before, acted as interpreter, and we managed very well. They staid with us about an hour; then, with shouts and laughter, clambered over the ship's side into their small boat, and were shortly out of sight.

The deck was soon littered with banana skins, cocoanut husks, and sugar-cane refuse, as the fruit was a great treat after our rough journey.

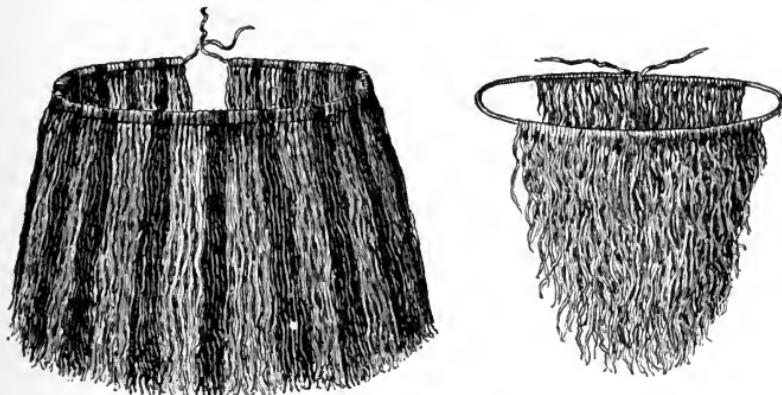
The next day we passed Red-Scar Head, a promontory jutting into the sea; and the following day, by beating up inside the reef, we arrived toward evening at Port Moresby. The harbor was almost enclosed by high hills, covered with long, dry grass, with here and there a garden. In the ravines between the hills grew



PART OF BURA-BURA.



patches of forest, and a belt of cocoa-nut trees encircled the shore. On two small hills near the beach were the houses of the missionary, the church, and a few other small buildings. To the right, stretching for a quarter of a mile, the native town of Bura-Bura was supported on piles, in some places extending into the



PAPUAN DRESSES.

water; another part of the same town extended along the left shore to a small rocky island.

The morning after our arrival, a boat-load went ashore, but I remained behind on account of my lame foot. They came back with such glowing accounts of the land and the natives, that I could no longer resist the temptation to go ashore. When I reached the shore, I hobbled up the beach and sat down under the cocoa-nut trees, in front of the native village.

Groups of the natives (the men and children absolutely nude, the women wearing a short grass petticoat) were engaged in different pursuits. The children

ran about on the smooth, well-trodden ground, or played with their toy boats in the shallow water. The young men, bedecked with shell and bone ornaments, their faces painted, and their hair as soft and fluffy as carded wool, worked on their spears or fish-nets, and chatted with the girls coming with water from the springs. The older men, looking less foppish, their hair more neglected, repaired their boats or thatched houses, while the women made pots of clay, baking them in the fire; or they brought yams and bananas in net bags, from the field.

As I sat beneath the trees, making a sketch of the village, a group of little girls, returning from Sunday school, with their hymn-books under their arms, stopped to watch me a while, and then sat down on the grass, and began smoking their bamboo pipes. Alas! was that all Christianity could do for these naked savages? It could fill their heads with meaningless prayers and hymns; it could build a church and a fine house for its missionary in this out-of-the-way place; but it did not teach the natives to wear shirts, or to improve their methods of cultivating the soil. Money could be given to convert and save the soul of the heathen, but his body could take care of itself.

The weapons of the people were mostly long spears, made of some dark-brown, heavy wood, and barbed near the point. They did not have guns, or fire-arms of any kind; but were well supplied with

knives and hatchets, which they had gained by barter. Their boats were made of single logs, carefully dug out and shaped; many of them had outriggers to steady them when in rough water.

While I sat there, a boy came up with three green cocoa-nuts, which he gave me for a few red beads. When the nut is green, it is filled with a sweet, refreshing milk (very unlike the rancid fluid that goes by that name in the dried nut), and the little meat it contains is soft and custard-like. I know of nothing so nice, on a warm day, as a drink of this milk.

The Papuan women are some of them fine-featured, and many of the little children are really handsome. When they get old, they are plain enough; and some of the old crones—who sit in the sun, kneading clay, or beating balls of it into shapely pots or dishes, their heads shaven with fragments of bottle glass, and every bone of their emaciated bodies showing through their wrinkled skins—are pictures of ugliness.

They seemed to be a merry, laughter-loving people, fond of games and jokes, very talkative, neat, and



MAKING POTS.

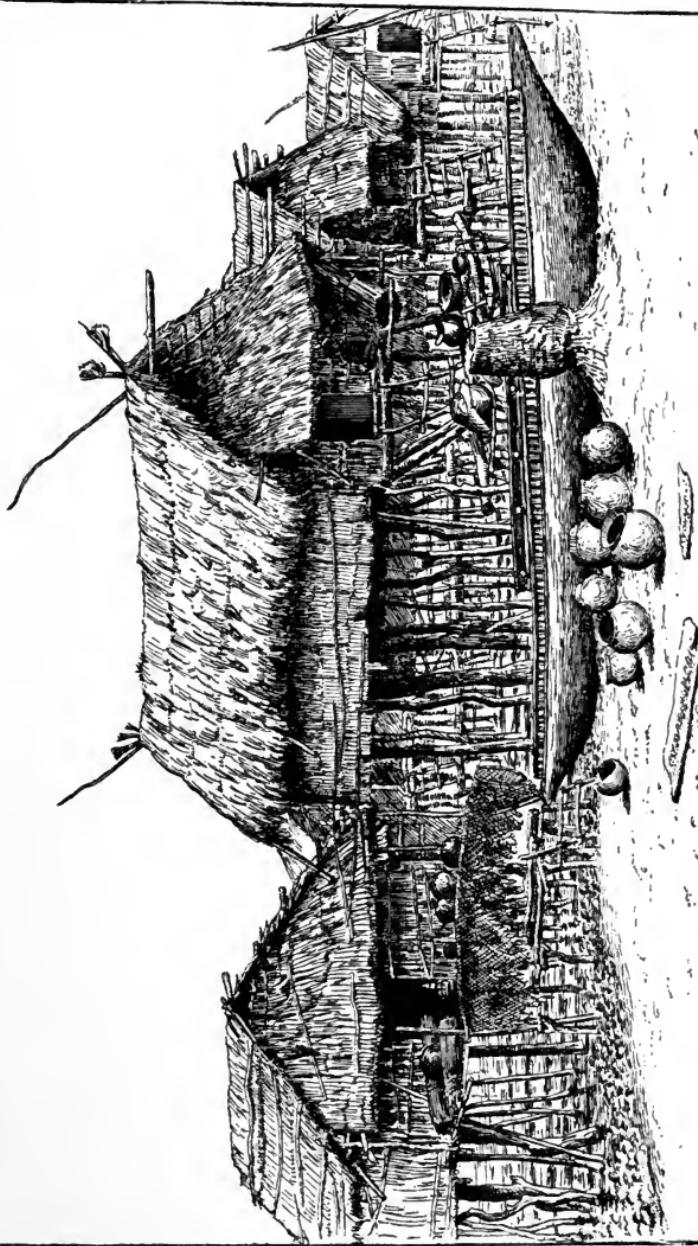
cleanly, and always anxious to trade and exchange. Taking them as a people, I liked them from the first.

As soon as possible, we took our things ashore ; Armit hiring the natives to carry them all to the top of a small hill, where he had leased a patch of ground. The natives took hold with determination. There was an immense quantity of goods to carry up from the beach ; but with so many it was a short piece of work. With their help the big tent was put up, and the place began to look like a white man's camp.

There seemed little chance for collecting just about the port ; and as Armit was not ready to start, father, Shelley, and I, each took all he could carry, and set out for Lapidoma, a native town about fifteen miles inland. We did not start till late in the afternoon. The steep range of hills near the port gave us a hard climb, but the view from the summit was lovely.

Below us lay the bay and the town of Bura-Bura ; to the right were barren rocky mountains ; on the left, a low range of hills, and beyond them coral reefs, and the wide-spreading ocean. On the other side, the view was equally fine. Below, a wide plain, extending to the base of the forest-covered Astralabe Mountains ; and beyond and above them, towering into the clouds, was the mighty mount, Owen Stanley.

Descending the well-trodden path, we emerged into the plain ; and, after a walk of five or six miles, put down our packs, erected our tent, and soon had supper



CHIEF'S HOUSE, BURA-BURA.



cooking. As there was no water where we camped, Shelley and I went back to a spring in a grove. It was just beneath three graceful sago-palms, and the water was clear and cool. The evening was fine, the full moon rose over the hills; and we were in such



MOUNT OWEN STANLEY.

good spirits, that we had a camp-fire song, and a chat over the prospects of the trip. We cut a lot of the long grass, with our knives, for a bed; and had a refreshing night's sleep.

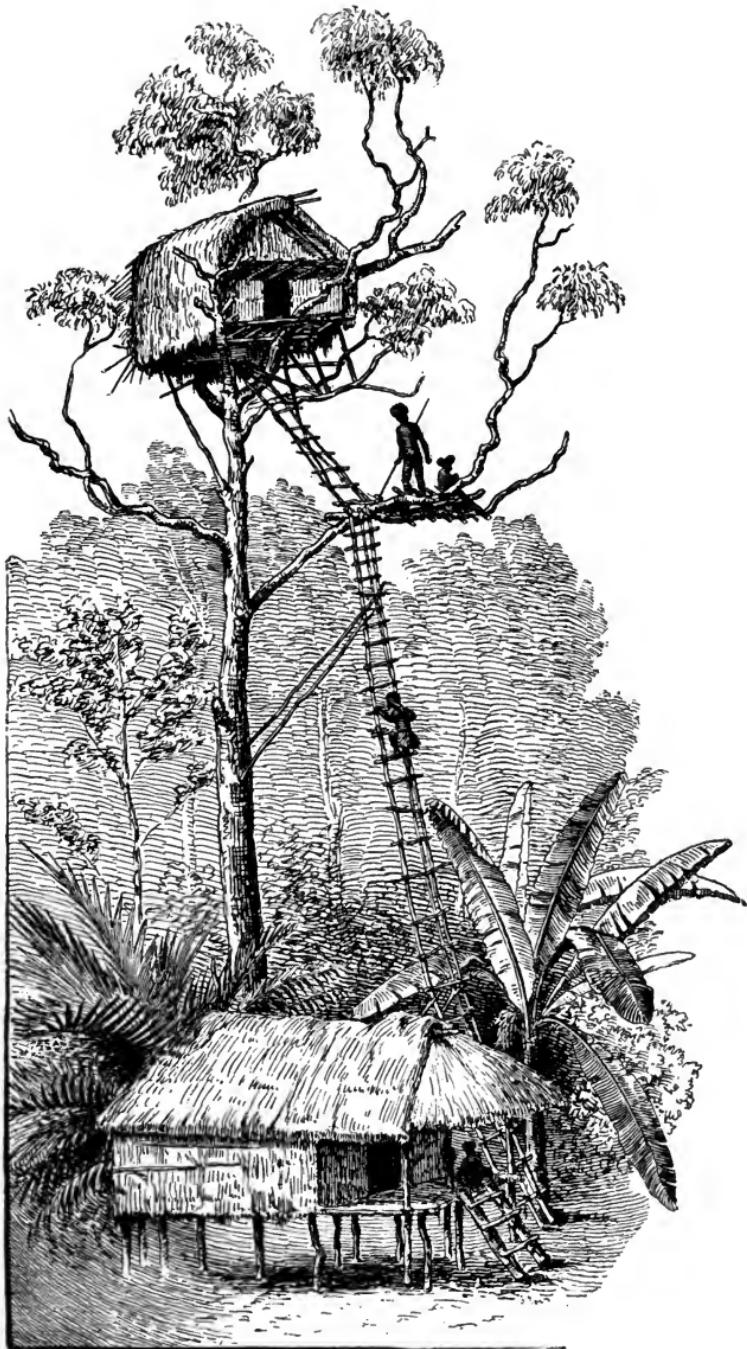
Early the next morning we started out, and kept on steadily until noon; when we took a bath in a clear stream, and lay down for a short nap under the trees. We were awakened by some one shouting, and found that the natives had discovered us. Shelley went to meet them; but they ran away at first, and it was not

until he made friendly signs, that they stood their ground. There were three of them, two men and a boy, of the Coyara tribe; and they were all trembling from fear or excitement.

After some persuasion, they came back to where father and I were. They seemed pleasant and friendly, and asked us many questions, and made motions; but we could not understand them, although they seemed to have no trouble in comprehending every motion we made.

We gave them to understand that we wished to go to Lapidoma, and they picked up our heavy packs and started off with them, seemingly pleased to help us. It was all we could do to keep up, and the perspiration was running down our faces before they halted for a rest. They took us directly to Lapidoma, where we arrived about four o'clock. This was a strange village, composed of fifteen or twenty houses, and surrounded by banana and sugar-cane plantations, situated at the base of the Astralabe Mountains.

What interested and surprised us most, however, was a number of houses in the trees; some of them at a height of sixty feet. They were well built, and rattan or bamboo ladders extended from the ground to just below the platform of the house. Father thought they were used to defend themselves from their enemies, in case of an attack; and we afterwards found that to be a correct idea. In the houses are often



PAPUAN HOUSE.



stored yams and tarus, wood and water, with a ton or two of stones to throw down at their enemies; and spears, in bundles, for the same purpose. The platform of sticks, below the house, is used to stand upon when throwing stones and spears; and with their primitive methods of cutting down trees, these houses must be almost impregnable to an enemy.

We put up our tent near the village, and concluded to wait for Armit and his men, rather than go any farther. Shelley started for the port with several native men, to bring up food and ammunition for our use; and came back with a good supply, late on the evening of the same day.

We were well pleased with the natives; for they were so honest that we never lost anything, although we frequently left our things in the tent while off collecting about the country.

They had a curious way of slapping themselves on the hip, when at all excited; and one old fellow, who rather prided himself on this accomplishment, could make a crack like the report of a pistol in this manner.

The first thing they do on seeing a stranger is to ask his name, and if he is hungry.

We shot several kangaroos for them, with which they were greatly pleased, and they kept us well supplied with sweet potatoes and sugar-cane.

They called father Mr. Dennis; Shelley's name they managed very well; but mine they worked industri-

ously over without ever getting right, and I went by the name of Shema, and Tehoty.

The men were not the lazy savages generally pictured to us. They worked in the gardens, carried heavy packs, and hunted the kangaroo and wild boar. The best of feeling seemed to prevail among them; and their village was the scene of dancing, merrymaking, and laughter.

When we hired the packers, we made them understand, by motions, what we would pay; and when the "carry" was over, the goods were placed on the ground, in order, and we put that which we had promised at each bundle. There was no scramble for the trade we gave, which consisted of sugar, salt, knives, and hatchets; and not until we informed them that all was settled, did they take what belonged to them.

Each person owned the property thus earned; and I well remember a little girl, not over ten years old, who carried a twenty-five-pound bag of shot, all day over the mountains, for the trade she obtained for it.

Armit arrived with his party, and we started for Narinuma, with a long train of packers. Irving had been left at the port to build a house; and our party consisted of Armit, Belford, Hunter, father, Shelley, and myself, besides about thirty packers, and several other natives, who accompanied us for the sport of it. Many of the women who took heavy loads had

babies, who sat on the top of the packs, clinging to their mothers' hair.

The morning was fine, but the paths led up very steep and rocky hillsides, and we had a hard day's climb. We did not carry any packs ourselves; and, had we started with any, we must surely have left them by the way. The view was, at many places, very fine. Sometimes we walked along a narrow spur or ridge only a few feet wide at the top, and so steep on each side that it made one feel dizzy to look down.

The canyons were filled with dark forests, and many birds that were unfamiliar to us were flying among the trees.

I shot a large kangaroo about noon; and, when the packers came up, they called a halt, and made a meal of him. They did not skin the animal, but singed the hair off, and then cut up the flesh and cooked it. They were not especially particular about what parts they ate, and the entrails were roasted and eagerly devoured.

We climbed higher and higher as the day advanced, and finally came to a steep and most difficult place to scale. It was little less than a precipice two or three hundred feet high, composed of broken and ragged lava rocks, with here and there a shrub or bunch of grass striving to grow in the crevices and chinks.

In places the rocks were covered with mud, which made them very slippery; and we had to advance with

great caution. How in the world the poor natives ever got up that place, many of them carrying one hundred pounds' weight on their backs, is a mystery. Father and I were very nearly exhausted when we reached the top. We took a good rest, and then started on over a nearly level country, covered with large trees. We noticed a great change in the vegetation from that which we had left in the morning. We saw oaks very like our own trees at home, and the grasses and mosses looked like those of a temperate climate. The air was much cooler; and the day, now far advanced, was like one of our early autumn days, when the heat of summer has passed.

We passed a thriving little village near a small creek, where we obtained a drink of cool water; and, after a two or three mile walk down a gentle slope, we arrived at Narinuma. It was a village of sixteen houses, besides five tree-houses, fifty or sixty feet from the ground. The village looked clean, and the houses tasty and very comfortable. One house, larger and stronger than the rest, was the visitors' house, or hotel, where strangers have a roof to cover them, and a comfortable place to sleep, free of charge. This we afterwards found to be the custom in all the villages. The largest and best house is for the stranger.

Narinuma is near the Lalloki River, on a rocky mountain overlooking the deep valley. This almost perpendicular rock, more than one thousand feet high,

is nearly flat on the top, where the town is located. Great bowlders, larger than the largest house, have fallen from the mountains above into the valley, and make it almost impassable.

The densest scrub, the steepest hillsides, the darkest



NARINUMA.

caves, and the clearest and coolest streams, are all within five minutes' walk of this wonderful place; so we concluded to make it our abode, for a time, at any rate.

Good paths lead in several directions, but woe betide him who leaves one; for he will get into a maze of wild vines and creepers, lose his way among giant bowlders,

or become entangled in a bamboo thicket, where he may work for an hour to regain the path. There are open, grassy fields within half a mile, and an almost level plain a short distance up the valley. Oh! such mountains as shut you in on all sides! They tower one above the other, extending back for miles, until you can scarcely say where the earth leaves off and cloudland begins. The roughest, most disturbed country I have ever seen, covered with tropical vegetation, and abounding with animals new and strange. The native gardens were in the valley of a tributary of the Lalloki River, and they grew many tropical fruits and vegetables.

I noticed the tobacco plant growing in the village, and wondered where they obtained the seed, for the plant originally came from America.

We put all our goods into one end of the large house, and made a bed by stretching cord across a rough wooden frame, and covering it with our blankets. Then we rigged up a table under the house, where we could skin birds.

The natives brought us bunches of bananas, and plenty of yams and sweet potatoes. We purchased two neta or melon trees, which grew at the back of the house, so that we might enjoy the fruit as it ripened, for the natives always pick the green fruit for cooking.

Mr. Armit and his party left a few days after we

reached Narinuma, and started inland on an exploring expedition. Father accompanied them; but little did we think, when he bade us good-by, that that was the last time we should ever see him. He looked well, and seemed in first-rate spirits; and was as enthusiastic over the expedition as any one. He wanted to see more of the natives, and learn all concerning the country he could, as he intended to make use, in his lectures, of what he learned. Had he ever returned, what a store of interesting information he could have given to the world!

Shelley and I went to work with a will, for we were bound to make the most of our time while in the country.

The bird skins began to accumulate, and we had a fair representation of what was found at the place, in a short time.

The forests were alive with birds of many kinds, and some of them the richest and most beautiful specimens the world contains.

Just below the village were many trees loaded with purple fruits, resembling plums, and there we used to go, to get the pigeons and parrots attracted to the place. Some of the fruit-pigeons were as large as ducks, and came down out of the trees and struck the ground with a thump. They were of many kinds and colors: some, green, with pink spots on their wings; some, slate-blue; others, brown and coppery-green; and one kind had a green back and purple breast. Many were good

eating, and we often preserved the skin and ate the body of the same bird.

The parrots were largely gregarious, and whole flocks of the gayest-colored birds could often be seen on a single tree.



RED AND BLUE RACKET-TAILED KINGFISHER.

In the thickest forest we found the red and blue racket-tailed kingfishers (*Tanysiptera*), the handsomest of the tribe; and, near the grassy plains, other species scarcely less beautiful. I secured several of a very small species (*Melidora*), hardly longer than a chickadee, with a shining blue back and a reddish breast. They were little gems.

We were at the place some time before we obtained the full-plumaged bird-of-paradise (*Paradisea raggiana*). The young males and females were quite common; but the old males, with the green throat and the long red plumes growing from the sides, under the

wings, were rare. We finally learned where and how to get them. They congregate in numbers, in certain trees, early in the morning and late in the afternoon, where they play about, spreading their plumes and displaying

all their charms, to the admiration of the females who sit by, watching the performance. They are not very wild at such times, and we had no trouble in approaching the "play trees." Even when shot at they soon return, and we sometimes got half there were in a tree. It is



BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

a rare sight to watch these superb birds flutter about in the trees. Their plumes almost hide them, when spread, and the body only of the bird can be seen in the centre of a red halo, which is constantly in motion. They are very noisy; and their voice is harsh and discordant, resembling our common crow, only not so loud.

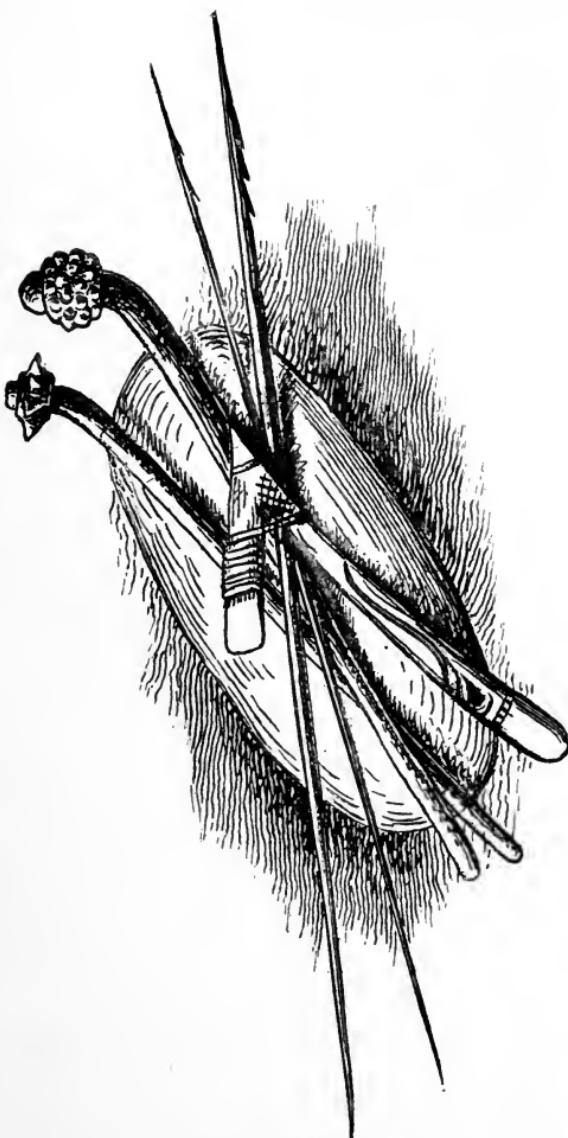
To enumerate and describe all the birds we obtained

would be tiresome, and I will only mention a few of the more interesting, as I go on with my narrative.

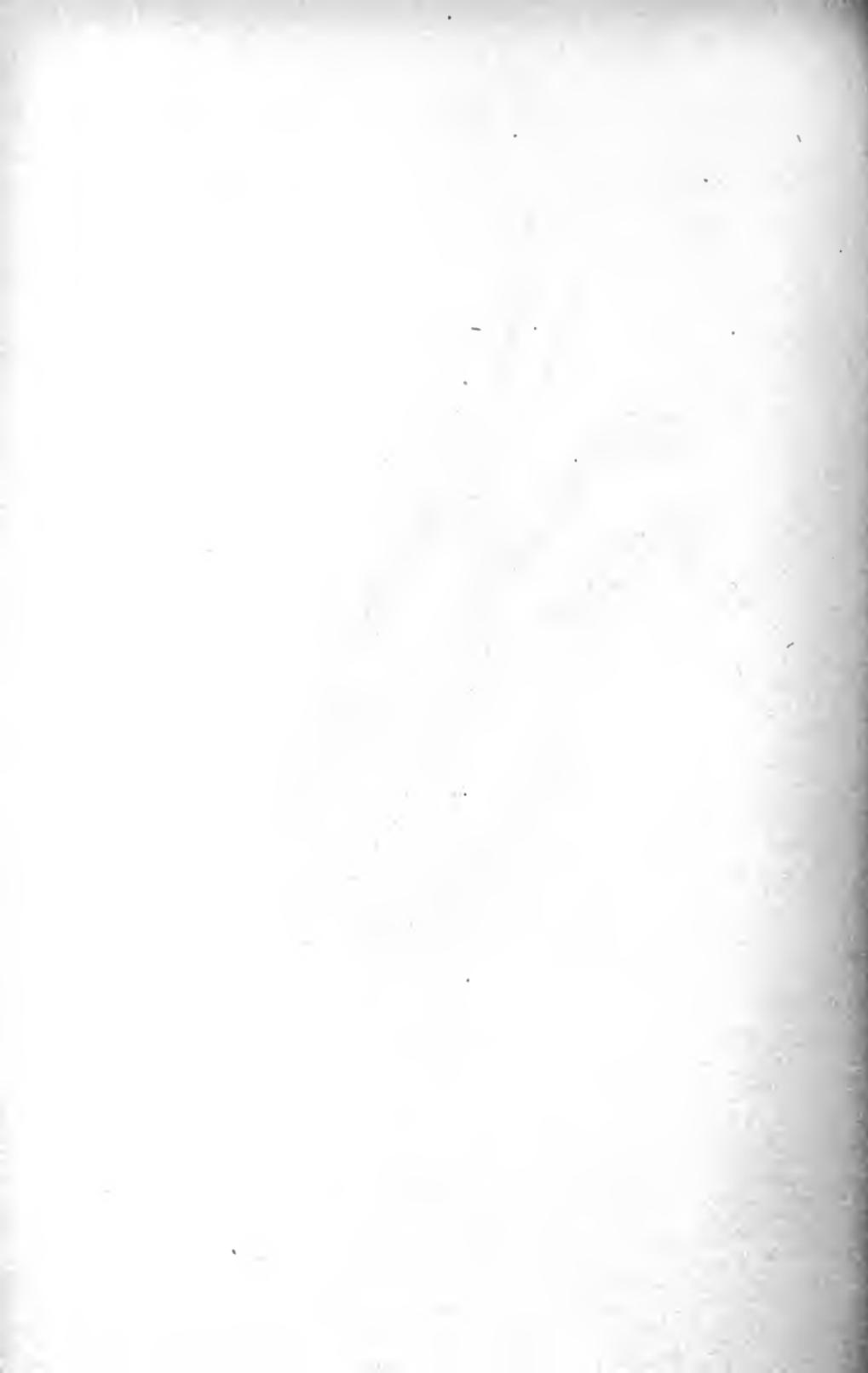
Our daily life at Narinuma was simple, and was regulated somewhat in this manner. We got up very early in the morning, cooked and ate our breakfast, and started out with our nets or guns. We returned usually about one or two o'clock, and after a good dinner went to work on our insects or birds, which generally kept us busy till near evening, when we had a light supper of fruit, retiring soon after dark. Sunday we did our washing, and cooked bread enough for the week. Very early in the morning, the ground about the houses was swept by the women, and was almost as hard and clean as a table. All the refuse went into heaps behind the houses, and some of them, composed mostly of sugar-cane "chankins," were as high as a man's head.

Many tame pigs, with snouts half as long as their bodies, and covered with long brown bristles, roamed at will about the village; and a small species of dun-colored dog, which neither barked nor bit, but only howled, was the occupant, with the owner, of nearly every house. They looked half starved; but I believe the natives when they are in need of food do not hesitate to eat them.

They had one only cat at Narinuma, which Lohier (the chief) had obtained in trade from some of the coast tribes, who probably got the original stock from



PAPUAN WEAPONS.



some vessel. This cat was a great pet, and they called him buss, probably meaning puss.

We had a great time learning their language ; and, at first, had to write every word on a piece of paper, and turn to it frequently. The common names of objects were the first words we learned, and then verbs and adverbs. We found the language very simple : one word often standing for several things ; and, as in English, a good many words that sound much alike mean very different things.

They have only two names for numbers, "egow" and "abooty," meaning one and two ; and, if they wish to count several, they use their fingers and toes, or make notches on a stick.

After our work for the day was done, we would sit in front of our house and watch the games of the villagers. They had wrestling, sham battles, spear throwing, and games played with round nuts, which they rolled on the ground.

The spear throwing was very interesting ; and the chief's brother was a good marksman, besides being expert at defending himself with a spear-proof shield. He would stand with the shield on his arm, and, no matter how thick and fast the spears came, he would stop or dodge them all. In the sham battles, they used harmless reeds instead of spears ; and the shouting and laughter, at such times, were almost deafening. Each side pretended to be in sober earnest, and charged and

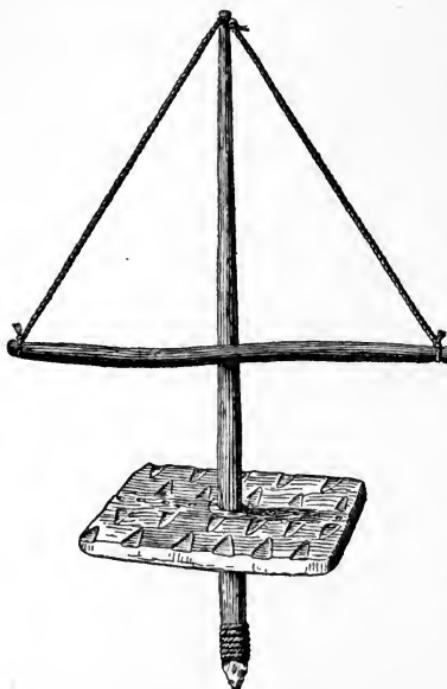
retreated very much as in actual combat. In all these games, the chief played a prominent part.

I remember one game in particular, that showed a great deal of skill. The space in front of our house

was almost as level as a billiard table, and a party of young men, each armed with a spear seven or eight feet long, would stand at one end of this space. One of the party would roll a pumpkin the size of a man's head along the ground with all the force he could command; a shower of spears would follow it, and the one who pinned it to the ground had the rolling of the pumpkin the next time. Sometimes

every spear hit the pumpkin, and it would be split into fragments.

We instructed the inhabitants in the game called "leap-frog," and it became a favorite with them. In this sport, the women were as enthusiastic as the men. Some would stoop to the very ground, while others only slightly bent their backs, and the frog conse-



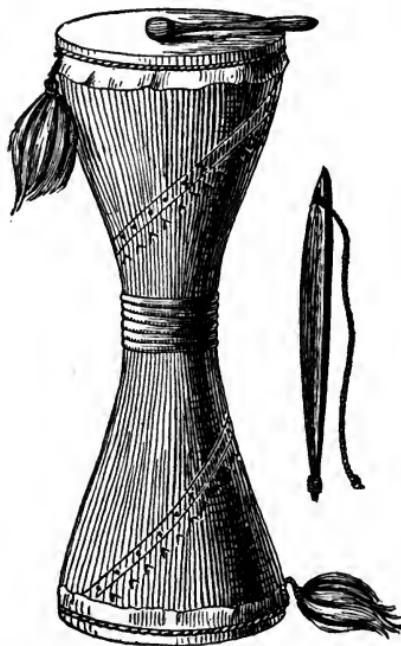
PAPUAN DRILL.

quently came to grief. They acted like a party of school-children on a romp; and I have laughed at their queer antics until the tears ran down my cheeks.

We tried to teach them base-ball, but it was rather too complicated for them.

An old English game called "jolly stag" suited them much better. They enjoyed seeing Shelley and me box, but never learned to use their hands as we did.

They had made some advancement in music, and had drums made of hollow, hourglass-shaped pieces of wood, with a head at each end made of the skin of a large lizard. They also had a small wooden instrument, very much like a Jew's-harp, only that the necessary vibration was given to the tongue by pulling a string instead of striking it with the finger. On pleasant evenings, two men and two women would stand on a large rock overlooking the valley, and sing for half an hour or more. Their songs were,



MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

many of them, to the sun, in praise of the fair day they had enjoyed, and their voices were clear and sweet.

The old chief, Lohier Macola, was, perhaps, the most interesting man in the village. He was fifty years old, I should judge, stout and broad-shouldered; and his body was so well covered with scars from the numerous battles in which he had taken part that, by placing my hand on him in the darkest night, I was sure of his identity. His face was dark, but he had an intelligent look; and he was a natural gentleman, modest and unassuming.

There were few things he enjoyed more than to question us about the white men and their country; and, while we were busy skinning birds, he would sit on the ground in front of us, asking questions by the hour. He would follow a subject into the details, and never leave it until it was exhausted of all interest. A single illustration will give a good idea of his method.

Question. What is the name of the food you eat, made into a large cake, out of a fine white powder?

Answer. Bread.

Question. What is the name of the powder?

Answer. Flour.

Question. Does it come from America?

Answer. From many parts of the world. Wherever white men live, they have flour.

Question. Does it grow, or do they dig it out of the ground?

Answer. It grows.

Question. Does it grow on a tree, on a bush, or on a vine?

Answer. It grows on a short stalk, which looks something like grass.

Question. How do they gather it? it is so fine, I should think it would get lost, or be blown away by the wind.

Answer. It is not so fine when they gather it, but is like little seeds.

Question. How do they make it so fine?

Answer. Crush it between two large stones.

Question. Does each man crush his own seeds?

Answer. No; some men make a business of doing that for a large number of persons.

Question. Do they give them trade for crushing the seeds?

Answer. Yes.

Question. Before the seeds are crushed, do they call them flour?

Answer. No; they call them wheat.

Question. Have you any of the seeds with you?

Answer. No. I wish I had; and you should have some.—And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Lohier was very fond of bread, and seemed to think, if he could only get some wheat and grow it in his garden, he would be a happy man. Whenever we had some crusts that were hard and dry, we would give

them to Lohier, and he would call all the children in the village, and, making them stand in a line, would give each a small portion. If there was any left after all were served, he would take a piece the size of a thimble, and nibble it slowly so as to enjoy it all.

When two adjoining tribes are friendly toward each other, they give frequent feasts. Several were given at Narinuma while we were there. For days they bring in bananas, yams, tarus, pumpkins, and sweet potatoes by the hundredweight; and on the morning set for the feast, several pigs are killed, singed, and the entrails taken out. They then build a large fire in a hole in the ground, which is stoned up and looks like a shallow well; and when the wood is reduced to a glowing mass of coals at the bottom, and the stones on the sides are red-hot, the pigs, wrapped in many thicknesses of banana leaves, are put upon the coals and covered with hot stones from another fire. The whole is then covered with earth, and when taken out, they are cooked through in the nicest possible manner, and nothing is lost. The vegetables are cooked in much the same manner, and by the time the guests arrive, a small mountain of nicely cooked food looms up in the centre of the village.

There is little done that day except to eat, play, sing, laugh, and dance; and toward night the visitors return home with merry hearts, and stomachs well distended. If I should state the amount I have

seen one man consume, there are few who could credit it.

At one of their feasts, a tribe from the north, many of whom had never seen white men, were invited; and, as may be supposed, we were the centre of attraction.

In the afternoon, while they were throwing spears at a shield, to see if any could put a hole through it, Lohier came along and wanted us to give them an exhibition of what a gun could do. I dropped a half-dozen pistol-balls into my shot-gun, and telling them to place the shield against a tree and all to get out of the way, I took deliberate aim, and fired. At the report of the gun many of the new-comers fell flat upon the ground, screaming and saying they were all killed. Others went to the shield, and seeing the holes through it and into the tree, never stopped to say good-by, but left for home on the double-quick.

One evening, just at sunset, we were surprised to hear several shots fired, on a hill just across the valley; and half an hour afterward, George Belford appeared, with a large number of natives from the interior. He had left the party at Shugary, and was on his way to the coast, with a number of packers, to get provisions and ammunition for the expedition.

Father had written us a letter, and was in good health, and doing very nicely. He said he had collected a large number of insects, and that the birds were very plentiful at Shugary.

Shelley and I concluded to go to the coast and bring back many things we needed.

We hired two natives to pack our things, and started away with George the next morning, bright and early. The day was fine, and we had a delightful walk to the coast, where we arrived about dark.

A good many of the natives had never before seen the ocean, except from a distance,—the coast tribes not allowing them to go down,—and, as they are very fond of salt—probably from eating so much fresh food — the first thing they did on reaching the shore was to wade in, and drink their fill of salt water. We remonstrated with them; but it was of no use, and some half-dozen were very sick in consequence. One would think they had had enough of it by that time; but when they came to go back, they filled large hollow bamboos with the salt water, and carried them home for future use. We remained one night at the shore; and the natives slept on the bare ground, back of the tent.

In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a noise, resembling the whining of dogs; and, on going out, found that it came from the natives. They were all curled up on the ground in a mass, which in the moonlight looked not unlike a knot of earth-worms; and when I asked them what the matter was, they answered they were cold. It was no wonder they were cold, lying on the damp ground without a par-

ticle of clothing. I went to the storehouse, and opening a bale of blankets distributed some among them.

Loading ourselves, and the natives we had hired, with provisions and ammunition, we returned to Narinuma, arriving there at evening, very tired.

As we remained at Narinuma a long time, and were collecting every day while there, we procured some splendid specimens of both birds and insects in the adjacent fields and forests, and I will briefly mention a few of the more interesting.

In the densest forest lives the pheasant pigeon (*Chalcophaps*), a bird the size of a bantam cock, and richly colored. His wings are rusty brown; rump and tail, blue and black, with metallic reflections; head, black; under parts, brown; and back, rusty brown, pink, or purple, according to the light in which he is seen. He is very shy, and lives mostly on the ground. We secured two only of this species.

A very plain, but, nevertheless, exceedingly interesting, species is the New Guinea bower-bird (*Chlamyodera*). The male sings sweetly, though it is not for his voice that this bird is noted, but for the bower or play-house that he constructs. It is composed of short sticks, placed on the ground in such a way that their tops meet, making a covered arch. At each end, the ground is littered for several feet with all the bright and gaudy things which the birds can find: such as

shells, pretty pebbles, small bones, nuts, fungi, fruits, parrots' feathers, beetles' wing-cases, etc. I once found one on which the birds had hung green and red fruits at both ends of the bower, making a wonderfully pretty display. This bower is by no means a nest, but merely a trysting-place or love-arbor. The birds run through this arch, chasing each other; the male chattering and singing, frequently stopping to pick up a shell or feather to show the female what pretty things he has gathered for her sake. Those who imagine animals cannot think or feel as humans do, should see this love-shrine made without hands, and watch the birds play and dance about the home of their affections. This bower-bird (there are several species) is about the size of a robin, and of a dull brown color.

The *talegallus*, or bush-turkey, is quite common in the eastern peninsula, where we were; and one frequently meets with the mounds they construct. The birds are about the size of a common fowl, of a dull black color, and are gregarious. They raise immense mounds of earth, leaves, and decayed wood in which to deposit their eggs; and a number of females lay in one mound. These mounds, usually placed in a very thick and gloomy part of the forest, are frequently twenty to thirty feet across, and as high as a man's head. It hardly seems possible that such a mass of materials could have been accumulated by a few birds not larger than hens; but a large mound has probably taken

years for its construction, a little being added each season. The eggs are deposited in holes dug several feet into the mass, where the warmth of the decomposing materials hatches them. The birds are generally to be seen about their mounds, but are shy and difficult to approach. They keep up an almost incessant cackle, both night and day, which is anything but musical, and is well calculated to make one bad-tempered when trying to get to sleep in their neighborhood. They have one redeeming quality. Their flesh and eggs are excellent eating.

A little bird that cost us many sleepless hours was a small goat-sucker that used to sit on a rock near the house in which we staid, and keep up an almost unceasing racket from dark until daylight. His only song might be expressed by the word "katup." He would say it once, twice, and then three times in succession; beginning again at one, with a regularity and monotony that would weary one. Many a night have I lain awake by the hour, wishing that his katup would choke him the next time he said it. I used to get up with the gun, creep cautiously to the door, and blaze away at the little fellow as he flew off; but it was so dark, and he was so shy and so very quick, that I missed him every time. Scarcely was I dozing again, than he would begin as regular as a clock. At last, I became desperate, and declared I would not stand it another night.

I stood at the corner of the house with the gun, and, at about the time the village became quiet, a fluttering object appeared over the rock. I pulled the gun to my shoulder, but he caught sight of the motion, and was off. In a few minutes he was back again ; and now his skin adorns my cabinet. I afterwards discovered that he belonged to a new species which had never been described.

While out in the forest on one of my bird-hunting expeditions, near Gidiaruma, I heard a very soft and long-continued whistle. It sounded very like a steam-boat whistle at a great distance, and it was with difficulty that I could tell from whence it came. It did not seem possible that any bird could make such a sound, and continue it for so long a time without an interruption. I became very curious to learn the origin of this sound, and set out to investigate.

I had not gone very far when I came in sight of two brown birds (*Rectes*) with black heads, and discovered that they were the whistlers. They sat so close on a branch as to touch, and they whistled together. The only time that the whistle completely died out was when they both stopped at the same time, which was not often.

On my way back that same day, another most remarkable sound attracted my attention. This was loud and coarse, and was not unlike the noise made by what is popularly known as the "devil's fiddle." As near as I can express it in words, it was "wow

wough," was uttered at intervals of a minute or so, and was enough to give one a fright. I thought it might, perhaps, be made by a large frog of some sort,



RIFLE-BIRD.

but concluded to know of a certainty; and set off down the mountain-side toward a thick scrub, half a mile away, from which the sound emanated. Arriving

at the spot, I found that the croaking came from a tree; and, cautiously pushing my way through the bushes, saw a black bird sitting on a branch a hundred yards away. As he turned his head, a gorgeous scaly shield of a metallic blue color, on his throat and breast, was revealed, making it evident that he was nothing less than the magnificent rifle-bird (*Ptiloris magnifica*), one of the loveliest and richest creatures in creation. He did not give me long to admire his plumage; for, with a guttural croak, he started off, every stroke of his wings squeaking as if two pieces of crisp silk had been rubbed together.

The ground was very rough, and the creepers and small vines made walking all but impossible; but I had been stimulated by that sight, and felt as though I must not fail to secure him. He did not fly far at a time, and seemed to have a certain district, beyond which he would not go. He was very wary, and I seldom obtained a glimpse of him, except just as he started from a tree, in the distance. It began to grow dusk, and I feared I should have to give up the chase. As I was debating whether to remain any longer, he alighted in a tree not far off, and I blazed away. I did not see him drop; but when I went to the spot, he lay stretched upon the ground, every feather in place. As I lifted him by his long beak, his breast and head sparkling with blue, purple, and gold, the rest of his plumage being like the richest black silk velvet, touched

here and there with purple gleams of light, I gave a wild shout of joy, that made the woods ring.

The greatest pests in tropical countries are usually flies of different kinds; but where we were they were not common, and mosquitoes were almost unknown. Perhaps the worst pests in the island are the fleas: the houses swarm with them, and it is almost impossible to keep them out of one's blankets. We tried smoking our blankets over a fire, putting camphor between them, and sprinkling with red pepper and kerosene. The latter method, although somewhat unpleasant for us, proved the most effectual.

While walking through the bushes, one frequently comes across nests made of green leaves, and spun together by webs. These are the homes of the green ants, and if any of them get upon the neck or hands, one will not soon forget them. They do not wait for an introduction, but introduce themselves, with a sharp nip. The bites do not hurt very badly at the time; but in a day or two they swell into lumps, remaining very tender and painful for several days.

The land-leaches, too, are a great nuisance; and if wandering in the woods after rainy weather (a time when they are most active), one is obliged to stop every few minutes to remove them.

They climb weeds and bushes beside the paths; and, at the sound of an approaching footstep, they reach out as far as their elastic bodies will permit, and attach

themselves to the victim. The bite is not at all painful, but one loses a good deal of blood from the wound.

Some of the handsomest and largest dragon-flies I have ever seen are found along the banks of the Lalloki River. Many of them are brilliantly colored, and even rival the butterflies in splendor. Butterflies were not numerous near Narinuma, while we were there, except perhaps half a dozen kinds. One species, which we called the ghost-butterfly (closely allied to our wood-nymphs), was creamy white, with an eyelike spot on each of the forward wings. It usually appeared at or near the mouths of caves, where its light color contrasted strangely with its sombre surroundings. The flight of this species is very slow, for I have often caught them in my hands while on the wing.

As Shelley and I were returning from one of our rambles, well loaded down with blankets, birds, and guns, we lay down on the grass, in an opening in the forest, to rest a few minutes.

A sudden exclamation from Shelley startled me from my comfortable doze, and, looking up, I saw a large butterfly flitting past. Alighting on a half-decomposed log, he opened and closed his gorgeous wings, which were a shining purplish pink for about two-thirds of their surface, the rest being a broad border of green, edged with black.

We had no means of catching him, and although we

tried the schoolboy trick of using our hats, he took alarm; and after circling once or twice around our heads, apparently just to show us how lovely he was, sailed away over the tree-tops. From the shape of his wings we concluded he belonged to the *ornithoptera*, but was probably a new species; and it remains for some future naturalist to catch and describe him. I really thought him the handsomest butterfly I ever saw; but one is apt to think a thing he loses better than that he gains. There is one more insect I wish to mention, before proceeding with my narrative.

Opposite our house was a flowering tree, some thirty feet high. One day, as we were eating our dinner, we saw two remarkable-looking butterflies, chasing each other about this tree. The under sides of their wings were jet black; while the upper were a bright yellow, and gleamed in the sunlight like polished metal. We both took our nets, and waited for them to come down; but as they kept near the top of the tree, we were finally obliged to climb up among the branches. We did not have long to wait there, for I scooped one in with my net, and the other left soon after. On opening the wings of my captive, I was almost dazed with the beauty of its coloring, as I had never before seen any living thing at all like it. The wings looked as if gold-leaf had been spread upon them. The insect measured about three inches across the expanded wing.

It was during the dry season that we were in Papua,

and, although occasionally there were terrific thunder-showers in the mountains, the valleys and plains near the coast were very dry.

It is at this time that the natives set fire to the grass (which will readily burn), in order to better get at the kangaroos and wild pigs that are so abundant. We were present at one of their hunts, and a description of it may prove interesting.

The grass had been burned over a large tract of country; but patches, of several acres in extent, had purposely been left, in which the game was very plentiful, it being their only hiding-place and feeding-ground.

Early one morning, Shelley and I started off to the Lalloki River for birds. As the natives were hunting, we stopped on the way to watch the performance. Some two hundred men surrounded one of these unburned patches, and commenced beating the grass with their spears, throwing stones, and shouting, to frighten the animals toward the centre of the patch; gradually closing in on the game, till all the animals, which had originally occupied hundreds of acres, were confined in a space of one or two; a line of men, armed with spears, surrounding them. The pigs were the first to make a break for liberty, rushing at their foes, who everywhere walled them in.

The men did not throw their spears as usual, but waited until the animals were near enough to run

through the body; then they left the carcases lying where they fell, until the hunt was over.

Some of the pigs were very desperate, especially one old boar, which, with a spear sticking through his sides, made a rush at the men, one of whom he



KANGAROO.

knocked down, tearing his throat open with his tusks. He wounded another in the leg, and tore, in a terrible manner, the arm of a third.

The native first attacked, afterward died from his injuries; but the other two recovered.

Some of the larger kangaroos showed fight, and

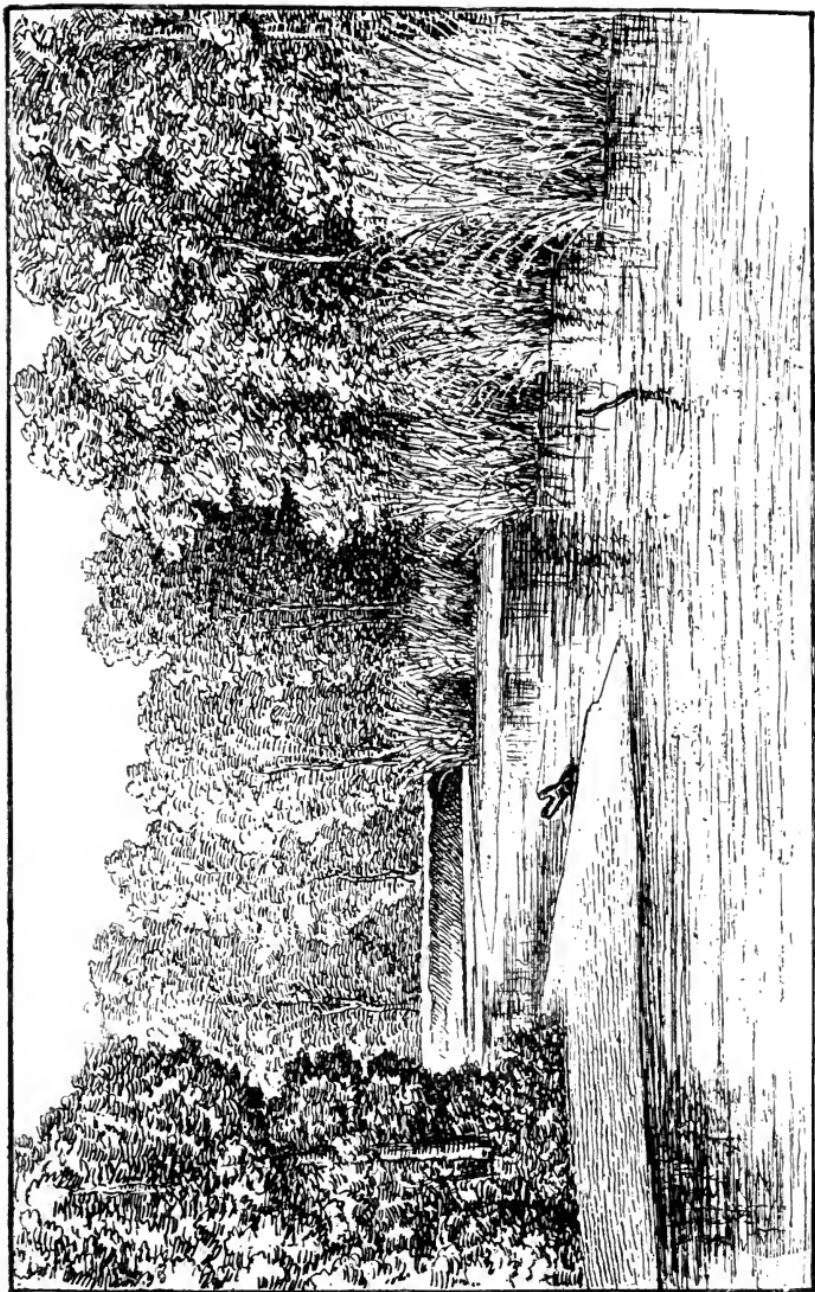
several of the men were severely scratched by their long claws. Sometimes a kangaroo would leap entirely over the line of men, and escape uninjured; but many of them, by far the larger proportion, met their death by the spear.

Taken altogether, it was a very exciting scene; and, at a little distance, looked not unlike a desperate battle.

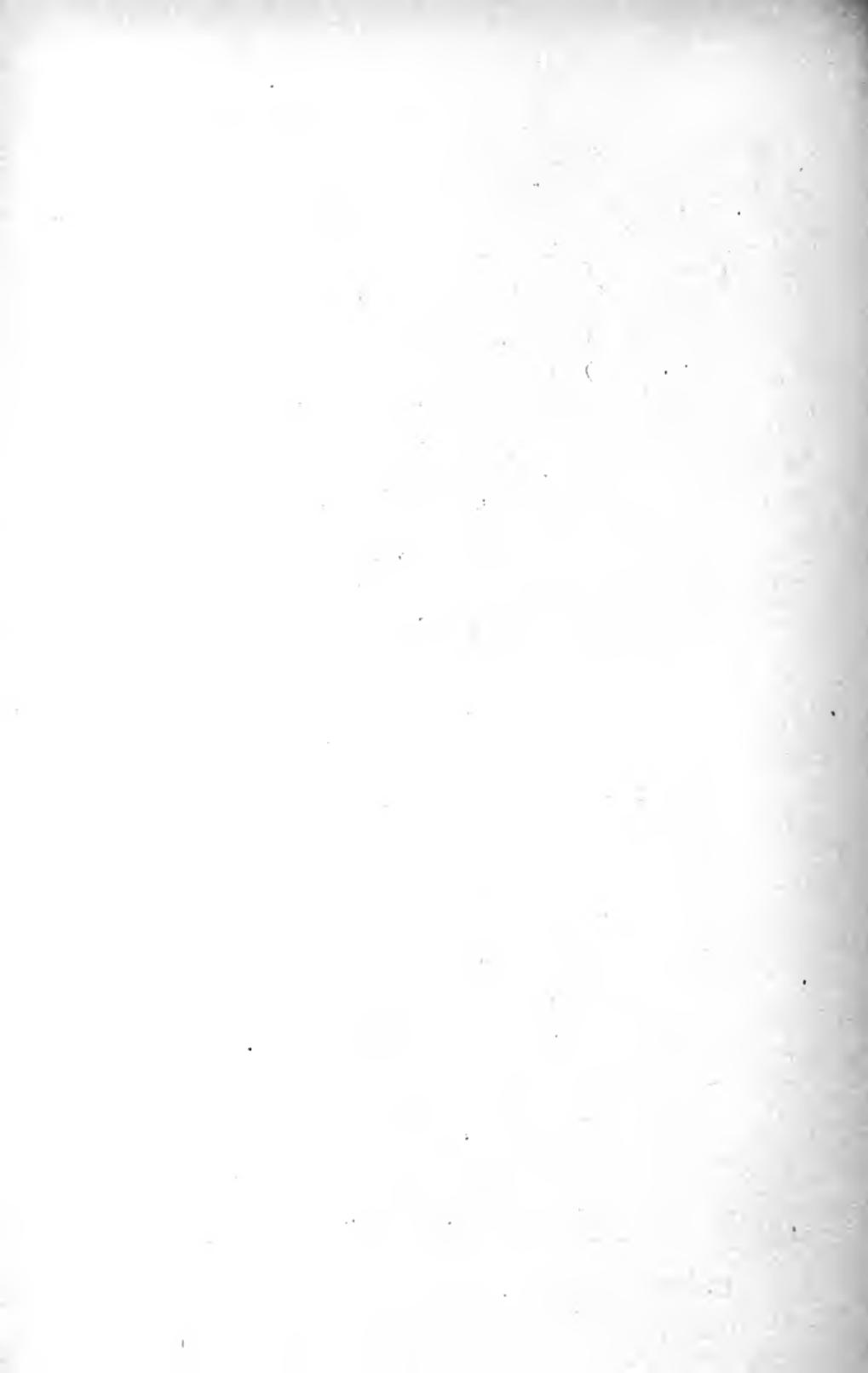
After the hunt was over, the animals were dressed, cut up into convenient pieces, and smoked, on a platform built of sticks, over a fire. Afterwards, this dried, smoked meat was stored in their houses until needed for food.

We left the natives at their meat-drying, and went on our way across the level plain until we came to the river, which we followed up some distance. A good camping-ground was found, where we arranged our things for a several days' hunt. On each side of the river was the plain; but a belt of forest bordered the stream, where we found many birds and insects unfamiliar to us. This territory belonged to a strange tribe, and toward evening one of their number made his appearance on a little knoll, not far away. We tried to persuade him to come down and see us, but he appeared frightened, and soon went away. In a short time he returned, bringing some sweet potatoes and sugar-cane, which he held up to show us, then dropped upon the ground, and ran away.

We accepted his present, leaving in return a few



SCENE ON THE LALLOKI RIVER.



beads and a spoonful of salt, tied up in a paper. In this way he brought us fruits and vegetables as long as we remained there. He would sit on the knoll by the hour, watching us skin birds, occasionally coming near enough to pick up things we threw to him, but never coming to the camp.

Early one morning, I went to the river for a drink. As I dipped my cup into the water, I was startled by a slight movement at my right; and, looking in that direction, I beheld a large crocodile, not more than ten feet away. He had lain so quietly that I had mistaken him for a log; but, as may be imagined, I did not remain to determine his species. Our bath, the previous evening, at that place, would not have been so enjoyable had we known the proximity of this scaly monster.

We came across delicious nuts at this place, which grew quite abundantly in the forest. They looked like large reddish-purple plums, the size of a swan's egg; and under each of the trees where they were to be found were stones on which the natives had cracked them. We concluded they must be eatable, and found the kernel sweet and well flavored.

One day when we were both out shooting, we heard a most remarkable noise, that for a long time puzzled us. It sounded exactly like the puffing of a locomotive half a mile away, and we came to the conclusion that a party must be coming up the river in a steam-

boat, exploring the country, as we could account for the puffing in no other manner.

Imagine our astonishment when we learned that this "chu chu" was made by the flapping of the wings of a large bird, the hornbill, as he flew lazily from tree to tree. There are many birds that make sounds with their wings when flying. Some ducks, pigeons, and plovers whistle so that they may be heard several rods; but I never dreamed there was a bird that could be heard in this manner at the distance of half a mile. It is enough to frighten one to hear this sound in the depth of the forest.

The hornbill is as large as a turkey, and lives among the tall trees. It is said that the female excavates a nest in a tree-trunk, and that the male walls her in with mud; where she remains until her eggs are hatched, and the young are able to fly, the male supplying her and the young with food. One writer says that the female leaves the nest in a very rusty condition, and I don't wonder at it.

We saw the little king-bird-of-paradise (*Cicinnurus regius*) here, and shot several specimens. They are the smallest of the tribe, but no less lovely than others. The color of the back and head is a deep orange-red; the abdomen is white; plumes banded with shining green spring from the sides; and the tail is adorned with two wire-like feathers, on the ends of which are two circular button-shaped webs of

green. The feathers of the head and neck are short and thick, and look like plush. We saw them most commonly in the low growth of the forest; and that is, doubtless, their *habitat*. The female is quite plain in comparison with her mate, as is the case with all the paradise birds with which I am acquainted.

On one occasion, as I was looking for a bird that was whistling from the top of a high tree, I heard



KING-BIRD-OF-PARADISE.

something trampling among the dry twigs on the ground. At first I thought it was a native; and, wishing to see what he was about, I kept very quiet, when to my surprise I saw a large cassowary coming directly toward me. Having nothing but small shot in my gun, I waited until he was within eight or ten feet, and then fired directly into his neck. There was a terrible jumping and thrashing around for a minute or two, and then the giant bird started up the hill, on

the other side of a creek. I started in pursuit, in great haste, and had no difficulty in tracking him by the blood spattered on the leaves. He gave me a long chase, but I finally came across him in a gully, and brought him down with a charge of big shot. I had to skin him on the spot, and the skin alone was a heavy load. He was nearly or quite as large as a man, and his body would probably have weighed one hundred pounds. They are said to be good eating, but we found him very tough, and not so good as the pigeons.

We came upon a burial-cave on one of our excursions into the woods, and it was a weird place, enough to startle even the bravest.

This cave was a natural one in the side of a hill, and had been used by the people as a burial-place for many years, judging by the accumulation of skeletons in and about it. There were hundreds of them, and skulls with their empty sockets stared at us from every side. Many of the bodies were in sacks or nets, and some were quite fresh, and could not have been placed there many days before our arrival. One skeleton, the dried flesh still clinging to the bones, sat at the mouth of the cave keeping guard over the ghastly place; while a dead baby in a net hung by a branch of a tree near by. I left, feeling sick and heavy of heart.

We started for Narinuma that very afternoon; and were glad to get back among our friends, and into our house, which almost seemed like a home to us.

CHAPTER XI.

Boundary Lines — Public Meetings — A Midnight Scene — A Funeral — The Coyara a Secularist — He has Good Teeth — Waboota — Roboor, and how he got a Wife — A Lovely Savage — Lohier Tries Match-making, and gives us a Surprise.

THERE are distinct and well-marked boundary lines between the lands owned by different tribes ; and, when one tribe wishes to communicate with another, they go to the line, where they call, or blow a shell horn, to bring their neighbors within speaking distance. Should a man of one tribe be found on the land belonging to another, he is regarded as an enemy, and immediately taken prisoner. Permission is often given by a tribe for their neighbors to go through their territory, but always with an escort. When I went out shooting, with a native to carry my birds, I could never get him beyond certain limits : he would tell me that his land went no farther, and that he dared not go beyond.

On one occasion, when Shelley and I were out, we decided to go to the town of Boyeruma ; and went across the little river, that divides the two territories, without calling to let the natives know we were coming. We walked into town just as the inhabitants were at dinner ; and I should judge there were about one hundred of them sitting on the ground, each with

a large leaf for a plate, on which was mashed pumpkin and yam. They were having a very jolly time; but the moment they saw us, they scrambled to their feet, with piercing yells; jumped the fence, back of the houses; and waded the river, in a perfect stampede. We called to them that we were friends; but that only seemed to frighten them the more, so we laid our things down, and had a hearty laugh at their expense. At last a brown head peeped out from behind a tree, and the owner asked us what we wanted, and why we did not tell them we were coming. They finally all came back, but some were covered with mud and others badly scratched in their scramble over the fence.

The Papuan is a curious mixture of mirth and seriousness. When he is jolly, his laugh rings out joyous and hearty; but when there is anything weighing on his mind, he is sober and seldom speaks.

The people hold meetings in the woods, where they discuss various things of importance; and we sometimes came across a group of them seated on the ground, with the chief in the centre, holding what appeared to be a political meeting. These meetings were generally held some distance from the villages, in small clearings in the woods, where the trees had been cut down for that purpose. The women took part as well as the men, and seemed to have just as much to say as to what was to be done. The chief heard all the

suggestions, and then gave his ideas on the subject; after which a vote was taken, and the question settled accordingly.

Sometimes, when we were skinning birds under our house, we would suddenly notice that the village was very quiet; and, on looking about, find that every living being had left. Not only were all the people gone, but the dogs and pigs had marched off with them, as if by instinct; leaving the place as deserted as a graveyard at midnight. Why they left, or where they went, was a mystery; for they would not be gone very long, sometimes returning the same day.

They went off in this manner one afternoon, and did not return at evening, so we thought they were going to make a night of it; but it rained heavily soon after dark, and about midnight we were awakened by a great noise; and, on looking out, saw the party returning, Lohier at the head with a torch. The children were crying, the women scolding, the dogs howling, and the pigs grunting and squealing. As they slowly groped their way along the wet and slippery path, with the dark forest on each side, the only light coming from Lohier's torch, they presented a strange, weird appearance, equal to the scene in Macbeth where the witches dance about the caldron.

The Coyara is very kind to his wife and children; and, all the time we remained among them, we never saw a child punished, or a woman ill-treated. The

children were very quiet, and seldom cried; but there was one noted exception to this rule: nearly every night the inhabitants of the whole village were awakened by the shrieks of a child. Her mother was very patient, and I used to hear her say, "*Bidica, bidica! Coyara arta yargima, lass. De avier kikini de yaba yaba momonarty. Negato de ellegim vany momo. Negato de aneane momo. Yaba yaba lass.*" In other words, "Goodness gracious! Coyara men cannot sleep. You are a small child, but you cry very loud. To-morrow, you will see the sun. To-morrow, you will have plenty to eat. Don't cry."

There was one death in the village while we were there, and we had a chance to witness their funeral ceremony. The corpse, that of a little girl, was laid upon a leaf mat on the ground; and the mother, her body smeared with a mixture of charcoal and grease, making her as black as a well-polished stove, sat upon the ground in front of it, and sang and wept a great part of the day. At evening, a small group of men and women gathered about the place, and sang several songs, in which the child was spoken of as a good little girl who helped her mother, and was kind to her playmates. After darkness had gathered about the village, the procession started; and, with torches to light the way, carried the body to the burial-ground on the opposite side of the valley.

When they returned, I questioned Lohier about his

ideas of a future life, and asked him what became of people after they died. He caused me to understand that they went into the ground, where their bodies soon decomposed, to make fruits and flowers for the enjoyment of those who were to come after. I could not find out that he had any idea of a soul, or land of bliss in which it was to reside. This surprised me very much, as I had been led to think that the belief in a future state of existence is universal ; and that the most uncivilized races of mankind believe in the soul and a place of rest. The Coyara is a secularist : he has no priest to pay, no hell to torment his imagination ; and takes his heaven with his wife and children as he goes along.

A dentist would never make a living in New Guinea, as the people have such strong and handsome teeth that they seldom need one. *We* eat so much soft food, and give our jaws and teeth so little exercise, that it is no wonder we are, many of us, *edentates* before we are thirty.

Nature never gives an animal tools unless there is work to be done with them ; and if an animal is well provided with good tools, and ceases to use them, they become smaller and smaller in each succeeding generation, and finally disappear.

The natives chew sugar-cane every day of their lives, and if there is anything that requires strength of jaws and teeth, that is the article. It always gave me a

pain in the jaw, after a time. I had one thing in my favor, however. I could peel off the woody outside bark with a strong knife, leaving only the inside fibre to chew. But the natives had no knives except those we gave them, and they were regarded as too precious to be used in peeling sugar-cane.

Seated in the door of his house, with a stick of cane, six or eight feet long, the native would commence at the large end and rip off the bark with his teeth, using force enough to pull or break the teeth of a Caucasian. No wonder their teeth were good. If we could grow a well-flavored sugar-cane here, and get people into the habit of chewing it for a few generations, store teeth would become unpopular. But if we got the cane to suit in every way, some enterprising Yankee would invent some machine to do the chewing for us, and we should soon be as badly off as ever.

The Papuan utilizes the great strength of his jaws and teeth in another way. The forests are often thick with vines and creepers, and one frequently becomes so entangled that it is a work of several minutes to get free. I carried a strong knife to cut the vines; but the native uses his teeth, and clips them off much as a seamstress bites thread while at her sewing.

They will bite through a tough creeper, or rattan, the size of a pencil, at one snap, leaving the two ends dangling from the trees. I once tried to see what I could do in that line on a rattan about the size of a

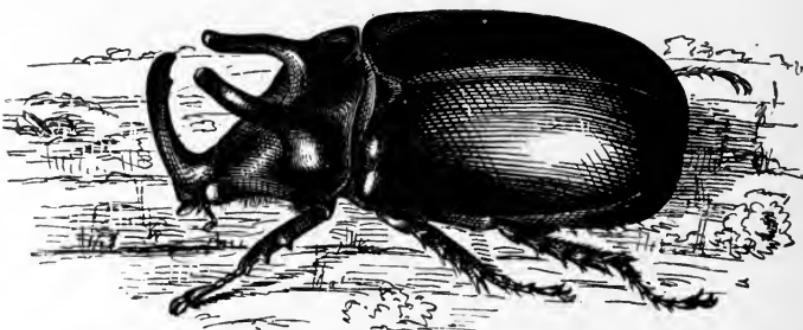
telegraph wire, and it might as well have been wire, for all the impression I made upon it.

The drinking-vessels of the people were interesting. They were made of the largest bamboo, and were six to eight feet long. The partition at each joint had been knocked out, and a wad of leaves answered for a stopple. They held a great deal of water, but to obtain a drink from one required skill. If one tipped the end a trifle too high, he received quite a deluge of water.

There was a little boy at Narinuma named Wabouta, who was a born naturalist. He was, perhaps, ten years old; but he knew where various insects could be found, and, moreover, had an eye to trade. He was often about where we were, skinning birds or killing and drying insects; and his mother could scarcely persuade him to go to his meals. The moment he was in possession of his roasted yam and leaf of mashed pumpkin, or "moushna," back he would come, to watch us while he ate.

One day he brought us a monstrous black beetle, two inches and a half long, for which we gave him a few beads. He asked if we wanted more, and upon our telling him we would take all he could get, he started off on the run. We did not see him again till evening, when he came in, bringing three more of the same kind. He said he obtained them in bamboo; but that it was hard work, as he had no knife to split the reed open. The next morning, we let him take a

strong knife, and a quart can to put his beetles in; and, before night, we were surprised to see him returning with the can completely full of these enormous insects. He had found a nest of them and taken all there were. We gave him a small knife for the lot, and he departed, happy. Sometimes we let him take



BAMBOO BEETLE.

our nets and bottles to catch butterflies, and he generally did as well as, or better than, we could have done ourselves, so that we owe many of our finest specimens to Waboota.

I had a favorite young fellow named Roboor, who often used to go shooting with me, and I became quite attached to him. He was quite dark, almost black; but had a pleasant face, and was always ready for a tramp. His hair was a perfect bush of kinky fuzz, and stood up on his head in a mass as large as a half-bushel measure. He wore no clothing, and his well-shaped body reminded me of some Roman statue. He possessed a

keen eye and a quick ear, and many were the birds he helped me get.

One day, when we were out together, I shot several birds, which were spoiled; so I gave them to Roboor, thinking he would like them for his dinner. We were sitting under a large wild fig-tree, where pigeons and other birds came in numbers, to fill their crops. Roboor seemed much pleased with the birds; and, after carefully picking and cleaning, wrapped them up in leaves, and tying them round with vines, in lieu of string, put the whole into his bush of hair, which was his only pocket. I was curious to see what he did with his birds, after taking so much pains with them; so after we arrived home, I observed that he went to a house, at one end of the village, and called to a young woman, who was talking with her mother. The young girl laughingly received him, and they strolled away, just outside the town, where they built a fire. Then Roboor took the birds in their leaf-wrappers out of his bushy hair and placed them on the fire; and when they were done, the lovers, for such they were, sat laughing and talking together while they ate their birds. The next day, when we went shooting, I asked Roboor if he loved the girl. He bashfully admitted that he did; but drew a heavy sigh, as if his case was well-nigh hopeless, saying that he was too poor to marry her.

"You are young and strong," said I. "Why do you

not go to work and earn enough to support yourself and your sweetheart?"

"You do not understand," said he. "I have a good garden that would supply what food we wanted; besides, I can throw the spear farther and truer to the mark than any other man in Narinuma, so I can get plenty of kangaroos and pigs; but they will not buy the girl. Her mother wants an axe for her, and that I cannot grow in my garden, or hunt in the forest with my spear." Here the poor fellow groaned, made several disparaging remarks on his prospective mother-in-law, and finally said that, if he did not love the girl so dearly, he would go away to another part of the country, and never come back again. He wanted to know if I had ever heard of such a case as his in my country, and seemed to forget half his troubles when I told him it was quite a common occurrence there; and that the man with the greatest wealth had the advantage over a poorer man, be he ever so skilful.

"But, my good fellow," said I, "you need not despair. I have an axe or two left; and, if the possession of one is the only obstacle to your happiness, you shall have it. Now, I want many paradise birds; for, in my country, people think more of them than of axes; and, if you will help me get as many birds with the long plumes as you have fingers on both hands, you shall have the axe the day we get the last one." He started to his feet, eagerly urging me to go some

fifteen miles with him, to a place where he assured me we could find the birds. I told him I was too tired that day, but the next morning he was waiting outside the door before sunrise. He raced me up and down the mountain-sides at such a rate that I heartily wished he were not quite so ardent. Hearing a bird a mile away, he would start through the forest on a run, shouting for me to follow. He would point out birds where I could only see green leaves, and make me jump with his sudden exclamations as they flew overhead. As each new one was added to the number, he would hold up his hands, calculating how many were still wanting, and never wishing to go home until we bagged one more. He seemed afraid something might happen to spoil the bright prospect before him, so was eager to perform his part of the contract promptly. At last, the ten good birds were procured (and they were good ones), and the axe earned.

I was present when Roboor bought his wife. The mother asked a great many questions, and did not seem to favor the match; but, in the end, was obliged to relinquish her daughter. They were married the following morning. I intended to be present; but, my attention being called to other things, I did not arrive till rather late, when the ceremony was being concluded with a wild dance, and singing by a chorus of girls.

Roboor never forgot what he thought was a great generosity on my part, and often brought me a bunch

of bananas from his garden, or a piece of meat from a freshly killed pig or kangaroo. He built a house at the end of the village, and I often saw him and his wife love-making as they sat together on their veranda.

Specimens of feminine loveliness are not numerous in Papua; but, on rare occasions, even there may be seen a face and figure which combine many of the finer qualities of beauty. The Papuan girl has no art to add to her beauty, and must stand the test almost, if not quite, as nature made her: she has no crimps or puffs, few ornaments, and her form is only slightly hidden by the short grass petticoat, so that any make-up is impossible.

Once, when out shooting a long distance from our house, near a village on the side of a mountain, I was surprised to meet a strikingly handsome girl returning from the gardens. There was a startled look about her, such as I have seen in a surprised deer; and, "quick as thought," she turned, with a little scream, to run away. I spoke pleasantly, telling her I intended no harm; that I was tired and hungry, and wanted to know the way to the village. At the same time, I held out a small string of beads, some of which I always carried about with me. Her fear gradually vanished; and, at the sight of the beads, she began to smile, and timidly held out her hand, holding herself in readiness to fly down the path at the slightest warning. I should judge she was sixteen or seventeen years old,

rather tall, but of a fine form, and as supple and graceful as a swan. She was very light, and the warm blood glowed through the slight brown color of her skin, giving her a clear and remarkably rich complexion. Her hair was brown and curly, and clustered about her face in the prettiest possible manner.

Her eyes were dark, with a mischievous twinkle; her nose was straight; and her mouth, handsome enough for a Venus, had a dimple at each corner when she laughed, which I have no doubt had sadly disturbed the heart of more than one Papuan youth. Altogether, she was a beauty, and I wondered at the circumstance that produced such a face and figure in such a place.

She took the beads, laughing, and half afraid, and agreed to take me to the village. As we became better acquainted, I found her very talkative; and she went on at such a rate, that I could scarcely understand her. Everything I said seemed to amuse her, keeping her laughing most of the way to the village. She said her mother had a house, and that they had plenty of good food, and invited me to supper. She offered to carry part of my load, which was not light by any means; and we walked up the path together, chatting like old friends.

Her father was dead, and she and her mother lived by cultivating a small garden, in the valley, where they raised bananas and sweet potatoes.

We reached the village at last, where I met the girl's mother; and, tired and hungry, I was very glad to partake of their hospitality. Our supper consisted of pumpkins, bananas, and kangaroo. I staid till quite late in the day, and then my handsome hostess started out with me, to show me the right path for Narinuma. She was very pleasant, full of fun and laughter, and the loveliest savage I have ever seen. She came over to Narinuma once or twice, carrying large bunches of bananas, to trade with us. The old chief said she was a pretty little girl, and that her mother was very fortunate in having such a handsome daughter, as she would get a large quantity of trade for her when she sold her for a wife.

One day, after we had been in Narinuma a good while, and had learned enough of the language to be able to talk freely, Lohier came to us, and by his actions we judged he had something very important to say. We were skinning birds under the house, and he sat on the ground in front of us, as usual, evidently not knowing just how to arrive at what seemed to be uppermost in his mind. He began by asking if we liked the Coyara men and their country, and when we told him they had treated us very kindly, and that their country was as beautiful and fertile as any we had seen, he seemed pleased, and looked as if he had gained a point.

"Is it as warm and comfortable in America as at Narinuma?" he asked.

"Not always. Sometimes it is very cold," said I.

"Are the birds, trees, and flowers as nice where you live?"

"No."

"Are white people any happier than Coyaries?"

"Perhaps not so happy. Their land is not so productive, and they have to work very hard."

"Are white men very numerous?"

"Yes."

"Are white women as handsome as white men?"

"Some of them."

"Do they wear the same kind of clothes?"

"No: they wear petticoats."

"Do white men have one wife, or many?"

"Some have one wife; others, several."

"Have you wives in America?"

"No."

"Have you sweethearts?"

"No: we have had, but they are all married."

"How do you like the Coyara girls?"

"Some of them are very handsome and pleasing."

"Would you like to get married in New Guinea?"

"Well, that depends on circumstances."

"Have you seen any Coyara girls as handsome as the girls in America?"

"Yes: some fully as handsome."

"How much do you pay for a wife in America?"

"Some are very expensive, and others very cheap."

Generally the expense comes after they are married. The parents of some girls are so anxious to dispose of their daughters that they buy husbands for them."

Lohier laughed, and rolled on the ground, evidently thinking that a great joke.

"How do the girls of Narinuma please you?"

"They are very sociable."

"Would you marry any you have seen here?"

"Hardly. You see, Lohier, we came a long, long distance to get to Narinuma; and, as we are rich and very good-looking (?), we ought to have the best your country affords."

Up started Lohier, with a whoop and a yell that echoed through the town, and was off.

We had a laugh at his curious questions, and at the way he left us, and went on with our work, thinking no more about the whole affair.

We did not see him for several days, and were told by those whom we asked, that he had gone away, but would soon be back.

As we were preparing our dinner, one afternoon, a titter and giggle were wafted to our ears ; and, looking round, we beheld Lohier in the midst of a group of girls, some fifteen or twenty in number. A broad smile lit up the dusky face of the chief, and the girls, many of them of superior beauty, were laughing and peering at us over each other's shoulders. In their hair, they all wore flowers, and bands of green leaves adorned

their arms and ankles. Each maiden had on her best striped petticoat, and some wore necklaces of dogs' teeth, and feather ribbons. It was a beautiful sight, and much we wondered what it was all about.

At length the chief, stepping forward, said he had been a long way; had visited the largest towns of his country; and had brought back with him the most beautiful women belonging to the tribe. He hoped we would each select one that pleased us, marry her, and settle down among the Coyaries. We were rich, and could easily buy a nice garden: and all the men in Narinuma would help us build a house, where we and our children could live and be happy.

We then saw that what we had considered a joke, Lohier had taken in earnest. I did not see just how we were going to get out of it; but, as they were all so good-natured, we anticipated no trouble.

The parents of some of the girls had come too, and were standing in the background.

Lohier explained that the prices were high, as they were the finest women in the country.

He arranged them all in line,—a row of giggling girls,—that we might see them to advantage. Beginning with the first, he told their names and gave their different accomplishments.

"This young lady's name is Mime. Her home is in Gidiaruma. She can sing, dance, work in the garden, cook kangaroo, and is good-tempered and tidy. She is

a very nice girl, not so good-looking as some of the others, but will make an excellent wife. The price for her is a knife and a looking-glass. What do you say to her?"

"What about the next?" we asked.

"This one's name is Bimena. She is handsome. Her father is rich, and she has not had to work hard. She is very shapely, and has nice hair and eyes. She can make earthen pots and fish-nets. She has no mother, brothers, or sisters to make trouble between you. Her father, that nice-looking old man there, is the chief man in his village, and has plenty of land. He wants two axes for his daughter; but, if you will live in Rapitora, he will give you part of his large house and a good garden."

"There's a bargain for you," said Shelley.

"Here is a nice little girl, just right for Shelley: her name is Kioto. She is very affectionate, is kind to her aged mother, and keeps her home very tidy; she can make brooms, knows how to cook a pig without burning it, and is economical. Her garden has no weeds in it, and she raises the best bananas in Sana Sanagi. She wants to get married, and her mother will let her go for a piece of calico large enough to make a petticoat."

I glanced at Shelley, and asked, "How does that suit you, old boy? Who would be a bachelor in New Guinea?"

I noticed the beautiful girl I have before spoken of

among the number, and was anxious to hear what the chief would say of her. She still wore the string of beads I had given her, and looked as pretty and modest as a violet. When he came to her, he said,—

“Here is Lucena: is she not lovely? Her arms are round as bamboo; her form is supple as the climbing vine; her skin is smooth as a young banana leaf; her hair is soft as spider’s webs; her eyes are bright as dew in the morning. She can sing like a bird, and run fast as a kangaroo; she is a good housekeeper, an affectionate daughter, and comes from a good family, for her father was a great warrior, who was killed in a fight with an adjoining tribe.”

The value set on this fair piece of humanity was an axe, a knife, a piece of calico, and a string of beads.

We both stood admiring her, and the old chief thought he had made a bargain. The girls evidently thought the same; and I could see them casting envious glances at their fair companion.

Speaking to the chief and the whole company, I said: “My brother and I have homes a long way off, which will take us many, many days to reach, and we are only making a short stay among you, to shoot birds and learn all we can about you, to tell our countrymen how you live. The description of this scene will please them. We will tell them about your lovely country; your rich and productive gardens; and, above all, about your handsome women, so many of whom we have

seen to-day. We thank you all for so good an entertainment, and now we will make you a few presents, to remember us when we are far away in America."

So saying we went into the house, brought out some gayly-colored handkerchiefs; put five or six pins, a brass ring, and a brass button in each, and distributed among them. Shelley gave Lucena a looking-glass, and she laughed heartily when I pushed a small rubber comb into her hair as I passed. We invited Lohier to dine with us; and a merrier termination of what at one time looked like a serious affair, it would be hard to conceive.

The girls danced for our amusement while we ate our dinner, and sang a song, composing it as they went along, describing the whole scene, and complimenting us on our generosity. The village was the scene of much merrymaking and laughter that afternoon, and toward evening they bade us good-by, and started for their homes.

CHAPTER XII.

A Savage Battle — Shelley Narrowly Escapes — A Letter to Father — We Start for Shugary—Dow ! Dow ! — A Grand Day's Collecting—Shelley Astonishes the Natives — We Hear of Father's Death and Start for Home.

TRIBAL wars are common among the Papuans. They are of short duration, but often very fierce while they last.

Shelley was an unwilling witness to one of their battles, and narrowly escaped with his life. I had gone off collecting birds in the morning, and he remained at home. Toward noon the chief's brother, Yorie, came to Shelley, who was skinning birds under the house, telling him there was to be a fight, and that he had better go away. Every one left the town ; but Shelley thought there must be some mistake, or that the fight was to take place some day in the future, so he kept on with his work.

Presently, a strange man came running up the path to the village, panting as if from a hard race. Shelley had no sooner reached the space behind the house than the stranger made a rush at him. Shelley shook him off ; and as he again came up, dealt him a stunning blow with his fist, which threw him to the ground. Shelley then started for the house, to get his gun ; but just at this moment, a body of men, armed with spears,

their faces disfigured with war-paint, and their bodies glistening with sweat, ran up the hill to the town. Shelley waited to see no more ; but, hatless and shoeless, ran for dear life up the path, the savages pursuing.

When some distance from the town, he turned directly off the path, and ran down the mountain-side, where he hid in one of the numerous caves. He could see a part of the path up which he had come, and presently observed a large body of men, well armed with spears, going down the path to attack the invading party. A desperate fight ensued, in which two of the houses were wrecked, several of the enemy wounded, and one of their number killed.

One of the houses was set on fire, but was speedily extinguished by the Coyaries, who drove the enemy back towards Boyeruma, from whence they came. Strangely enough, only one of the Narinuma men was seriously injured, and he finally recovered.

When I returned towards evening, I found the villagers greatly excited by what had taken place ; and they all left at evening, for the caves, fearing an attack in the night. We prepared to remain in one of their tree-houses that night ; for in such a place we felt secure against any surprise, as we could pour down a deadly volley upon any one who tried to do us harm. The night passed very quietly, the swaying of the little house in the tree-tops being very conducive to sleep.

We had concluded by this time, that the country was not very safe, and that as soon as father joined us, we would return to the sea-coast and leave the island on the next boat. At first, we thought of going inland, to procure tidings of the party; but on account of a very sore ankle, I was rendered almost helpless for several days. Hence we were obliged to give up this idea, and Shelley wrote a letter to father, telling him about the fight, and urging him to return, as we considered it unsafe to remain any longer. This letter he despatched by a native, telling him if he got it to the party, and returned with an answer, we would give him an axe. Of course we did not expect this man to go all the way with the letter, but knew he could deliver it to other tribes, who would carry it as far as their territory extended, and so on, until it reached its destination.

After we had waited several days for a letter, being able to learn nothing from the people as to where the party were, and my ankle being somewhat better by this time, we concluded to go on to Shugary, and find out for ourselves how matters stood. We were obliged to go directly through Boyeruma, the home of the natives who had attacked our village, so the people at Nari-numa tried to persuade us not to go at all. After they found their persuasions were useless, they sent several of their men with us to direct us round the country of the enemy. We took a good supply of ammunition

and food, with tools for skinning birds, and blankets to sleep in. When we came near to Boyeruma, our friends wanted us to take a path to the left, and avoid the town, but we had loaded our guns with pistol-balls, and told the natives we were going through the town, and if a man interfered with us, we would riddle him with bullets. Our friends went no farther than the river; and we, with hammers cocked and fingers on triggers, crossed on the fallen tree placed in lieu of a bridge, and were in the Boyeruma country.

When we reached the town, not a native was to be seen. They had quietly stolen away. I do not think we looked as if we would be trifled with; and, if a man had made his appearance in other than a friendly manner, he would not have lived long enough to tell his friends what had happened.

Cooking on a small fire were some yams, to which we helped ourselves. One or two houses in the course of construction showed that the inhabitants had left only a few moments before. We each sent a charge of bullets through one of their houses, to intimidate them, then bent our steps toward Shugary. The forest was dense and gloomy, scarcely admitting a ray of sunlight for a long distance, and we were glad when we came out upon an open meadow surrounded by flowering trees and shrubs. Through this grassy expanse, a little creek flowed: the clear water with the pebbly bottom reminding us of some of our New England streams.

Beyond this, we again struck into the woods, and were brought to a sudden stop by a noise resembling the low bellowing of a bull not far away.

Advancing cautiously, we soon discovered that the bellowing was made by the goura or crown-pigeon (*Goura albertisi*). Several of these fine birds (the largest pigeons known) flew from the ground into a tree. They were not very wild, and we were fortunate enough to procure three. They were, indeed, magnificent: in size being nearly as large as turkeys, and of a bluish-slate color. Their heads were adorned with a crown several inches high, each feather in it having a fan-shaped tip. They were so large and heavy that we were obliged to skin them on the spot. Cutting off a few slices of their white breasts for our suppers, we went on and soon came out on the natural meadow near the base of the mountains.

A lovelier spot I have seldom seen. The course of the Lalloki River could be traced in the distance by the line of graceful palms that bordered it. Here and there stood isolated trees, one mass of scarlet bloom; and the luxuriant grass, in places higher than our heads, bent in the breeze like a field of ripened grain. The mountains, clothed about their sides with heavy forests, their bare and rocky crests piercing the clouds, formed the background to this charming picture.

We sat down on a fallen tree-trunk to rest, for our packs were heavy and the day was warm. In the

distance, we saw two kangaroo-hunters, to whom we called. They started to run away, as usual, but seeing we did not follow, and only laughed at them, they took courage and advanced to meet us.

They spoke a somewhat different language from that we understood; and as we did not comprehend, they began to shout, as if we were deaf. We inquired the way to Shugary, whereupon they led us directly to a new and thriving town at the base of the mountains, where, amid shouts and a great hubbub from the people, we were ushered into the presence of their chief, Beiora. He was stout, thick-set, and looked—what he doubtless was—the hero of many battles. He received us pleasantly, told us we were welcome, and could stay among his people, who were honest and would treat us well, as long as we liked.

To our inquiries where the party had gone, he made a wry face, and shouted “Dow dow,” meaning a long way off.

He asked us where we lived, and, when we told him America, he wanted to know how far away it was. Twisting my face as much out of shape as possible, turning my eyes in opposite directions, and opening my mouth to its widest capacity, I caught him by his long hair, and shouted “Dow dow” in his ear. A satisfied smile lit up his dark face, and putting his fingers in his ears, he shook his head slowly from side to side, remarking that that must be a long way off indeed. I

thought the natives would never stop laughing at that joke, and they wanted me to repeat the performance ; but, fearing I might dislocate my jaw, or become cross-eyed for life, I declined.

Finding that we could learn nothing of the party, we concluded to remain a day or two to collect specimens ; and, as the visitors' house was not completed, the chief kindly invited us to stay with him. His house was roomy and clean, and the bamboo floor was as smooth as polished ivory. We were so tired that sleep overtook us almost as soon as we were in our blankets, but the natives kept the place so hot that it was like a steam-bath. They had a small fire in the centre of the floor, and they all slept with their feet turned toward it. I remember waking in the night, to be met with the view of several pairs of feet of different sizes clustered indiscriminately about the fire.

Bright and early the next morning, we started off in different directions, for a day's sport, each with a couple of natives. One of the young men who accompanied me was the son of Beiora ; and, I should judge, was about eighteen years old. They were both very pleasant, and helped me get one of the finest bags of birds I obtained while in the island.

First, we started up a wooded spur of the hills, to a place where the red kingfishers with the long blue tails were to be found. I secured eight of these birds. My companions were so used to the forest that they knew

just where to find the birds, and they took me to some good places.

Farther up the hill, we shot several fruit-pigeons; then hearing a rifle-bird in the distance, I left all the others and started in pursuit. Up and down the steep hillsides we went, until we descried him flying about from top to top of the tall trees, his breast of brilliant scales glistening in the sun. He was so restless, remaining such a short time in one place, that we had a long chase; but, fortunately, he at last came down into the lower growths, and I shot him while clinging to a creeper. Scarcely was he stowed away in the bag which one of the boys was carrying, when I heard another, and away we went, bagging him in less than ten minutes. Oh, they were beauties! certainly the finest birds I have ever seen alive, for they glistened and sparkled as if sprinkled with precious gems. A stuffed specimen gives a very poor idea of the grace and beauty of the living bird, with his velvet coat trimmed and adorned with scales of shining blue, purple, green, and gold.

As we were going up the next hill, one of the boys stopped me suddenly, pointing up into a tree where all I could see was a patch of red among the leaves. I had no idea what it could be, but before the smoke of my gun had cleared away, down tumbled a very large parrot, richly colored in scarlet and gold. His head, which looked very much like that of a hawk or buzz-

zard, was almost bald, making him an odd-looking specimen. Another one flew out of the tree when I fired, but I did not get him. The natives danced with delight at this capture, for red is their favorite color, and they thought the bird a great prize, as it really was.

On we went, up the steep hillsides, till we finally stopped on the summit of a ridge where the ground was covered for many rods with purple mushrooms, as large over as the crown of my hat. Here a fire was made, and a number of the mushrooms gathered and laid upon it; these, with a brace of large fruit-pigeons, made a comfortable meal. I felt a little reluctant to taste the mushrooms, but the boys seemed to know what they were about, and I found that with a little salt they were very good. There was a slight musky flavor about them, which would perhaps be distasteful to some, but it only added to their worth in my case. And we were not without dessert; for one of the natives climbed a tree, and shook down a quantity of nuts, like none I had ever seen.

Many strange fruits lay scattered on the ground, some good to eat, but others poisonous, or worthless for food. Some of them were exact representations of fruits I had seen at home, and I was tempted to taste the peaches, oranges, apples, plums, cherries, blueberries, grapes, and chestnuts that covered the ground in the greatest profusion. Red peppers and cucumbers,

too, grew on small bushes, and could easily be mistaken for the genuine. But how different were the insides of these fruits, both in appearance and flavor: the cucumber was full of little nuts; the red pepper, looking ready to blister one's tongue, was a pleasant, juicy fruit, mild enough for a baby; the chestnut was as hard as a stone; the grapes, poisonous; the blueberries, sour as limes; the cherries, tough, fibrous, bitter, and full of small seeds; the plums were plums of some kind, I think, but not very good; the apples, which closely resembled our baldwins, had a large nut for a core; the oranges had skins an inch thick; and the peaches, though looking ripe and juicy, were nearly as hard as billiard-balls.

After dinner, we went farther up the mountain, and at length came to a grove of banyan-trees. Here, under the spreading branches, among the columns they send down to take root, to send up more life-giving sap to increase the size of the already gigantic tree, the light was so completely shut out that I could not tell the time by my watch, until my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness. A sharp exclamation from one of my companions caused me to listen, and a long clear whistle, followed by a short one, could be distinctly heard. "*Wad a bin?*" (what is it?) asked I. "*Oogoo*" (bird), replied he. "*Namo oogoo?*" (good bird?) "*Namo coole coole oogoo*" (very good bird).

Away we went, up and down the steep ravines,

over bowlders, and through tangled growths; and on arriving at the summit of a ridge, we saw in a tree on a neighboring hilltop, a black bird, with a long tail. He was pluming his feathers; and, as he turned, a gleam like that from a mirror was reflected from the plumes on each side his breast, and he uttered again his long and short whistle. It was the long-tailed bird-of-paradise (*Epimachus*), one of the forest gems of New Guinea. The plumage is a velvety-purple and black; the tail is two feet long; and the side plumes have a bar of the most exquisite green and gold, extending across the tips. I did not get him, however; for as we were climbing the hillside, he flew away, and we saw no more of him.

The next bird that attracted our attention was the magnificent bird-of-paradise (*Diphyllodes speciosa*). He was in a low tree, and was making a noise somewhat resembling the chatter of our red squirrel. It was some time before I got sight of him, as he seemed to be shy. We concealed ourselves in the bushes, one of the boys imitating his song so perfectly that he soon came out of the tree, and began peering about for his supposed rival. He looked like a little turkey cock, and carried himself with great dignity. I had little time to admire him, however, for I was afraid he would discover the cheat, and suddenly depart, so I ended his career with a charge of dust shot. It would be almost impossible

for me to give any adequate idea of this splendid bird in words.

After this, I shot several kingfishers, of various kinds; one new and beautiful ground-pigeon; and a little fluffy goat-sucker, no larger than a sparrow. Altogether, it was a grand bag of birds, and all I could attend to that afternoon and the next morning. Shelley was equally fortunate, obtaining several full-plumaged birds-of-paradise, of two kinds.

In the evening, many of the natives came to the house where we were staying. Some of them came from neighboring towns, and had never seen white men before. They watched every motion, and listened to every word we uttered, with the greatest attention. They thought us vastly handsome, and wanted to know if there was a whole tribe of people like ourselves. They also wished to know if our entire bodies were the same color, and, if so, why we clothed them. We told them it was sometimes very cold in our country, and that we had become so used to clothing it would seem strange to go without. They next asked us to undress; but not liking the idea of posing nude before a hundred or two men, women, and children, we compromised by pulling off our shirts, when we received the most extravagant compliments; then we tried a few tricks, but they were too sharp for us, being able to see through nearly every one we performed. They had

many tricks and games of their own. One white-haired old fellow, who was evidently regarded as the genius of the town, performed a trick with ashes on his fingers, making them go away and return at will. This quite puzzled us, and they had a laugh at our expense. Cat's cradle they were quite familiar with, and performed many combinations new to us. They played it on their fingers and toes, in a very expert manner.

But the climax was reached when Shelley told them he could take his teeth out and put them back again. "No," they said; "you cannot do that, for that is impossible." Shelley persisted, and said he would show them that he told the truth. They threw more fuel on to the fire, lighting up the small room in which we were assembled, in order to see the great performance of the evening. Each face was a study of expectation, as they leaned forward, eager to catch all there was to be seen. Shelley hit his teeth with his nail, to show them they were real (?) teeth; and then, extracting the plate, on which he had two or three false ones, he opened his mouth, showing the gap where they had been. They waited to see no more, but all started for the small door at once. In their haste to get out, they stuck, and I feared for a few moments, they would tear the house down. Those who were unable to get out at once, howled in their fright, creating a great uproar; and, in spite of our telling them that we were

only in fun, they could not be persuaded to come back again for a long time, and then only under the promise that we would never do that again. Even after they came back, I could see them casting side glances at Shelley, as if they were fearful he would do something, they knew not what, to scare them out of their wits.

The next day, after packing up our birds, and thanking the natives for their kind treatment, we started back for Narinuma. Several of the people (the chief among the number) accompanied us a mile or so on our way, entreating us to come back and live with them. They said that food was plenty at Shugary, and if we would only come back, the boys would get us birds and insects, and they would help us to build a house. They were very hospitable, and did their best to make it pleasant for us. We had enjoyed ourselves so well that the trouble at Boyeruma had nearly been forgotten. We passed directly through their fields, and came upon several of them cultivating their sugar-canies. They were much frightened, but when we asked for food they dared not refuse; and sent an old man, who trembled with fright, to get us some yams and sugar-cane. He soon returned with some cooked yams, for which we paid him; and we went along a little farther, where we sat down to eat our dinner.

No sooner had we commenced, than a handsome unarmed savage made his appearance, and entreated

us to go the other side of the river, as he feared there would be trouble if we remained where we were. He helped us across with our luggage, saying, as he did so,—

“Now, we are friends. Eat your dinner in peace, and no one will disturb you.”

We were much struck by his gentlemanly manner and handsome face. He desired no trouble, and avoided it by getting us beyond his domain. We never learned who he was, but by his bearing we supposed him to be one of their leading men.

We arrived at Narinuma late in the day, and found quiet reigning in the village, and all our possessions just as we left them. We intended to go back to Shugary, and remain there until the party returned.

Shelley went to Port Moresby with some men, carrying all our birds; and returned with ammunition enough to last us many days. I was out shooting when he reached the village, but I heard him fire several shots with his pistol, and hurried back to meet him. Before I reached the town, I met several women: they looked frightened, and, upon my asking them what was the matter, they ran into the woods. Presently, I heard Shelley shout, but his voice sounded wild and strange, and I ran on as fast as possible. When I came near enough to see him, he was weeping; and before I could speak, he cried,—

“O Sherman, father is dead!”

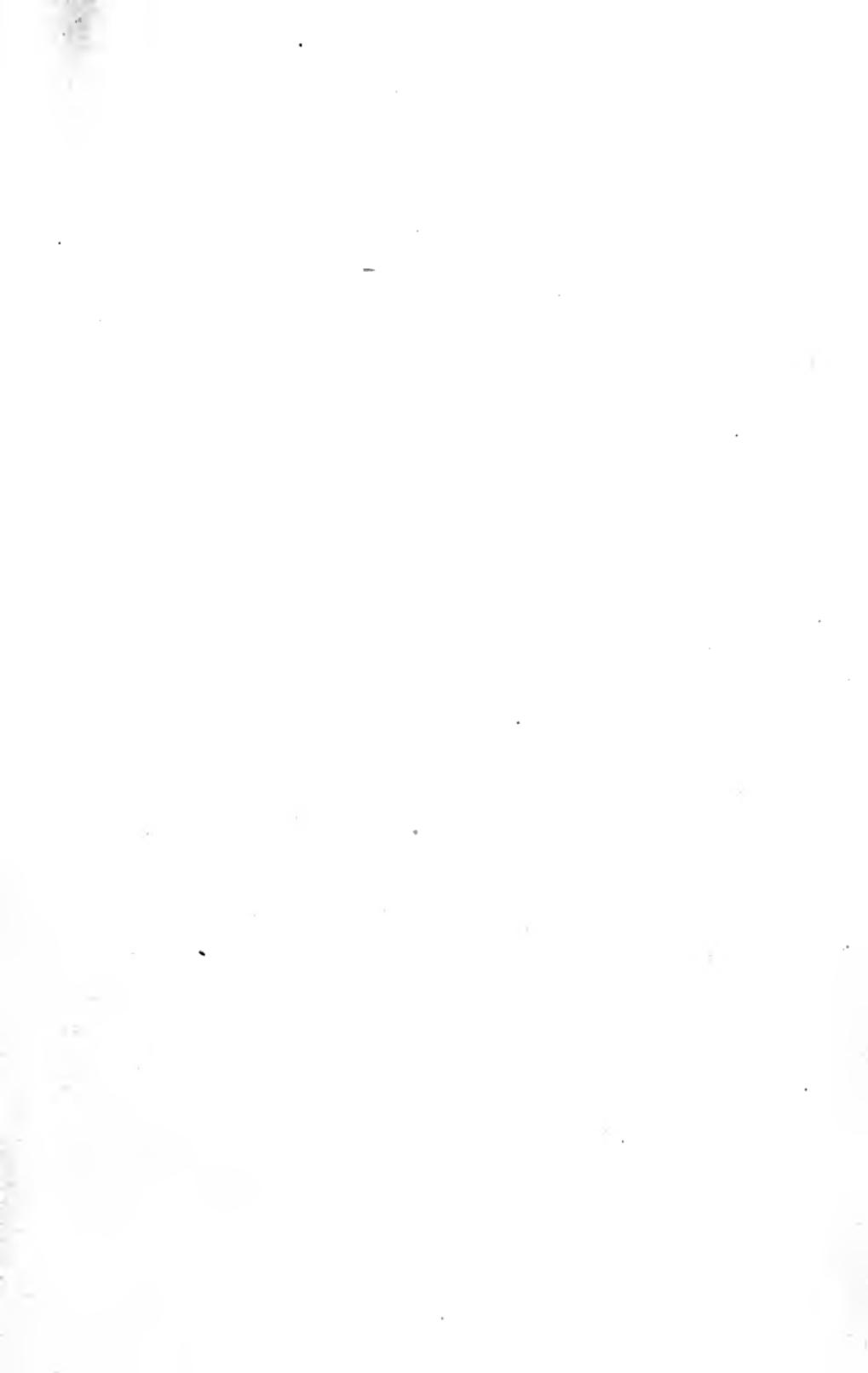
The news almost stunned me. My heart seemed to stop beating, everything grew dark about me, and I nearly fell to the ground. It was some moments before I could speak. Shelley told me, between his sobs, how it happened.

The party had gone a long way inland, where father had contracted the fever; and after they started back, two more were also taken sick, the natives carrying them many miles on stretchers. They finally reached a small town named Berrigabadi, where father died at seven o'clock in the evening, Sunday, August 26, 1883. The very day he died, we were at Shugary, only fifteen miles away, and could have seen him alive had we known where he was.

Almost heart-broken, we went up to the town, where Armit, reduced nearly to a skeleton, told us the sad story.

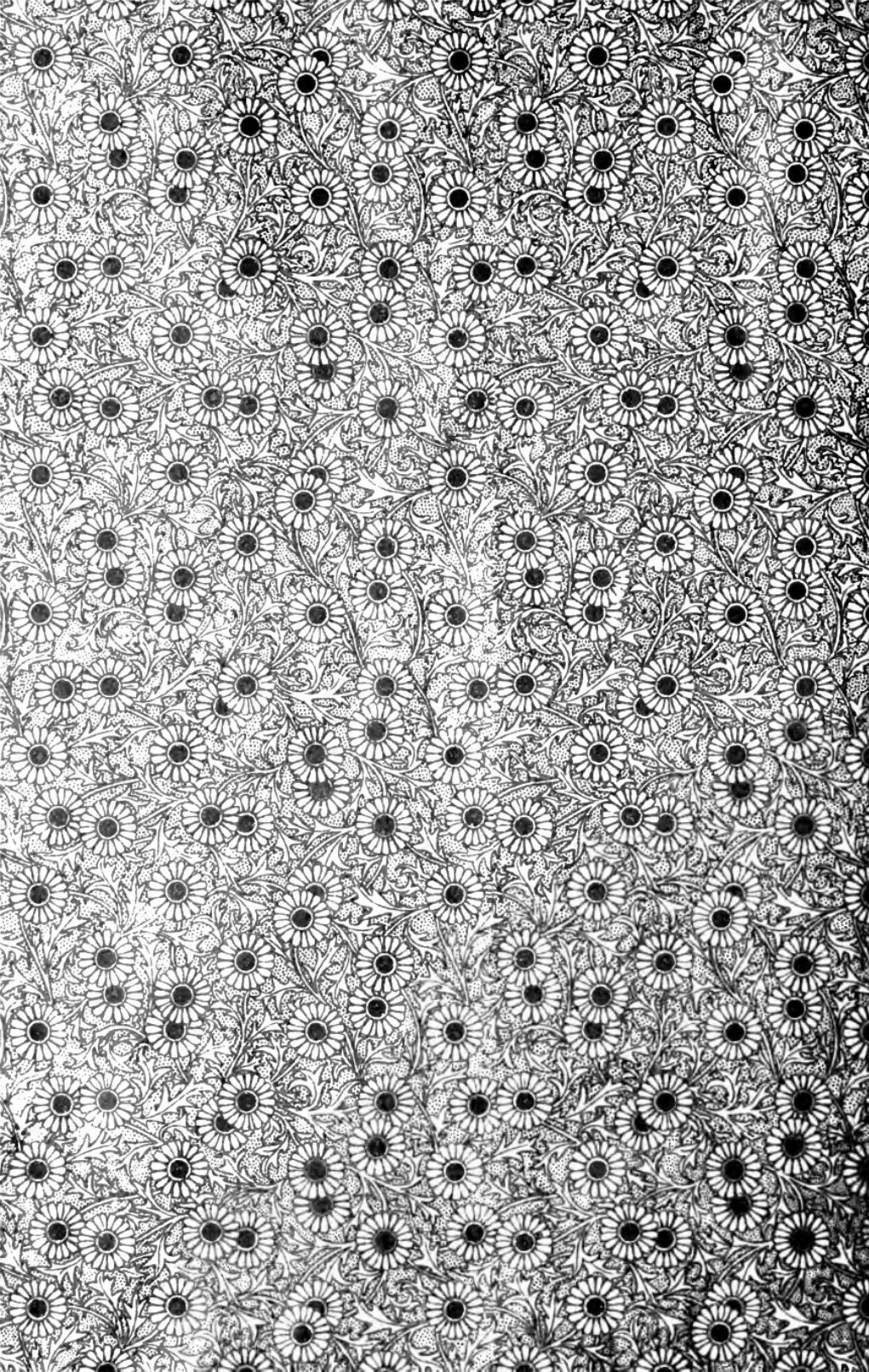
Father was buried on the mountain-side by Hunter, with a few of the natives to help; and the earth was heaped above the remains to make a mound.

Shelley and I never saw his grave; but we have heard from a recent traveller that the place is still well remembered by the natives, and that they have built a fence about it. We reached the sea-coast the day after hearing the sad news, and left the country by the first boat we could take to reach Australia, from which place we started on our long and tedious journey home.





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